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PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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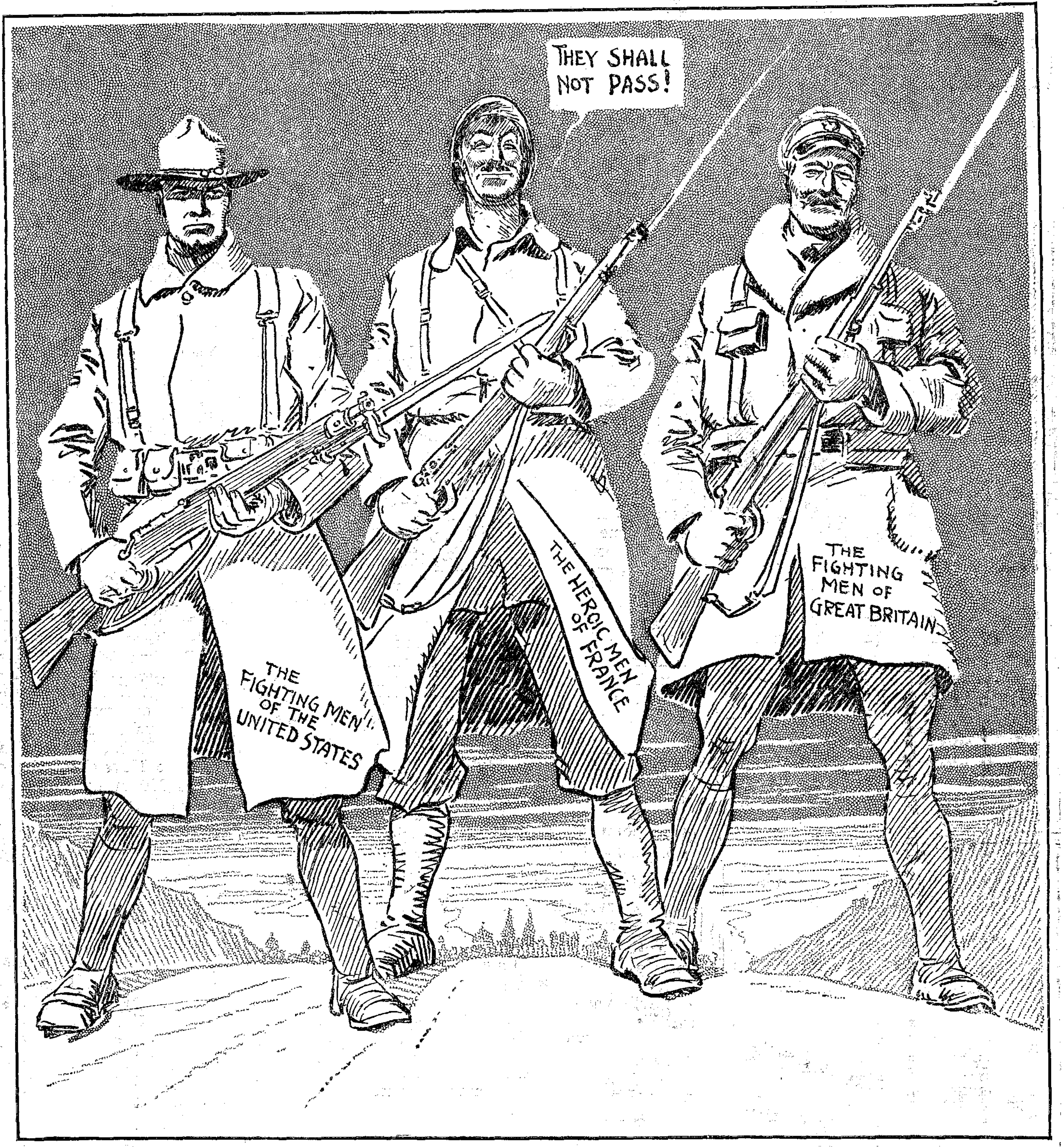
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!
THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE UNITED STATES
THE HEROIC MEN OF FRANCE
THE FIGHTING MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN

SOLDIERS THREE—ACROSS THE PATH TO GERMAN VICTORY.

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

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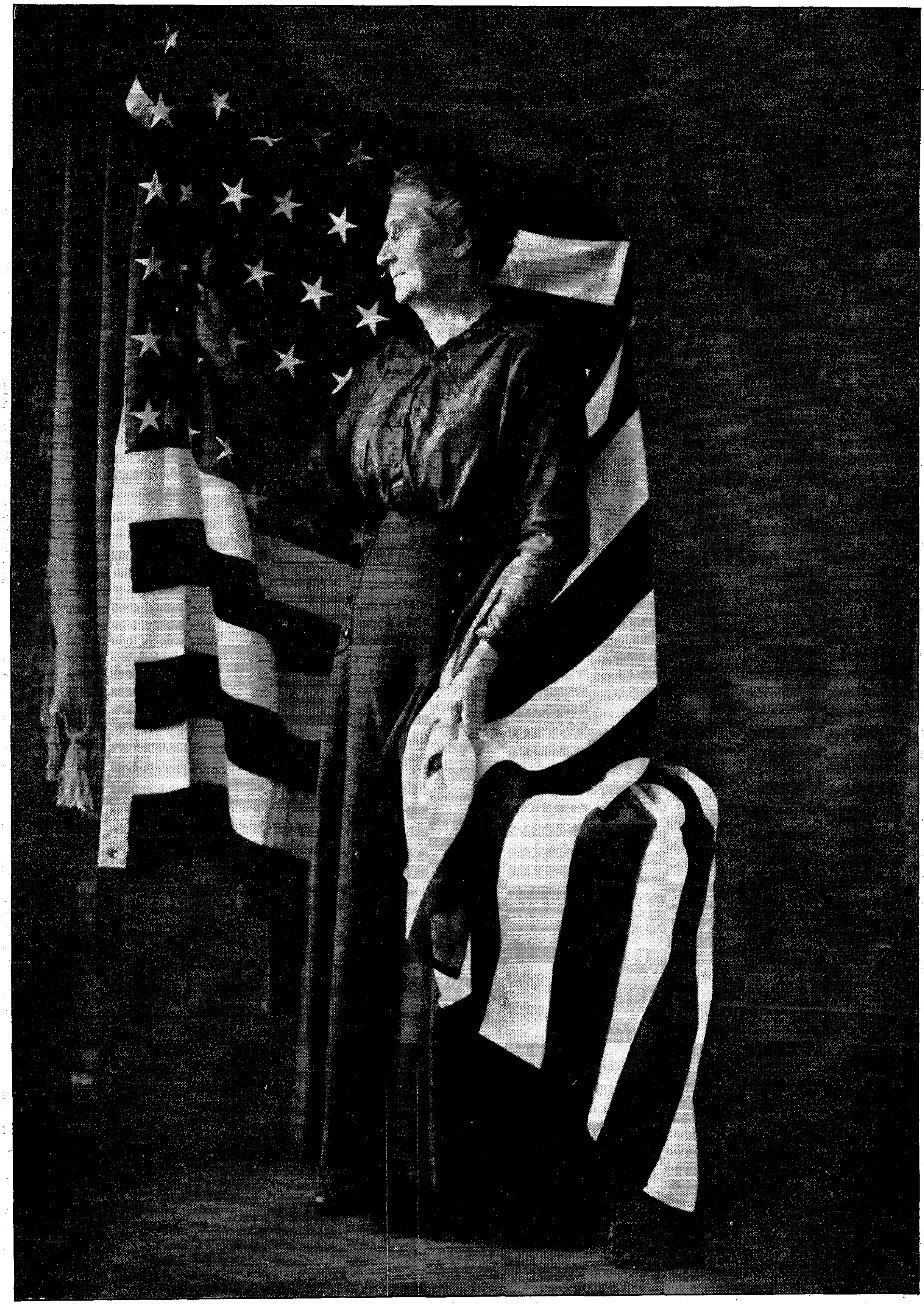


FIRST AMERICAN MOTHER TO LOSE HER SON IN FRANCE UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Mrs. Alice Dodd, of Evansville, Indiana, mother of James Bethel Gresham, who was killed in a raid on the American trenches in France on November 3. *His father fought in the Civil War under Lee.* Mrs. Dodd shares her distinction with Mrs. Daniel Hay, of Glidden, Iowa, whose son fell in the same raid. Thomas F. Enright, the third victim, leaves two brothers and two sisters.

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AMERICA'S DUTY IN THE FACE OF RUSSIAN ANARCHY AND THE ITALIAN DISASTER

GERMANY WILL BE DEFEATED by France, Great Britain, and the United States, and at the last the lion's share of the task will belong to the United States. This opinion, advanced by many competent observers since Russia's lapse into anarchy and Italy's staggering reverses, is accepted by our press in all parts of the land in a spirit of quiet and unfaltering resolution. "At the worst—with Italy beaten and Russia out of the war—it would simply mean that much more for us to do; but we can do it and we shall do it," declares the Duluth *Herald*. As the New York *Tribune* says, "our playing at war is over, our sacrifice is begun." "We have drawn the sword and we might as well throw away the scabbard," exclaims the Chicago *Herald*, "for it is to be a fight to a finish, and German successes in Russia and Italy indicate the struggle may be prolonged." "There is occasion for greater effort, greater sacrifice, greater determination to win," says the Columbus *Dispatch*, "for nothing now but complete victory will save the world from barbarism and despair." "Stern times are ahead of this country," says the New York *Globe*, "but courage calls to courage." "It matters not what the cost may be, the only way to peace lies through victory, and those are stupid indeed who do not see that victory is up to us," affirms the Houston *Chronicle*. The situation, in the expert opinion of *The Army and Navy Register* (Washington), demands that we raise, equip, train, and employ in the trenches in Europe a military force of not less than five million men. And this authority goes on to say that the American people should be "educated to the realization that we are up against a very real thing in the way of war and that it can not be met by half-way measures or by temporizing or by subterfuge."

"Any person who says this will be a short war is not a true friend of the American people," recently declared Major-Gen. Leonard Wood, who said that it may last until every able-bodied man in the country is carrying a gun. "We are preparing for four years' war, and we may have to face four years of conflict after that," the Omaha *News* quotes him as saying. And from British authorities, too, we get similar warnings that the end of the war is not yet in sight. Thus Sir A. C. Geddes, Minister of National Service, told a British audience last week that the war would drift into 1920 and after if the people did not pull themselves together for the mightiest effort in the nation's history. And Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking in London on November 10, said in part:

> "I can not hold out any hope of an early end of this war, much as we should like it. There is no short cut to peace. There is only one way to peace, the way over the hard and rugged road to victory. It is a question now of nerve and staying power. All the belligerent nations are staggering beneath the load. It is a question of who is going to fall.
>
> "I have faith in the courage of our people and I have faith in the justice of our cause. It is a struggle between the free peoples of mankind and the iron despotism of a war-lord over the soldiers and the nation behind them. Our Allies know they are fighting for what they love; they know their heart will not fail them.
>
> "Into the scale on the side of justice, of civilization, and humanity there has been thrown the weight of the sword of a people with natural resources greater than those of any other nation in the world—the United States of America.
>
> "We rely upon their help not merely because of those resources, but because of the character of their people. Americans do not do things by halves; they have put their hands to the plow, and they will not turn back."

Britain and France, says Mr. Arthur Pollen, a leading British naval authority now in this country, can hold the Germans until American troops arrive in sufficient force to insure an Allied victory. Speaking in New York a few days ago, he said:

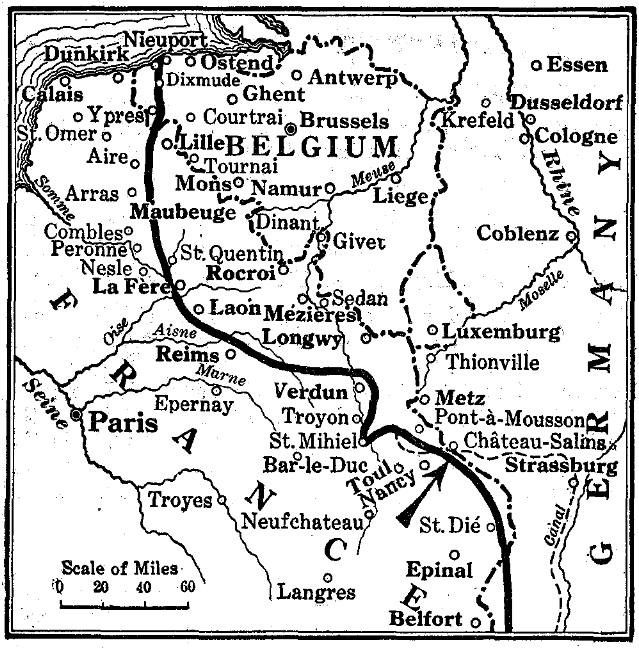
> "Next spring, and next summer, and next fall, and next winter, and so on, until you have come over with your full strength, we will hold the lines.
>
> "Now that the safety of the seas is at last assured, I am going to say to you that you are to have the honor of finishing this war. . . . It took us just two years to strike our first real effective blow in the war, and while you will have the benefit of our experience and our mistakes, you will not be able to strike any real blow for victory probably before 1919.
>
> "But when that time comes you will be there with an army which will go to victory for two reasons: First, because in sheer fighting material it will be superior to anything you find opposed to you, and, secondly, because you come in expressing the verdict of posterity, the New World redressing the wrongs of the Old, standing in the balance for right against might, and proclaiming that the human race is not to be turned into a horde of brute beasts and barbarians."

That America's part in this war is to be a major one is now admitted even in Germany, where we find Admiral von Tirpitz declaring that "Germany's struggle is a terrific battle against the all-devouring tyranny of Anglo-Americanism," while von Hertling, the new Chancellor, affirms that "the Central Powers and their allies are no longer fighting for themselves alone; they are fighting for the independence of Europe against American empire, which has become too strong."

The only German drive that the Allies have reason really to fear, many of our papers declare, is the coming drive for peace terms that will leave Germany secure in the possession of her present absolute control over middle Europe. "Even the Junkers know Germany now can never conquer the enemies arrayed against her," remarks the Binghamton *Press*, "and peace with what they have is the one hope of the Kaiser and his leaders." "The Italian drive is a prelude to the peace drive; the capture of Riga, the naval demonstration in the Gulf of Finland, were all designed to throw demoralization into the Allied camp before the siren call of a peace lure was again put forth," declares the Washington *Herald*, which thinks that America of all the Allies can most effectively frustrate this move:

> "Their new peace proffer is likely to be the most liberal, the most seductive, of any they have yet made. It is likely to be cunningly designed to appeal to Italy and Russia, so as to draw them into negotiation for a peace on their own account. German propaganda in Italy was never busier in promoting the peace spirit than it is now.
>
> "In the United States, certain publications may be depended upon to lend a discreet assistance to the German peace propaganda. Every enemy agency in the country will turn with redoubled vigor to the promotion of the peace drive when it comes. It is undoubtedly true that perhaps the most subtle effort of all will be that made to draw France away from her allies; but there is no question of the loyalty or heroic endurance of that fair land.
>
> "It is America's duty to spike a new peace drive as soon as it starts. Of all the belligerents, the United States can give it the most effective quietus. If our reply is in the least degree equivocal, receptive, or indecisive, the effect in Europe will be disastrous."

And it is America, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, that, next to Russia, has been the most diligently cultivated field of German propaganda. "At a time like this," it warns us, "every citizen must guard against the subtle venom of the German sympathizer and the plausible protestations of the professional pacifist." "There is no room for Bolsheviki in this country—except under guard," declares the Providence *Journal*, which adds: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Neufchateau
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Belfort
FRANCE
GERMANY

WHERE PERSHING'S TROOPS FIRST CLASHED WITH THE GERMANS.

According to a German official report the first prisoners from the United States Expeditionary Forces were taken before daylight on November 3, along the Rhine-Marne Canal, which crosses the battle-field twenty-five miles east of Nancy, as shown by the arrow.

"Let us not make the mistake of giving them their opportunity. This is war-time and the war is the most fearful struggle in which the human race was ever engaged. There are two antagonistic principles at work in the world and there can be no middle party. Either we demand the crushing of the damnable Berlin conspiracy or we are in favor of it. It is a question of America against Germany—America militant, resolved on victory, determined to punish once and for all the most arrogant, the most subtle, the wickedest political system the world has ever seen."

"The time to discuss the terms of peace is when the German menace has been destroyed," says the New York *Tribune*, for—

"So long as German military power can point to victories and possessions the German spirit of domination in the world will endure. Until the world can prove to the Germans that the dream of world-domination is idle and empty they will cherish it, and their policy will be founded upon the bed-rock of foreign conquest and German supremacy. . . . . . .

"Whatever of suffering, of sacrifice, of endurance there is before us, we have no choice. There is one thing, and only one thing, that we can do, and that is to join with the other civilized nations of the world in fighting German barbarism so long as German barbarism assails with arms in its hands the liberties not of one nation, not of one continent, but of mankind."

"It is an incongruous partnership against which civilization must fight for its life, this partnership between Prussianism and pacifism," remarks the Grand Rapids *Herald*, which adds: "It is time to fight, at home and abroad, as we have never fought before; time for all to fight." "Pacifism is Prussianism at bay," declares the New York *World*, which proceeds:

"There are few pacifists here or elsewhere to-day who are not more concerned over what may happen to Germany than about anything else involved in the war or in the peace to come. If we may believe the Kaiser, he is the chief of all pacifists. He abhors the war which he began and he has no purpose to-day but peace. . . . . . .

"Pacifism is a confession that a monstrous conspiracy has failed for the moment and can not be renewed until the world has been lulled once more into a sense of security. What pacifism asks is a German peace, and, consciously or unconsciously, every American pacifist is demanding that very thing."

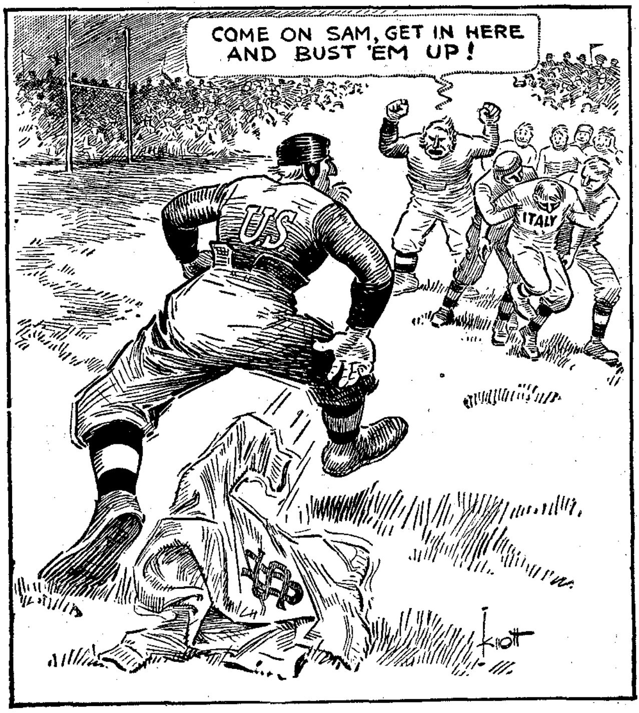
This is the moment, it is interesting to note, chosen by George Sylvester Viereck to launch a special peace number of *Viereck's, The American Weekly*, which was formerly *The Fatherland.*

The most effective blow that American pacifism has yet received was dealt it last week by President Wilson when in the course of an address to the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo he said:

"What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, but I know how to get it and they do not.

"You will notice that I sent a friend of mine, Colonel House, to Europe, who is as great a lover of peace as any man in the world, but I did not send him on a peace mission. I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war was to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes."

But for the United States and for all her allies the great outstanding lesson of the Italian reverses is the necessity, in the words of Secretary Lansing, for "a more complete coordination of the activities of the Allied nations and a more comprehensive understanding of their respective needs in order that their joint efforts may attain the highest war-efficiency." "Italy's disaster may still save the alliance," remarks Premier Lloyd George, who admits that in the past the war has been "condemned to disaster from lack of unity." "The war has been prolonged by particularism. It will be shortened by solidarity," he declares, speaking in Paris with a frankness which he himself confesses is "perhaps brutal." "A single front, a single army, a single nation—that is the program requisite for future victory," declared Premier Painlevé of France just before his resignation. The initiative in this war has been shown by Germany, the New York *Times* reminds us, while all the Allies have been able to do is "to ward off and hit back." In other words, we have lacked "unity of military thought."


COME ON SAM, GET IN HERE AND BUST 'EM UP!
US
ITALY
Knott

THE SUBSTITUTE.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

To correct this situation, two important steps have been taken—the meeting of an Allied war-conference in Paris on

Photograph by Donald C. Thompson.

RUSSIAN DESERTERS FIGHTING THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE FRONT TRENCHES THROUGH THE LOYAL LINES.

November 15, and the establishment of a permanent Allied war-council to coordinate military operations on the Western front. The Paris conference, in which the United States is represented by a large special mission headed by Col. E. M. House, Admiral W. S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, and Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Chief of Staff of the Army, is a recognition of the fact that success in this war can be scored only by a thorough economic, financial, and industrial as well as military cooperation. The presence of the first American representation at a European war-council, as the New York *Tribune* remarks, "is a historic event of permanent value in American annals." "With the coming of spring there should be no Allied offensives; there should be an Allied offensive, and only one," declares the Washington *Herald*. And in the New York *Sun* we read:

> "It was the misfortune of every one of our allies that each at some time or other was led to sacrifice military wisdom to political expediency.
>
> "America alone has and can have no political objects in Europe to confuse or subvert her military policy.
>
> "We have no political motive for occupying any European territory.
>
> "No reasons of a political character make it advisable for us to begin operations here or discontinue them there, or fight on a particular front.
>
> "We are free to conduct our part in the war under purely military governance:
>
> "We are also the better able, in consequence, to look at the fighting of our allies from a strictly military standpoint. We are politically disinterested and are concerned only in winning the war by military means, decisively, and in as short a time as possible.
>
> "The entrance of America into the war has thus for the first time made it possible to coordinate the Allied efforts on all fronts and to overlook or overrule political considerations hitherto paramount in the case of the nations arrayed against Germany."

The new Inter-Allied War-Council for the coordination of military action on the Western front, it was explained before the British House of Commons, is "composed of the Prime Minister and a member of the Government of each of the great Powers whose armies are fighting on that front," and a permanent military representative from each Power, who will act as a technical adviser. This council meets normally at Versailles, where the permanent military representatives and staffs are established. Its meetings will take place at least once a month. The council, Premier Lloyd George explained to Parliament, "will have no executive power, and final decisions in the matter of strategy and the distribution and movements of the various armies in the field will rest with the several Governments of the Allies." He added:

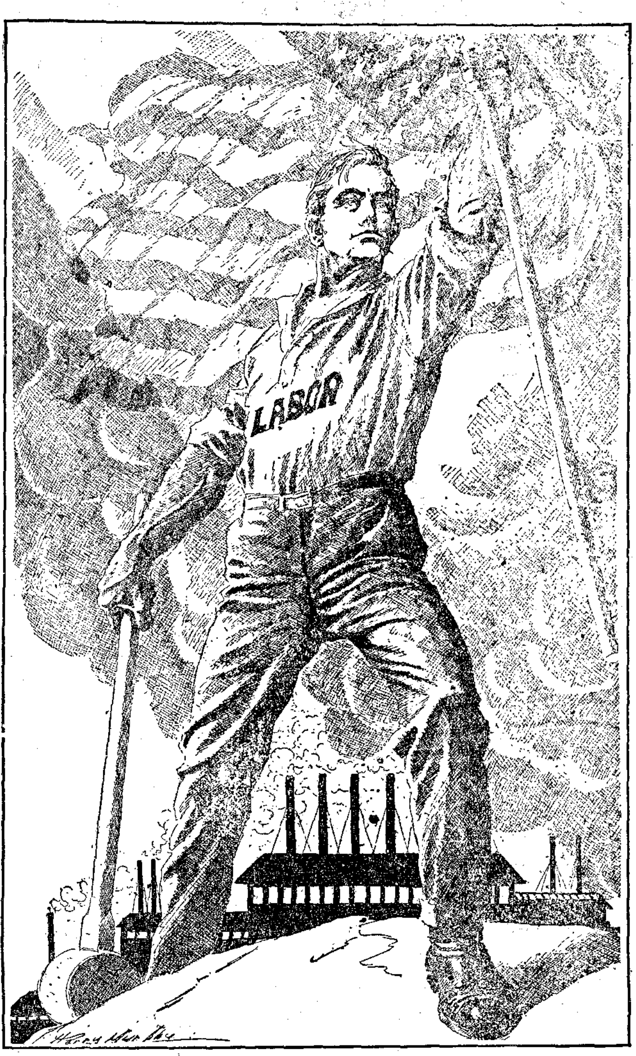
> "There will therefore be no operations department attached to the council. The permanent military representatives will derive from the existing intelligence departments of the Allies all information necessary in order to enable them to submit advice to the supreme Allied council.
>
> "The object of the Allies has been to set up a central body charged with the duty of continuously surveying the field of operations as a whole by the light of information derived from all the fronts and from all the governments and staffs, and of coordinating the plans prepared by the different general staffs, and, if necessary, of making proposals of their own for the better conduct of the war."

Outweighing in military importance the collapse of Russia and the staggering reversals in Italy, declares Mr. Arthur Pollen, the naval critic, is the failure of the German *U*-boat campaign against England, which touched a new low level of effectiveness last week with the sinking of only one ship of over 1,600 tons and five smaller craft. Several of our editors, too, pause to remind those who are pessimistically inclined that more than 75 per cent. of the inhabitants of the world are at war with the Central Powers, who are outnumbered more than seven times by the populations arrayed against them. The New York *Times* recalls the story of the officer who came to General Foch at the battle of the Marne with the despairing cry: "General, my troops are worn out!" "So are the Germans," was the reply. "Attack again!" And in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* we read:

> "In 1915 Germany was conducting an offensive in Russia, another in the direction of Calais, and a third in cooperation with the Turks in the neighborhood of the Suez Canal. At the same time Austria was sending its armies into Poland, Servia, and along the watercourses of the Trentino. Altogether six offensives were being conducted at one and the same time by the Austro-German armies.
>
> "To-day the combined forces are engaged in one drive and that one drive is the limit of their capabilities. To make the attack against the Italians, the Austro-German high command was compelled to strip the Russian front, weaken the Western line by withholding necessary reenforcements, and absolutely abandon the Turk. The fall of Beersheba and Gaza in Palestine and the Russian advance along the Black Sea littoral show the condition of the Moslem.
>
> "The inference to be drawn from the general situation is simple. Either the man-power of the Central Powers has declined to an alarming degree or that of the Allies has increased to a great degree. Both are undoubtedly true to some extent."

LABOR'S STAKE IN THE WAR

WHILE WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM "we must see that labor is free," so President Wilson declared in Buffalo last week, meaning, as his entire address may be interpreted in the light of its reception by the press and by the representatives of organized labor, that we are fighting a war for industrial as well as political freedom; that this war can be won only with the fullest cooperation of the American workingman, whose patriotic efforts must be given freely, without any lowering of the present standards of work or living, and without any invasion of his rights and dignities. As President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor explained recently in the New York *Herald*, "our nation must always rely upon the cooperation of those who work, upon its machinists and metal-workers, upon those who dig the ditches, and who produce the materials of war, whose hands are on the throttles and levers of transportation, and who act as arteries of communication." But "these workers have become free, and free workers must give consent." In its annual report the executive council of the American Federation of Labor declares it to be "an imperative duty, from which there is no escape, that wage-earners, as well as all other citizens of this Republic, support our Government in its righteous effort to defend the principles of humanity and to establish democracy in international relations." It is our duty, it is further stated, "to fight and sacrifice until these purposes can be achieved." Thus labor, through its accredited leaders, would rally round the flag. But while joining in the battle-cry of freedom for the world, it does not forget to call for enlargement of its own liberties, and a fuller recognition of its own rights. We find, for instance, in the very document just quoted, an insistence that the wage-earner shall be represented in the peace conference, and the suggestion that the treaty establishing the freedom of peoples should also establish the eight-hour day and banish child-labor in all signatory nations. It is further recommended that the eight-hour day should be extended to all commerce and industry in this country as a "war-measure."



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"UNTIL THE WAR IS WON."

—Murphy in the New York *American*.

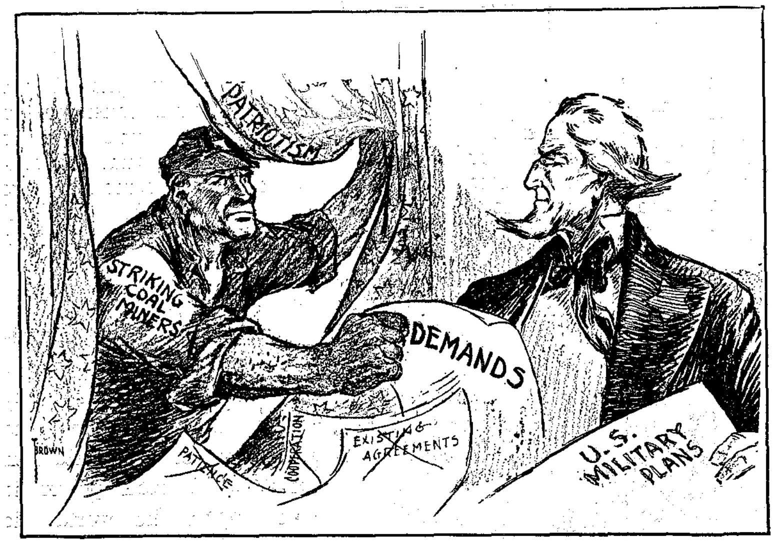
No finer example of loyalty than this report has yet appeared, the New York *World* believes, and it takes the occasion to tell its readers why American labor has even more at stake in the war than has American capital:

> "The defenders of German imperialism are forever citing Germany's industrial legislation as proof of autocracy's benevolent attitude toward labor, and forever forgetting that Germany's industrial legislation is based upon the principle of a permanent caste system. If a caste system is desirable, there is everything to be said in favor of the German method. If certain elements of the population, with their children and their children's children, are to be condemned in perpetuity to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, it is essential that a paternalistic Government should show the same consideration for their physical welfare that it shows for the physical welfare of horses, cattle, and hogs. That is what the German Government does, but it is not a system under which freemen can live and prosper. It is a system that denies opportunity and all that opportunity has meant in the development of the American people.
>
> "Only the Socialist element of American labor is blind to this."

In his address before the Buffalo convention of the American Federation of Labor, President Wilson emphasized labor's stake in the war, declaring that any one who supposes that the free industry of the world can continue if German power is fastened upon the world "is as fatuous as the dreamers of Russia." As true friends of freedom, said the President, we will see that "the productivity of this country is raised to its absolute maximum and that absolutely nobody is allowed to stand in the way of it." But, he explained, the obstructors are to be prevented not by the power of the Government, "but by the power of the American spirit." Government, employers, and employees must all "stand together until the job is finished." This disavowal of any coercive policy, according to Washington correspondents, means that a labor dictatorship or conscription of labor is not being considered. The President went on to urge voluntary cooperation by labor and capital, with a word of praise for Mr. Gompers and a few words of strong condemnation of recent displays of the mob spirit. He told his appreciative hearers:

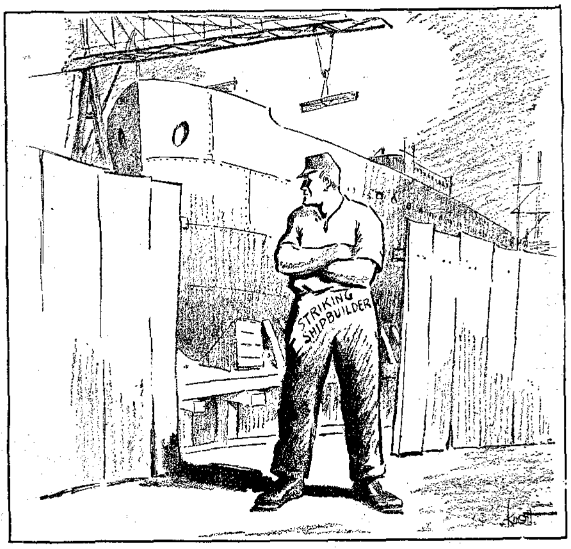
> "While we are fighting for freedom, we must see, among other things, that labor is free; and that means a number of interesting things. It means not only that we must do what we have declared our purpose to do—see that the conditions of labor are not rendered more onerous by the war—but also that we shall see to it that the instrumentalities by which the conditions of labor are improved are not blocked or checked. . . . . . .
>
> "Nobody has a right to stop the processes of labor until all the methods of conciliation and settlement have been exhausted; and I might as well say right here that I am not talking to you alone. You sometimes stop the courses of labor, but there are others who do the same. And I believe that I am speaking of my own experience not only, but of the experience of others, when I say that you are reasonable in a larger number of cases than the capitalists. . . . . . .
>
> "Let us show ourselves Americans by showing that we do not want to go off in separate camps or groups by ourselves, but that we want to cooperate with all other classes and all other groups in a common enterprise, which is to release the spirit of the world from bondage. . . . And the fundamental lesson of the whole situation is that we must not only take common counsel, but that we must yield to and obey common counsel."

In the response given to this appeal by the labor-leaders who



HOW THE WAR WILL NOT BE WON.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.



SUBBING FOR THE SUB.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

heard it there is an evident desire to play fair and a no less evident demand that the employers play fair with labor. These men are apparently glad to lead the labor cohorts in the battle for freedom, but wish at the same time to safeguard the industrial freedom which their followers have attained. As Mr. Gompers told his fellow members of the Federation—

> "We can allay all disputes during the war if you gentlemen will bear in mind that all the virtues are not on your side and all the vices on theirs. . . . Neither side can claim all the patriotism, but it is possible to obtain a better understanding so that the standards of American life shall not be lowered to the end that our boys at the front may be supplied with all that is needful."

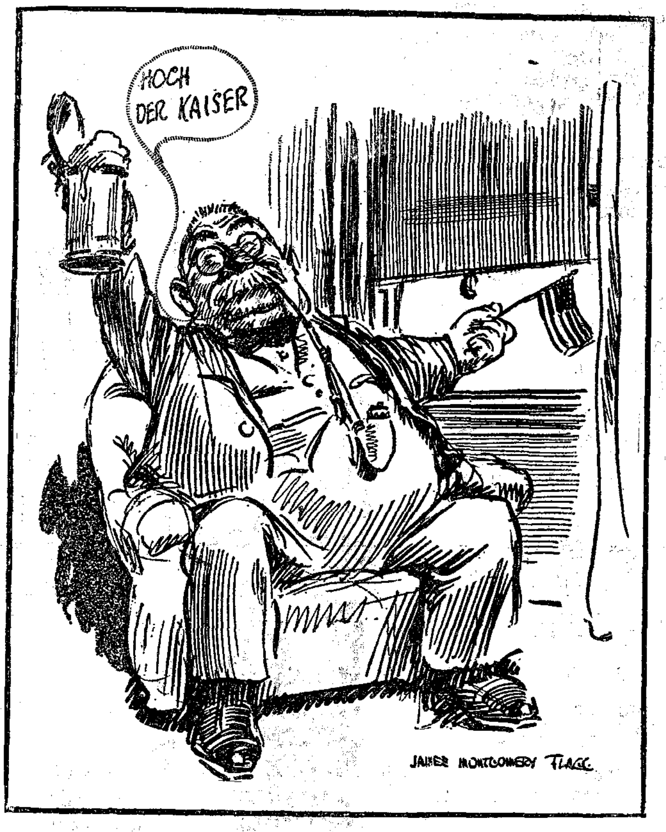
Several powerful union heads in the Federation have declared their adherence to President Wilson's program. Frank J. Hayes, the new president of the United Mine-Workers, has asserted that he and his union will "stand strongly behind the Government and those who are loyal to it until Kaiserism and militarism are wiped from the face of the earth." Such labor chieftains as these have translated words into deeds by calling off impending strikes until conferences can be had with employers. In particular, the striking members of building-trades unions in various parts of the country have just gone back to work on the construction of plants for Government war-work. The threatened strike of railroad workers will at least be delayed by a conference which President Wilson is holding this week with representatives of the men.

In the enthusiastic and appreciative comment of the union-labor press on the program policy outlined in President Wilson's speech, we note again the feeling that organized labor is willing and eager to do its duty in the cause of freedom, but expects at the same time that the country will do its duty by labor. *The Union Record*, of Seattle, declares that "labor is always willing to go half-way for settlement, and if the President can bring the other fellow the rest of the way, he can count on our united support." The workers, similarly asserts the editor of the San Francisco *Labor Clarion*, "will wear their fingers off to bring about the triumph of the United States in the great struggle; but they must be fed." Another representative utterance is that of the Duluth *Labor World*, which believes that workingmen are not getting a square deal since "labor is not being paid a living wage, and profits are piling up tremendously," but says:

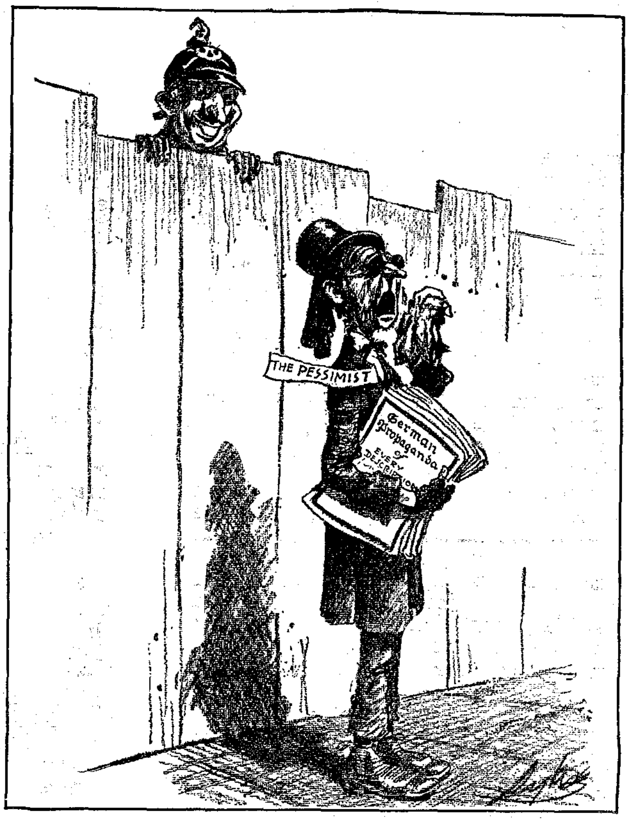
> "In spite of this fact, organized labor will go the limit to prevent strikes. Union men know the priceless value of liberty. They know that if Germany wins this war, opportunity for further advancement will be destroyed. . . . It is a crime akin to treason to call a strike at this crucial hour, without giving the Government an opportunity to adjust the grievances complained of by conciliation."

Among the enthusiastic declarations of loyalty to the President are the *Anthracite Labor News's* (Shenandoah, Pa.) statement that the approval of the labor hosts "will be shown by every son of toil getting to the level of his very best to win the war," and *The National Labor Journal's* (Pittsburg) emphatic words: "The road-bed is rough, but labor trusts the engineer."

Such words as these, reenforced as they are by the calling off of strikes, win the praise of the daily press. Members of a British mission here, and even London papers, have called attention to the loyalty of organized labor in the United States. But many of our editors can not forget that a labor crisis has been developed which has seriously threatened and actually delayed much of our war-work. The menace of these war-time strikes was discust in our issue of October 27. The very fact that the President deemed it necessary to journey from Washington to Buffalo to appeal to labor-leaders proves to some observers that organized labor can not entirely acquit itself of responsibility for the labor crisis. The Boston *Christian Science Monitor* hears of the astonishment exprest by visiting representatives of our Allies at the number of labor difficulties reported. Even residents, it thinks, are hardly prepared to learn that no less than five hundred strikes, involving over a million workers, have taken place since war was declared with Germany, as against one hundred and forty-four during the corresponding period of last year. On the 3d of the present month, according to the Government report upon which its editorial is based, "one hundred of the strikes were still in force, and fifty of these were given up as impossible of adjustment under the present system of dealing with such matters." This Boston editor characterizes the attitude of some labor-unions toward the Government as "imperiously dictatorial," and declares that "the strike must be abolished during the period of the war." A writer in the Boston *Transcript* inclines to the belief that many union-leaders are "behind themselves, not Wilson." The fact that many strikes are being declared or threatened against the open shop persuades him that these leaders are simply using the war to force unionization upon unwilling employers. "Much has been said of manufacturers being engaged in profiteering by charging exorbitant prices," but, says *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York), "recent events and experiences have gone to demonstrate that labor-unions are engaged in a species of profiteering no less reprehensible than that practised by the conscienceless manufacturer." *The Chronicle's* belief that labor should do a longer day's work till the end of the war is shared by the president of the National Founders' Association, who says that in war-time "the eight-hour day is a luxury which must yield to the demands of national necessity."



CAMOUFLAGE.
—Flagg, of the Vigilantes.


THE PESSIMIST
German Propaganda of every description
Sykes

"UND I DONd'T EFEN HAVE TO PAY HIM FOR IT, YET!"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES.

CHINA OBJECTS TO OUR JAPAN PACT

THE DANGEROUS INTERFERENCE of two sovereign nations with a third was the storm-signal seen by some editorial observers in the Lansing-Ishii agreement—recorded in these columns last week—and China, with no trace of so-called Oriental sluggishness, is prompt to discern it. Scarcely has applause for the pact reached its full volume than Washington dispatches report China's formal objection to it and her refusal to be bound by the agreement between two other nations in which she had no part. The Japanese-American agreement guarantees China's independence and territorial integrity and provides for the maintenance of the "open door," but also recognizes Japan's "special interests" in China—and that is what rouses China's ire. Many American papers think China should be grateful for the guaranteed preservation of territory and independence, and hold that the United States no more interferes with China's sovereignty by this step than it does with South America by the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. Their strongest argument in favor of the pact is that China's feeble condition as a sovereign state lays it open to perils which the joint unselfish attitude of Japan and this country can ward off.

China's objections are explained by a diplomat in sympathy with the Chinese position, who is quoted as follows in the Washington correspondence of the New York *Tribune:*

> "China feels that the United States departed from its traditional policy of friendship for her in conceding the Japanese demand. China is an independent nation, and ought not to be the subject of negotiations between foreign countries. Suppose Japan and the United States should sign another agreement, word for word like the Ishii-Lansing agreement, only substituting the word 'Mexico' for 'China'; do you think that would improve the relations between Mexico and the United States? Would it not rather disturb the friendship not only between Mexico and the United States, but also between Mexico and Japan?"

Moreover, according to the *Tribune's* correspondent, it is hinted that China may now look chiefly to England as her best friend, and that there is a possibility that the Chinese Government, suspicious of the advantages Japan might seek under the Lansing-Ishii pact, may attempt an understanding with Great Britain that will assure her protection against any aggression. China's communication, as given to the press by the State Department, emphasizes strongly its own regard for its treaty relations with friendly Powers, and adds rather pointedly:

> "The Chinese Government will not allow itself to be bound by any agreement entered into by other nations."

Caustic criticism of the pact, too, is heard in plain terms from our Pacific slope, where, for instance, the Los Angeles *Express*, with allusion to Japan's "special interests" in China, sets it down as an axiom that "sovereignty within sovereignty is a contradiction of terms." It remains to be seen, this journal adds, just what this guaranty of "special interests" was intended to imply and include, how much quasi-sovereignty may be introduced under it, and how far Japan's "special interests" shall exempt her as the years go by from the prohibition of "acquisition by any Government" of any special right or privilege that would affect the independence or territorial integrity of China or that would restrict equal opportunity in her industry and commerce. The San Francisco *Chronicle* sums up its judgment in the remark that "in return for something for which Japan cares nothing, we have acknowledged that Japan has interests in China before which we must give way."

The Sacramento *Bee* believes that it "would look to a man up a tree" as tho the agreement with Japan is "conceding to that nation about all she wants—practical suzerainty over China." But this daily is chiefly aggrieved that this nation should enter into an understanding with one ally concerning the territory of a second ally without the slightest consideration being given to the rights or wishes of the second. In an interview with one of the *Bee's* San Francisco correspondents, Ng Poon Chew, Chinese editor and orator, calls Japan "the Prussia of Asia," and says that while American people may accept Viscount Ishii's assurances at their face value, China "needs and requires evidence more substantial and heavier than mere hot air to convince her that behind these declarations there are no ulterior designs." He proceeds:

> "Japan made three treaties with Korea. In all of these treaties Japan gave solemn guaranties of the integrity and independence of Korea. The last of these treaties was made only two years before the total absorption of Korea by Japan.
>
> "To-day, notwithstanding all of those treaties, Korea is no more. Even the name Korea has been blotted from the map. In its place there appears a new country, Chosen, a province of Japan, and now part and parcel of that nation.
>
> "During Japan's war with Russia, twelve years ago, Japan declared to the world that the motives which impelled her to take arms against Russia was to drive Russia from Manchuria and restore Manchuria to its rightful owner, China.
>
> "Twelve years have elapsed since the conclusion of that war. What part of Manchuria has Japan restored to China? Not only none, but to-day Japan occupies a larger sphere of Manchuria than Russia ever occupied.
>
> "Japan has done everything to hinder, obstruct, and frustrate China's plans to develop Manchuria under Chinese Government auspices.
>
> "Japan is the Prussia of Asia. She stands to-day for the very principles against which the Allied nations are fighting. If Japan to-day is allowed a free hand to dispose of China the war now being fought at such a terrible cost in Europe must be fought all over again in Asia.
>
> "It is not to the interest of the world to permit Japan to have a free hand in China."

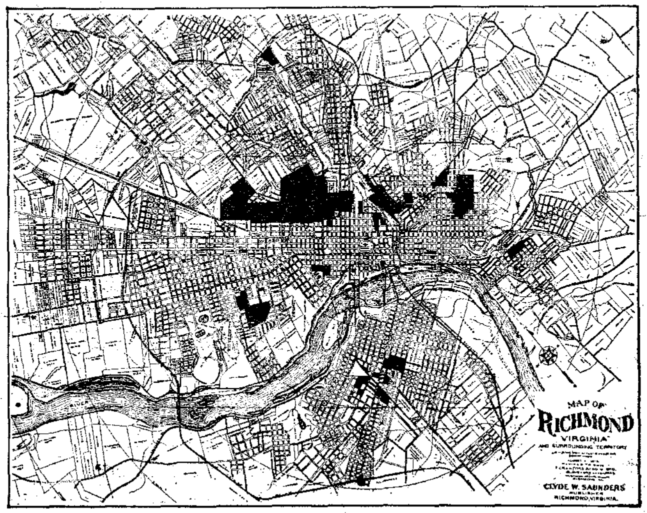
Peking dispatches give us an inkling of variant press opinion in that city when the Peking *Tiger* says American recognition of Japanese special interests in China is "recognition of the so-called Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, but the Chinese are too much engrossed in civil strife to see its significance"; and the Peking *Morning Bell*, in similar strain, remarks that "while the Japanese are elated over the success achieved, we are cutting one another's throats." But the Peking *Gazette* holds that while America's good intention is still trusted in certain circles, our prestige is doomed to suffer damage in China, and "there is great surprize that America, of all countries, should have taken this step and lent herself, however unwillingly, to Japanese imperial schemes." In sharp contrast is the defense of the St. Louis *Republic*, which says:

> "For half a century all the great European Powers were busy establishing spheres of influence, free ports, and special privileges in China. They were tightening their grip on Chinese trade and Chinese territory at every opportunity and by any sort of manufactured pretext. This threatened China with gradual reduction into a complete state of vassalage and Japan with a wall of powerful neighbors—some of them predatory—between her and the rest of Asia.
>
> "But for years China has been a weak and disintegrating nation. Without interference there was danger of a *débâcle* such as might have set all Europe to fighting and drawn Japan into the conflict. That is still the condition in China, and the menace will continue after the present war is ended unless China is guided and supported while better conditions are built up."

This is not the first recognition of a special interest of the kind recorded in international agreements, the New York *Sun* points out, for our own traditional special interest arising from propinquity, in purely American questions, was set forth in our acceptance and ratification of the second Hague convention of 1907, and "with knowledge of that declaration of our special interest in the affairs of our neighboring republics, China both signed and ratified the treaty."

THE NEGRO'S RIGHT OF RESIDENCE

A GREAT VICTORY "for the negro and for democracy," according to editors speaking for the colored race, was won when the Supreme Court declared the Louisville segregation ordinance—and inferentially similar ordinances in other cities—to be "in direct violation" of the United States Constitution. The sentiment of the dominant race in the cities affected is perhaps exprest by the Richmond *News-Leader's* remark that what the city can not do by formal enactment it may be able to accomplish justly and fairly by other means, and its declaration that race-segregation remains "a fixt principle in the South." Northern editors inclined to sympathize with negroes in the South rejoice at the Supreme Court's decision, because, in the Springfield *Republican's* words, "we do not want any Ghettos," or because, as the Rochester *Post-Express* puts it, the "pale" has no place in America. The Brooklyn *Eagle* is but one of several dailies in Northern States to rejoice at a unanimous decision in favor of negro rights from a court containing Democrats and Southerners.



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A TYPICAL CASE OF SEGREGATION.

The black spaces show the districts to which Richmond negroes are restricted.

Altho the case which brought this decision came from Louisville, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* explains that—

> "the question first saw the light in Baltimore, where a long and energetic movement for the separation of the races was inaugurated some years ago. The Maryland city had a very large immigration of negroes at the time, who poured into districts formerly occupied exclusively by whites, driving the latter out and having, it was claimed, a most depressive effect on real-estate values. An attempt was made to meet this difficulty by a segregation ordinance preventing negroes from settling in the white districts or streets. The first ordinance adopted was crude and was promptly knocked out by the courts. A new and more carefully prepared one 'stuck' and was found constitutional by the local courts. The movement spread to other cities and similar ordinances were passed in Richmond, Va., Atlanta, St. Louis, and Louisville."

The express purpose of the now invalidated Louisville ordinance, which was effective more than three years, was to "prevent conflict and ill-feeling between the white and colored races in the city of Louisville and to preserve the public peace and promote the general welfare by making reasonable provisions requiring, as far as practicable, the use of separate blocks for residence, places of abode, and places of assembly by white and colored, respectively."

In rendering the Court's decision, Mr. Justice Day declared that the police power of the State, broad as it is, and strengthened by many Supreme Court decisions, "can not justify the passage of a law or ordinance which runs counter to the limitations of the Federal Constitution." The admittedly difficult race problem, he continued, can not be solved "by depriving citizens of their constitutional rights and privileges." To quote further:

> "The right which the ordinance annulled was the civil right of a white man to dispose of his property if he saw fit to do so to a person of color and of a colored person to make such disposition to a white person.
>
> "We think this attempt to prevent the alienation of the property in question to a person of color was not a legitimate exercise of the police power of the State, and is in direct violation of the Constitution."

Thus the highest tribunal of the land has spoken on what the

Boston negro weekly, *The Guardian*, calls "the most outrageous of all civil discriminations against the negro race." The Afro-American New York *Age* considers the decision immensely important, and affirms that it will renew the negro's faith in the Constitution, for "it proves that the instrument devised by the Fathers of the Republic has not yet become 'a scrap of paper,' but can still exert a vital, living influence for the maintenance of right and the annulment of wrong." In Richmond, where a segregation ordinance has been in force, *The Planet*, another spokesman for the colored race, knows of nothing "that will have a greater tendency to restore the confidence of the colored people in the integrity of the courts and the sense of fair play in the nation." It adds hopefully:

"If our people will be conservative and not attempt to take undue advantage of this decree, but will go forward only as the necessity of conditions demands, the result will be highly beneficial and other vital decisions will be handed down that will tend to relieve the strain and give us all of our rights and privileges under the law."

But *The News-Leader*, one of the leading dailies of the former Confederate capital, sees no "great race victory" for its colored fellow citizens to rejoice over, believing that the principle of residential race segregation "can be maintained by custom, if not by law." In Louisville, *The Post*, which favored segregation, does not think that any ordinance can be designed which will stand in the courts, but predicts that Louisville negroes will continue to build up desirable sections for their own race. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* had opposed the creation of a segregated section as "a menace to the whole city," and rejoices now that segregation has apparently "received its death-blow" at the hands of the Supreme Court. Cities, it concludes, "can not flourish on a basis of short-sighted disregard for principle and the rights of their citizens."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

The Kaiser shall not press down upon the brow of labor his iron cross.—*Boston Transcript.*

There are indications that the German peace dove is about to scream again.—*New York Sun.*

It looks as if an unusually large number of French and British tourists will spend the winter in Italy.—*Dallas News.*

Some newspapers are born patriotic and some have patriotism thrust upon them and pretend to it lest they be suppress.—*Columbia State.*

Great Britain probably will come to an agreement with Ireland if Ireland ever comes to an agreement with itself.—*Emporia Gazette.*

Brooklyn has cast 2,500 more votes than Manhattan, and the latter goes to join Nicholas Romanof and Constantine of Greece.—*New York Evening Post.*

"Russia will not get out of the war," says Kerensky; but the question that a great many men are anxiously asking is, "Will Russia get into it?"—*Florida Times-Union.*

The question, "Is Kerensky a big enough man to lead the Russians?" has been answered in the affirmative. He is about two jumps ahead of them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In Petrograd a citizen goes to bed a traitor and rises a patriot; lunches as a revolutionist and dines as a rebel; turns a riot into a *coup d'état* by running two blocks; and never for a moment knows what democracy is.—*New York Sun.*

Does the Kaiser accept paper money for his salary?—*Wall Street Journal.*

The New York market solemnly reports hops at a standstill.—*Boston Herald.*

The watch on the Rhine will soon become an alarm-clock.—*Kansas City Star.*

An armistice would be just the interstice Germany seeks in the foe's armor.—*New York Sun.*

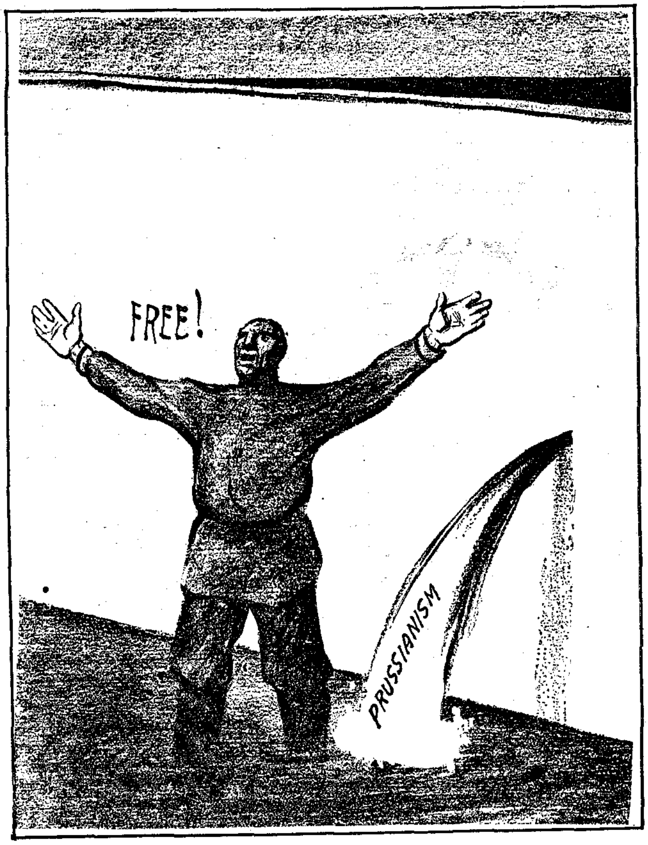
Evidently Germany is doing its laughing at the United States Army while the laughing is good.—*Emporia Gazette.*

Sweetness and light are to be curtailed in this town for the period of the war, tho not necessarily in the sense Matthew Arnold meant.—*New York Sun.*

The big revolt came when the simple-minded Russians discovered that a Provisional Government has nothing to do with provisions.—*Chicago Tribune.*

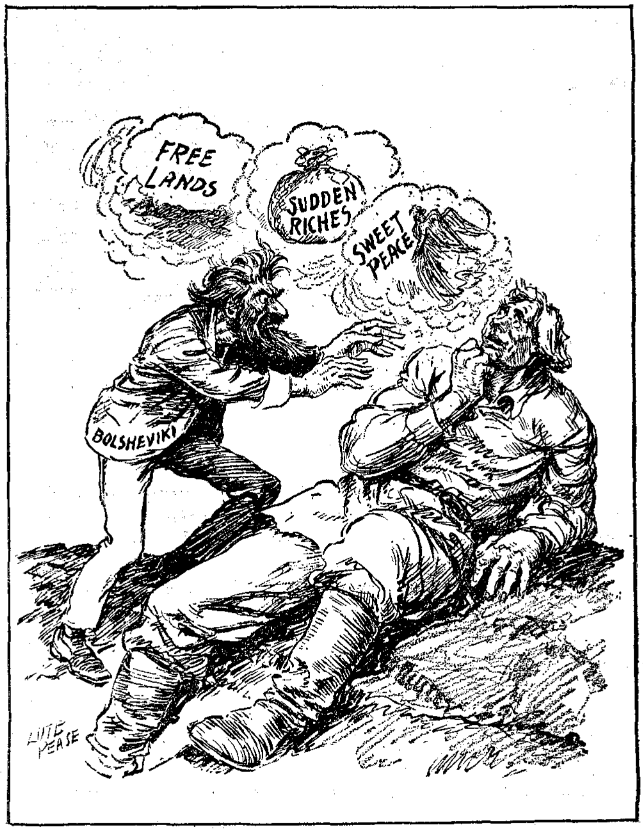
Every politician in the State is willing to give the newly enfranchised sex anything it wants that will not interfere with his present methods of doing business.—*New York Sun.*

And now Mr. Taft has joined the staff of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. *The Star* wants no quarrel with *The Ledger*, and so we merely advise it not to let its ex-President start anything with our ex-President.—*Kansas City Star.*



THE RUSSIAN AT THE DYKE.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*



SVENGALI.

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

RUSSIAN DELUSIONS.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

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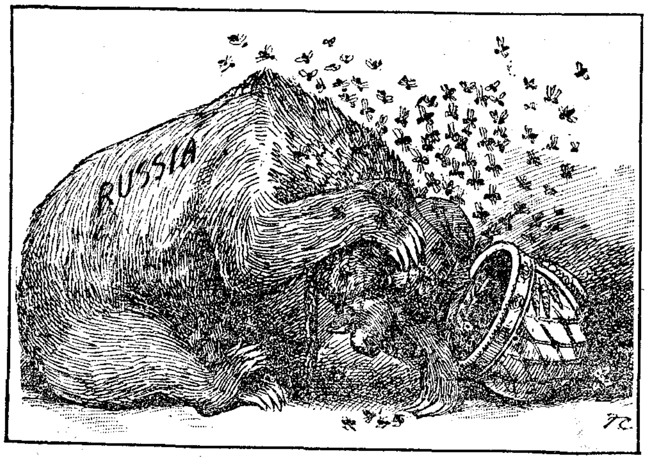
RUSSIA'S WOMEN SOLDIERS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE CAMP.

In the recent clash between the Bolsheviki and the followers of Kerensky, the women soldiers alone, of all the troops in Petrograd, remained loyal to the Premier and suffered heavily for their devotion, many being killed by the Maximalist troops.

DISORDER THE DAWN OF ORDER IN RUSSIA

A STORMY DAYBREAK is bringing in what many observers believe will be a new day of stable government for the Russian Republic. As one editor has put it, "when the Bolsheviki seized the capital, drove out Kerensky, and established their cabinet of visionaries and traitors, the boil in the body politic of Russia burst, and only a tonic of blood and iron is needed to restore health." This tonic of civil war, it is pointed out, seems to be necessary, and Kerensky only postponed the evil day when, after dallying with Korniloff, he turned against him in the hope of avoiding a fratricidal conflict. Such a war has now been forced upon him by the Maximalists, and he seems to have seen it coming, for, at the opening of the Provisional Parliament he is reported by the Petrograd *Ryetch* as saying that the anarchy resulting from the activity of the Petrograd Bolsheviki was endangering the state. He said at that time:



THE BEAR IN TROUBLE.

After the upset, the Bolshevik bees get loose.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

"In order to save the honor of the country and to lead the country to the shining door of the Constituent Assembly all political parties and all classes of the population must make an enormous effort to bring to an end the terrible anarchy which is more and more invading the state, recalling the grimmest periods of the old régime, and which is leading us by giant strides to a great economic and financial crisis. We have taken all the measures that we could, but our efforts were of no avail against the apathy of the popular masses and their failure to understand their civil duty."

All the foreign correspondents in Russia had seen clearly how things would drift if the Maximalists in the Petrograd *Soviet* were not firmly handled. Dr. Harold Williams, the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, a journal in full sympathy with the true aims of the Russian democracy, tells us that the great mass of the people are disgusted with the extremists and weary of the irresolution of Kerensky. He recently gave this vivid picture of Bolshevik activity and popular apathy:

"The Bolsheviki think that they are gaining the upper hand among the masses. This is true and untrue. It is true so far as meetings, votes, and resolutions are concerned. It is untrue if it means that the great masses of the people sympathize with the Bolsheviki, or are prepared to support them actively. The prevailing feeling is one of apathy, weariness, disillusionment. In the workmen's committees the Bolsheviki are strong, but most of the workmen have ceased to attend meetings.

"In the villages the peasants ignore the elections and express disgust for all committees. Here and there the peasants have disbanded their committees, and have gone back to the old system of having simply an elder and clerk. A peasant, writing to the director of the Peasants' Banks, declares in obvious good faith that his village has decided not to pay taxes because there are no government and no law.

"Here is the real key to the present situation. The masses of the people have lost faith in the new order. This does not mean as yet that they desire the restoration of the old régime. But they are baffled, deprest, and disappointed. They see no guiding hand. They have lost faith in extravagant promises. They can not understand the perpetual strife of parties. Unaccustomed to consecutive thinking, governed all their lives by a few simple principles, they have given up in despair the attempt to grasp the complexities of revolutionary politics. They are tired and depreşt. They are accustomed to authority, and they see no authority. They have been promised a new heaven and a new earth, and they see only increasing disorder."

The extreme latitude that was allowed to the Bolsheviki by Kerensky and his Government is well illustrated by this paragraph in the Petrograd *Dyen:*

"The Maximalists of the *Soviet* have discovered a new means of political propaganda which even Tammany Hall of New York might envy. Taking advantage of the weakness of the present Government, they have succeeded in arranging so that their party catechism is pasted in every soldier's official book as it is issued to him. That catechism consists mainly of poisonous and inciting attacks on the *bourgeois* classes in general. By this means the *Soviet*, which is a purely party organization, has secured the assistance of a valuable and wide-spread official agency to propagate its doctrines and especially to carry on its electioneering for the forthcoming Constituent Assembly.'

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THIS WAS ONCE A ROAD.

Taking ammunition up to the front in Flanders through a sea of mud. This shows why it has been such a difficult matter to drive the Germans out of Belgium.

In his effort to restore order Kerensky revived the old "Administrative Law" permitting arrest upon suspicion. This was joyfully hailed by the Maximalists, who saw in it a weapon against their opponents, all of whom they termed "counter-revolutionaries." The Petrograd *Rabotchaya Gazeta* made this significant comment on the situation:

> "Only when it is ruthlessly applied to the counter-revolutionaries, both distinguished and obscure, can this Administrative Law be of service to New Russia. But when, simultaneously with the publication of this order, we hear of the release of a number of notorious supporters of counter-revolution, because, forsooth, no definite incriminating action can be traced to them, we feel alarmed as to how this law is going to be applied."

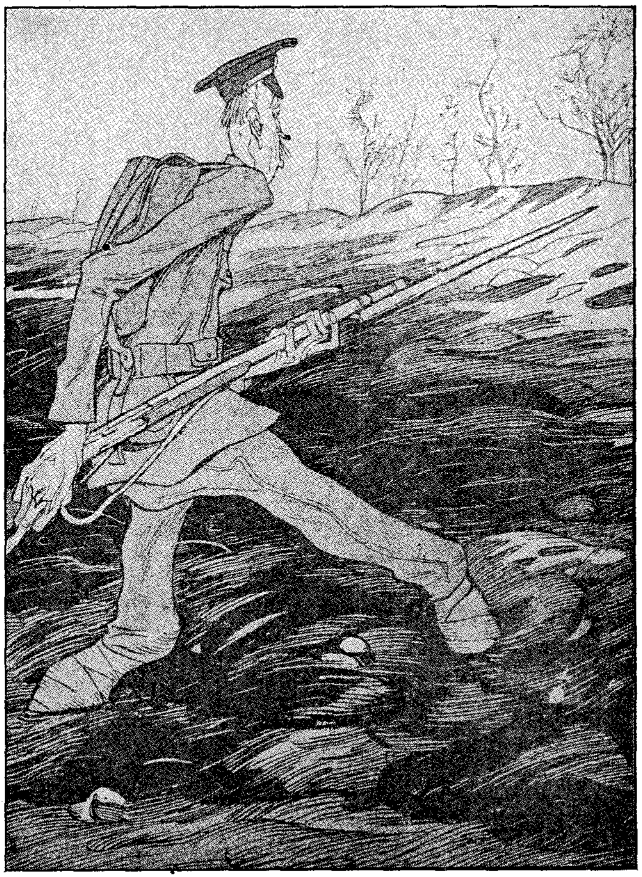
An interesting side-light on the Maximalist leaders who forced civil war upon Russia is given by the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. His dispatch runs:

> "I am surprized and a little disgusted that the British press will persist in regarding the *Soviet* as a purely Russian organization. It is nothing of the sort. Nearly all the members who possess influence are of German origin. The real name of Tchernoff, the ex-Minister of Agriculture, who is now strongly against Kerensky, is Feldmann. The real name of Stekloff, the notorious author of Order No. 1 to the Russian Army, is Nahimkes. Of the four members of the *Soviet* who recently visited western Europe, two, Goldenberg and Ehrlich, are Jews of German origin.
>
> "As intermediaries between Lenin and Germany, there were at Stockholm and Copenhagen Dr. Helfandt, a German Jew, who passed under the name of Parvus, and Ganetski, whose real name is Fürstenberg. Lenin's three chief assistants in the *Soviet* are Zimovieff, Trotzky, and Kamenieff. Their real names are Apfelbaum, Bronstein, and Rosenfeld.
>
> "The commission of the *Soviet* which was appointed to investigate the case of Lenin was composed of persons with the following names: Gotz, Handelsmann, Liber, Dahn, and Krochmal. The names mentioned above are sufficient to show that the leaders of the *Soviet* are in great part German Jews.
>
> "In addition to the *Soviet* members already mentioned, Martoff's real name is Zederbaum; Sukhanoff changed his name from that of Himmer; Zagorsky was once known as Krachmann; and Lenin, of course, was well known as Zederblum."

MUD AS THE ENEMY

"THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES fought against Sisera," sang Deborah the Prophetess, and the Biblical precedent has been repeated in Flanders, where the very elements have conspired to delay our victorious advance. But for the mud, we are told, the Allied forces under Field-Marshal Haig could have compelled the evacuation of Belgium before Christmas, but the battle has been halted because all Flanders is a morass over which progress is almost impossible. Several vivid pictures of the fight with the Germans in this waste of ooze and water are painted by the correspondents in Belgium for the London press. Describing one of the actions, we find *The Pall Mall Gazette* writing:

> "The battle-field was drenched again with rain, writes Mr. Percival Phillips, and the swollen streams in the furrows below Passchendaele overflowed still further through the wilderness of craters and ruined farms.
>
> "In the darkness last night, with wind and rain beating against their faces and gas-shells hissing overhead, some of these dogged troops had to plunge nearly waist-high in the clinging mud.
>
> "Their battle with the weather—which, after all, was the real battle of to-day!—began even before they followed the barrages at dawn. Men were disappearing in the darkness, swallowed by hidden holes and unseen pools of water. Their comrades pulled them out and they went on. Their puttees and trousers were sodden masses, and the rain poured from their steel hats.
>
> "The mere physical efforts necessary in forming a battle-line were sufficient to tire strong men, and none of them could move swiftly to the attack.



GERMANY'S STRATEGIC RETREAT!

TOMMY ATKINS—"Where in thunder are the Germans?"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"A captain calmly smoking a cigaret through his bandages told Mr. Percival Phillips that his men were 'so wild at being potted at and so fed up with the mud that they simply went slap-dash into the barrage in order to begin killing Germans as soon as possible.'

"He continued: 'They tried us with gas-shells, and "five-nines," and all the other varieties of trouble, and the only effect was to give my lads a better send-off when the show began. They would have swum through a sea of mud to get at the blighters.'"

Equally vivid is the picture of *The Bystander*, which says:

"Long after the battle, the correspondents tell us, men were still being dug out from the awful cold, clinging, soaking slush. One poor man, recovered two nights later, had sunk right to the neck; many of them were got out with the greatest difficulty, and it is feared that some of the wounded must have been swallowed up before help could arrive; and even a brigade officer, without the fighting man's load, took twenty minutes to struggle through a hundred yards of that unbelievably stodgy Flanders mud that's surely the awfulest and stodgiest in the world."

Given a sharp frost and a spell of cold weather, the irresistible pressure of the British can be resumed, says *The Daily Mail*, which proceeds:

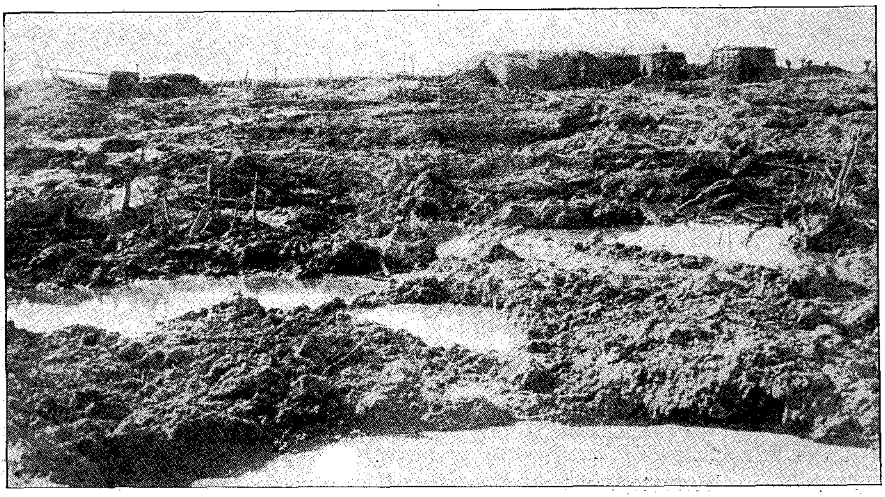
"If chance favors us, or even if it runs even, the whole German position in western Belgium will collapse. It is tottering now, but it might be saved by such a stormy and rainy autumn as that of 1916. Already, as from a Pisgah-top, our soldiers behold the promised land of great and decisive victory opening before them."

Meanwhile the Germans are thanking all the gods in the Teutonic Valhalla, but they are not blind to the seriousness of the situation in Flanders. British correspondents tell us that officer-prisoners have been taken, bearing upon them Field-Marshal Hindenburg's orders that "Passchendaele Ridge must be recovered at all costs," while Max Osborn in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* gloomily writes:

"Temporary failures will not discourage the English from storming our front afresh. We know that tho weather may check their operations they will allow no single suitable hour to pass unused. They will attack again and again the moment they consider that their gaps are sufficiently well filled and have time to reorganize their positions. Our troops are ready for fresh assaults. From the many high positions they still hold they can look over the fields strewn with the human sacrifices of the futile English attacks. They trust to their nerves and their rifles. Here in Flanders the most insignificant man is inspired by the conviction that nothing less than Germany's fate is being battled for. The decision of the German people's destiny will be made here. Nobody underestimates the foe we have to face."

The importance of the operations on the Flanders front is further emphasized by Professor Wegener, who, writing in the *Kölnische Zeitung* before the last drive remarked:

"For many weeks past there has been raging up in Flanders the most tremendous of all battles on the Western front. That means that it is the most momentous battle of the whole war, for nowhere else are the fighters so equal in military qualities, so distinguished in intelligence, and so highly and completely equipped with eminently efficient materials of war as on the Western front. The battle is all the more terrible for us because the number is unequal, England's whole army, raised in three years of preparation and equipped with almost all the engines of war which England's whole highly developed industry could produce—strengthened moreover by America's help—is here thrown against our ranks with ruthless energy and British bulldog obstinacy. Against these millions our Supreme Command can only employ that fraction of our army and of our materials of war which can be spared for the defensive battle in Flanders."



Australian official photograph.

A FLANDERS BATTLE-FIELD TO-DAY.

This, plus black darkness, wind, rain, bursting shells, and snipers' bullets—and you have the scene of the recent British victories around the Passchendaele Ridge.

THE JEWS TO RULE IN ZION

A DEFINITE PLEDGE has been made by the British Government to establish "a national home" for the Jews in the Holy Land. Germany, it will be recalled, had a similar opportunity, but definitely refused to exercise pressure upon Turkey in behalf of the Jewish nation or of the oppress Jewish residents in Judea. The Allies thus become the champions of Zionism. Great Britain, we are reminded, views the future of Palestine with concern, as, owing to its proximity to Egypt and the Suez Canal, she can not again run the risk of another attack of her highway to the East as occurred at the beginning of the war. This has encouraged writers, both Jew and Gentile, to urge the establishment of a Jewish Republic in Palestine under a Protectorate by Great Britain. The Manchester *Guardian* hails the idea, not only as an admirable political safeguard for Egypt, but also as the salvation of the Jewish race. It says:

"The complete Jew, faithful to the Jewish genius, can be produced only in the Jewish land, just as the complete Englishman, faithful to the English genius, can be produced only in England. The instrument of the Jewish genius must be the Jewish language, just as English is the instrument of the English genius.

"The Jewish land is Palestine; the Jewish language is Hebrew. Palestine is the Jewish land because whatever national life the Jewish people have lived has been inseparably associated with Palestine. When they constituted a state, its seat was Palestine. Their literature has sprung from the soil of Palestine. Their law, their institutions, their cult have been molded in the image of Palestine. Two thousand years of exile have produced no divorce, for tradition and hope, the impress of the past and the promise of the future, have kept Palestine before the eyes of every true Jew as the goal of the age-long Jewish pilgrimage through the wilderness. Hebrew is the one language in which the Jewish spirit has found full expression, and the only language which has guaranteed to any product of the Jewish genius enduring life and persistent influence among the Jewish people. The aim of Jewish nationalism, of Zionism, is therefore to create in Palestine a Jewish society based upon Hebrew which shall be a spiritual center for the scattered hosts of Jewry."

In a long article in the London *Daily Chronicle* Mr. Israel Cohen pleads for the "Zionist ideal." He writes:

"The future of Zionism is now bound up with the war-settlement, and Zionists in both hemispheres are earnestly hoping that this settlement will not only recognize their right to Palestine, but will enforce it. One of the war-aims of the Allied Powers is to secure for the small nations the right of self-determination in a land of their own; but altho the rights of all other small nations have formed the theme of eloquent speeches by scores of statesmen, no official public utterance has yet been made on behalf of the Jews, who have waited longer than any other nation for the realization of their ideal. The Jewish question has troubled government after government for the last few decades, and altho various international congresses have been held they lacked the courage to grapple with the problem. The time has now come when the question can be shirked no longer. The Jews have had to suffer bitterly enough during their centuries of exile and dispersion. The time has now come to make amends by restoring them to their country.

"The great, nay, the preponderating bulk of Jewish Nationalists live in Russia, America, and the British Empire, and it is therefore the obvious duty of the governments of these countries to undertake, in combination with the other Allied Powers, the task of securing Palestine for the Jews. A lead is expected from the British Government, not only because it has always been regarded as the champion of opprest races, but because it has already had official relations with the Zionist organization since 1902."

The ink was scarcely dry upon Mr. Cohen's paper when Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, the Foreign Minister of Great Britain, indorsed the principle of Zionism officially. In a letter to Lord Rothschild—one of the leaders of English Jewry—he wrote:

"The Government view with favor the establishment of Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing will be done that may prejudice the civil or religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

Commenting on this pronouncement, which had the approval of the British Cabinet, the London *Jewish Chronicle* says:

"With one step the Jewish cause has made a great bound forward. It is the perceptible lifting of the cloud of centuries, a palpable sign that the Jew—condemned for two thousand years by unparalleled wrong—is at last coming to his right. The day of his exile is to be ended."

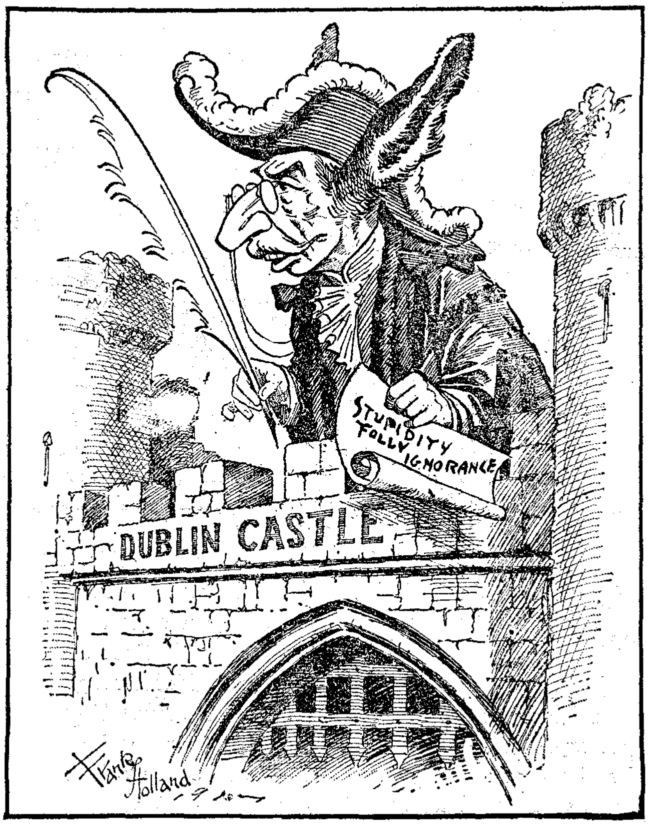
By no means all the Jews, however, are enamored of these nationalistic aspirations. For example, the late Lord Rothschild once said that if a Jewish State were restored in Palestine he would apply for the post of permanent Ambassador to London; similarly Mr. J. Bulvar Schwartz, in a long article in the London *New Age*, remarks:

"There may be a handful of the race which remembers that it is in exile, and reflects upon the glories of ancient Zion while yearning for a new Jerusalem. But these Jews find few others in sympathy with them. And when they talk of a Jewish national movement they discover that they are in the wilderness. Even if the recent prophecies that Palestine is to be turned into a republic were to substantialize, Anglo-Jewry would be affected but little. Very few Jews would avail themselves of the opportunity to return to Palestine and begin afresh in a commercially sterile country. To-day the Jewish population of Palestine consists mainly of old Jews who live by the charity benevolently forwarded to them from England and America. Palestine is not a land flowing with milk and honey, and if it were not for the largesse of Jewish philanthropists the Jews of the Holy Land would fare badly. No; I am inclined to think that Anglo-Jewry would prefer to remain here where it is settled. The world is liable to exaggerate the importance of the Jewish sentiment regarding Palestine."

IRELAND A VOLCANO NEAR ERUPTION

A CHAOTIC SITUATION, as complete as any in Russia, seems to obtain in Ireland to-day, and many are the prophets who aver that open rebellion is again perilously near. The Irish papers themselves have but little to say, and most alarm seems to be felt by the English press, where organs both for and against Home Rule profess the greatest anxiety at the way things are drifting. The London *Daily Telegraph*, a Unionist paper, says:

"It is common knowledge that at this moment there is no law over the greater part of Ireland. And there is no martial law, even in the loose interpretation usually given to that term. The King's writ scarcely runs there. Nor does Mr. Redmond's. The one name that is obeyed is that of De Valera, a hybrid Spanish-Irish-American. The situation is as bad as it can be, short of civil war. Yet as soon as Parliament reassembles Mr. Redmond puts down a motion which calmly assumes that the whole responsibility for the state of Ireland rests with the Irish executive and the Irish military authorities. A flat negative is the only answer."



DUBLIN CASTLE RULE.

Fling the Castle and its Caste
To the limbo of the past!!
We've endured too many years
The Ogre with the ass's ears.

—*Reynolds's Newspaper* (London).

Perhaps the most potent reason for the critical state of Ireland is what is known as the Ashe case. The death in prison of Thomas Ashe, the Sinn-Fein leader who died of syncope following on a hunger strike, as the inquest brought out, was a tactical blunder that Dublin Castle—in the opinion of even the Unionist press—could easily have avoided. The Home-Rule and Socialist London *New Statesman* says:

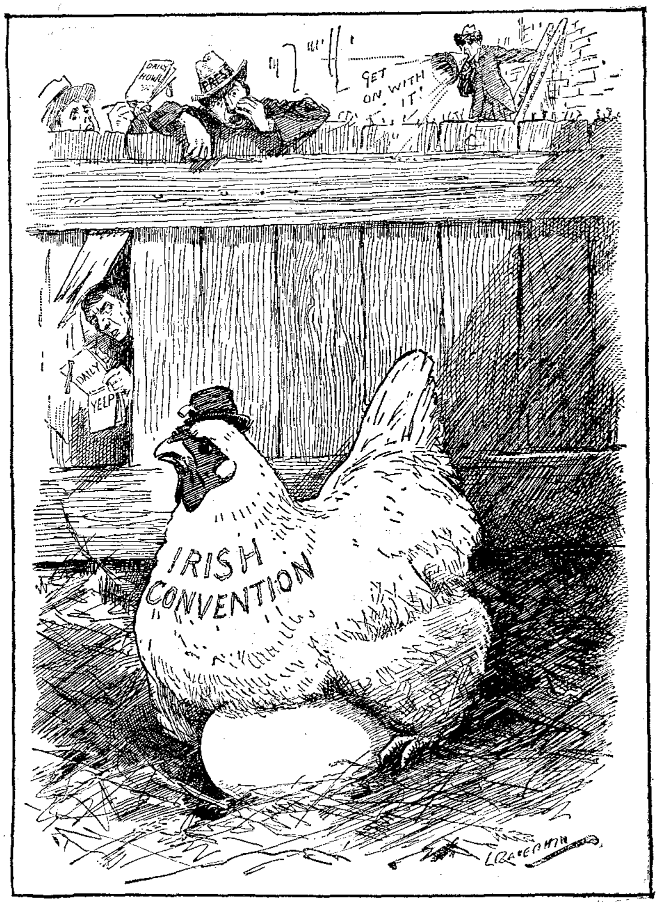
"The death of Mr. Thomas Ashe is said to have had even a worse effect in Ireland than the executions of Easter week. It was the first case in these islands of a political prisoner succumbing to the hunger strike and artificial feeding. The comments of the Nationalist press were ferocious; and as for the feelings of Mr. Ashe's own party, the Sinn-Feiners, these may be better imagined than described. The funeral procession was compared in magnitude with that of Parnell. Dublin Castle and Mr. Duke do not come very brilliantly out of the affair. It is true that the demands of the Sinn-Fein prisoners, the refusal of which produced the hunger strike, were extensive, and that Mr. Duke, prior to the death of Ashe, had offered certain concessions. The fact remains that a popular leader has died, so to speak, in the Government's hands, the very last thing Mr. Duke could have desired. Nor is the problem of Mountjoy Prison yet solved, if the Sinn-Feiners continue to insist on being treated literally as 'prisoners of war.' But it is unlikely that another bad accident will be allowed to occur. It seemed that the Government had entirely capitulated to Sinn Fein. Volunteers in the funeral proceedings were not interfered with, tho they wore uniform and carried arms, offenses against Sir Bryan Mahon's regulations, for which several of Mr. Ashe's prison companions were at the moment undergoing sentence."

Discussing the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Redmond's motion calling for a more vigorous policy in Ireland, the Home-Rule London *Daily Chronicle* says:

"The decision of Ireland's destiny has passed for the time being away from Westminster to the Irish Convention and the

Irish people. If the Convention can agree on a scheme and the people can accept its lead, the assent of England and of Westminster is assured in advance. On this side, at any rate, of St. George's Channel it is only a negligible minority that would interfere with any agreement at which Irishmen arrived. Unfortunately on the other side it is different; there are leaders there—some very active and vocal—whose whole energies are directed to thwarting the Convention's success; and tho they are themselves utterly barren of any constructive policy, this barrenness does not prevent them from enjoying influence and popularity in Ireland.

"The open and obvious foe of the Convention is, of course, Sinn Fein. The contention which Mr. Redmond put forward last night was that this foe could have availed little had it not been reenforced by a secret and malign influence from the opposite party, ensconced in Dublin Castle itself. That Castle reactionaries have played a sinister rôle during some past crises in Irish history there is no doubt. That on the present occasion the Castle stupidity, which led to the Ashe scandal, has had most deplorable consequences is equally beyond question. Sinn Fein, despite its meteoric flights earlier in the year, was a waning force, paling its fires before the Convention sunrise, when the Ashe case came to it as a sudden godsend, and more than restored for the moment its former vogue."



A FATEFUL SESSION.

SITTING HEN—"Go away! Don't hurry me."

—*Punch* (London).

The Belfast *Northern Whig*—naturally a Unionist organ of uncompromising views—is very angry with Mr. Redmond, and remarks:

"If Mr. Redmond is trying to insure the failure of the Convention he could not have adopted tactics more calculated to insure that result. If the Convention can only exist on condition that treason is left a free hand, then the Convention is already doomed. The parallel between the situation in Ireland to-day and that which existed before the Easter rebellion is painfully clear. Then, as now, we had sedition preached and rebellion organized and armed, which a supine Irish Government allowed itself to accept."

The Nationalist Cork *Examiner*, however, refuses to be depress and believes that despite all obstacles the Irish Convention will find a solution for Ireland's troubles. Discussing Mr. Redmond's motion in the House of Commons, it says:

"The assurances given in the House of Commons as a result of Mr. Redmond's motion should insure that the Convention, even at the eleventh hour, gets fair play, and as far as responsible Irishmen are concerned they will insist that, despite the blundering of the Irish Administration, of the efforts of die-hard Unionists to revert to old disruptive methods, and of dreamers and revolutionaries to lead the people into a morass with the promise of a Republic, the representative Irishmen who are now engaged in the task of formulating a Constitution for this country shall be permitted to do their work on Ireland's behalf without intimidation or hindrance."

The Dublin *Irish Times* declares that unless the "atmosphere of unrest and lawlessness" be supprest, the conscriptionist in Ireland will solve the problem by applying universal military service. The Nationalist Dublin *Freeman's Journal* also argues:

"It would be idle to ignore the fact that advocates of drastic coercion and enforced military service are growing bolder, louder, and more numerous. The conscriptionist specific is being advocated in new and suggestive quarters. Sinn-Fein leaders by their tactics have succeeded in convincing a large number of Englishmen that trouble in Ireland will have to be met, and these men have drawn the conclusion that if the trouble is to come anyhow, the argument in favor of the exemption of Ireland from conscription has disappeared."

Meanwhile Sinn Fein flourishes. The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* writes that the death of Thomas Ashe, the Sinn-Fein leader, has brought a sudden access of strength to its ranks:

"For the present, however, Sinn Fein is everywhere in the ascendent. . . . The authority of the executive Government has received a heavy blow. It is probable that the Sinn-Fein party has no immediate intention of inciting disorders or of courting imprisonment on a large scale. On the contrary, its public demonstrations are well disciplined, and as long as Mr. De Valera remains in control Sinn-Fein hostility to the Government is not likely to degenerate into riot or outrage.

"The present policy of Sinn Fein, so far as one can gather, is simply to ignore the executive Government, to proceed quietly with its drilling and the organization of its clubs, to elaborate arrangements for the final rout of the Nationalist party at the next general election in the hope or belief that the Government, overawed by its hold on the country, will not interfere with its propaganda. This policy has been facilitated immensely by the Government's blunders or misfortunes in the case of Thomas Ashe."

The Unionist London *Morning Post*, however, takes the gloomiest view of Sinn-Fein activities:

"Ireland has been nominally under martial law ever since the outbreak of Easter, 1916. The Defense of the Realm Act regulations are nominally in force. Yet it is a mere truism to say that both are broken with impunity when it suits the purpose of certain people to do so. The Sinn-Fein propaganda, whose essential object is the disruption of the Empire and the setting up of a republican government in Ireland, goes on with hardly an effort to check it. Speeches are made all over the country, in which disloyalty to the Crown is openly preached. Prisoners charged with various offenses against the safety of the realm demand to be treated as prisoners of war, and—in effect, at all events—their claims are admitted. Mountjoy Prison is no longer a penal place, but, in the words of the prisoners themselves, it is 'a palace.'

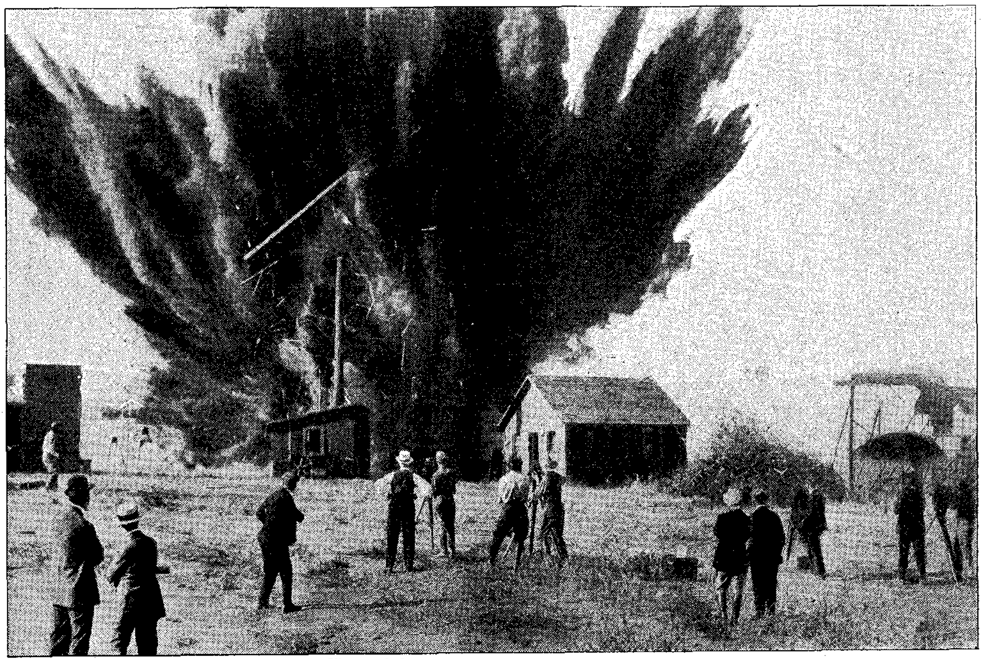
"This is not surprizing, since the penal servitude has been modified by all sorts of privileges. There is no limitation either in the matter of food or comforts. The only hardship, if such it may be called, is that they are required to remain within the prison precincts. The Sinn-Fein propaganda, violent and seditious as it is, so far as it is carried on openly, is alarming enough, but what is carried on secretly can only be imagined. . . . . .

"While what is openly done is bad enough, it is the secret intriguing which causes the gravest concern, and knowing the disaffection which exists one never knows how near we are to another eruption. That is why loyal people look to Parliament for the assurance that the law will be observed, and that the lives and property of the law-abiding citizens will be protected. Such assurance was never more needed than at present, and it must be an assurance on the part of the Government. The Irish executive of itself is either unwilling or unable to tackle the problem as it should be tackled."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

INGENUITY OF THE CAMERA-MAN

THE MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY is now the sixth in the United States in order of importance. Its growth has been largely dependent on the improvement of its mechanism—of the camera that takes the pictures and of the projector that displays them. In an article entitled "'Shooting' the Photoplay," contributed to *The Scientific American* (New York), Austin C. Lescarboura reminds us that ten years ago a domestic film showing a group of people was so indistinct that the features could not be made out; while to-day a film scene of a battle, comprising several thousand people, is so clear that every figure can be made out plainly when projected on the screen. And each of these figures appears as a pin-point on the film! He goes on:



Illustrations with this article by courtesy of the Vitagraph Company.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Four cameras are "shooting" this explosion. At least one ought to get a perfect film.

"If ever there was a genius it is the camera-man, for, starting out with the camera just as it was turned over to him by the motion-picture engineers, he has forever been busy improving its mechanism here and there, and developing any number of accessories which have gone far to make films more attractive to the eye. The fact is that the average camera-man is an artist; but instead of pigments and brushes he relies on various mechanical contraptions designed and constructed during odd moments.

"One of the first effects introduced in films was the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out,' in which the film, perfectly black at first, gradually becomes lighter and develops into a perfect picture on the screen, and the reverse operation. This is accomplished merely by closing or opening the iris diaphragm of the lens. Some cameras are equipped with automatic devices which can be arranged to 'fade-in' or 'fade-out' a picture in 5, 10, or 20 feet. The camera-man merely sets the indicator and turns the crank without further attention.

"Now the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out' effect has a most important application in joining two scenes, so that one literally flows into the other. This result is achieved by first 'fading-out' one scene, noting the footage allowed for the operation. Next, the film is turned back to a point where the 'fade-out' began, and a 'fade-in' of the new scene is made.

"Numerous devices have followed the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out,' since the camera-man discovered that there were other possibilities in film photography aside from the regular run of work. Film-producers are ever ready to try out new effects, which, when they once appear on the screen, are immediately copied by competing producers whose camera-men, after viewing the novel effects, deduce the method probably used—or substitute their own.

"A later-day effect is the 'circle vignette,' by which is meant the fading out of the corners and edges of a picture on the screen. While there are several ways of obtaining this result, the most popular appears to be the use of an iris diaphragm in front of the lens, which permits a circle of any size. As a variation of the 'fade-in' and 'fade-out,' the circle vignette can be used to 'circle-in' a picture and 'circle' it out again. Thus a picture on the screen suddenly opens up from blackness to a circle of ever-increasing size, until the rectangular outline is reached. The 'circle-out' effect is just the reverse of this. It is possible to obtain either hard edges or comparatively soft edges on the circle vignette, depending on how close the iris diaphragm is placed to the lens."

Screens of various materials, the writer tells us, are being used by camera-men. The most popular are prepared from ordinary film, cleared and dipt in dye. Another way is to use sensitive portrait-film, which is exposed to the light and developed to the required point, fixt, washed, and dried in the usual manner. It is then shaped to meet requirements. Still other screens are made from fine wire netting. He goes on:

"Double exposures, which are a source of never-ending wonder to a layman, are produced in one of two ways. The first is by means of companion matts, which make it possible to expose different parts of the film. Thus with matt No. 1, for instance, everything is exposed on the film rectangle with the exception of a small circular patch. When No. 2 matt is inserted, the lens is covered, and the film is wound back again to the point where the first matt was introduced. Then the lens is uncovered and the new matt, covering every portion of the film which was previously exposed, only permits the light rays to strike in the circular patch.

"In scenes where the same actor appears twice at one time the effect is secured by the careful use of matts. First the man is placed on one side of the stage, and his actions are filmed on half of each rectangle or 'frame' by means of the first companion matt. The second matt is then substituted, the lens covered, and the film wound back, and the actor takes his place on the other side of the stage. The film is again exposed, this time with the first half matted out. In order that the action at both times may synchronize in the finished film, the director notes carefully the time at which each step in the action takes place during the first filming, and during the second filming the actor is coached so as to have the action synchronize with the preceding action.

"The second method of obtaining double exposures consists in the use of a matt for the first filming, in order to reserve a part of the film for the second exposure which is handled by the use of a black velvet background for the stage. Or if there is apt to be a dark space in the scene, no matt is used. The player, acting before such a non-reflecting background, photographs on the film, while the remainder of the film with its previous exposure remains untouched."

LOW-WATER BRIDGES

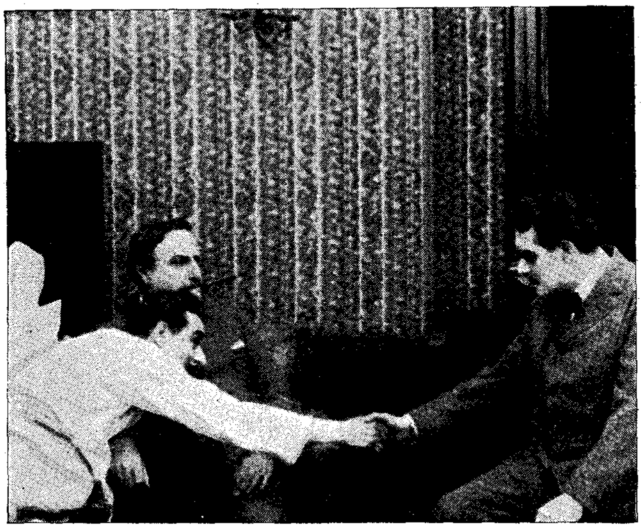
A BRIDGE SO LOW that it is submerged at high water would seem to be of little use. Yet engineers in some parts of the country are deliberately building such bridges, in the belief that it is foolish to expend large sums in providing for conditions that hold good only during a very small part of the season. In the arid regions of our southwestern States floods are quick and brief. Rains are so torrential that no one travels when they are falling, and almost by the time they have ceased the flood-waters have run off and the bridges are again usable. A writer in *Municipal Engineering* (Chicago) tells of a special type of concrete bridge devised to meet the requirements of such regions. These bridges extend across the beds of streams which are dry, or nearly dry, the major part of the year, but are on some occasions extremely high. We read:

"Practically all creeks and smaller rivers in the district where the new bridge is used are dry eleven months out of the year, and in the remaining one month carry an excess of water for not more than a day or two at a time. A stream will suddenly change its character from a mere trickle or a dry bed to a torrent 10 to 20 feet deep, returning to its original state in twenty-four hours. Only in extreme cases does the flood period extend over one or two days.

"Such a condition makes a high bridge, in which $2,000 to $5,000 has been invested, comparatively useless during the greater part of its life and, as little money is available for roads and bridges in these regions, economy must be practised. Moreover, because of the large amount of débris carried by flood water, the floor of an ordinary highway bridge must be above the flood level, which fact necessitates approaches with wing walls and abutments.

"Economy has forced engineers to design a bridge which gives service most of the time without too large an expenditure. This is generally known as a 'low-water bridge.'

"A low-water bridge in its commonest form consists of several short, reenforced concrete spans which clear the ordinary dry or low-water flow. These spans are carried on piers, which rest either on footings, if a rock-bed is available, or on a concrete slab when the foundation is sand or gravel. In the latter case an apron or cut-off wall extends into the stream bed to protect the slab from scour.



SHAKING HANDS WITH HIMSELF.

One actor playing in the double rôle of twin-brothers.

"During the high water these bridges are wholly submerged, therefore guard-rails or hand-rails are omitted to prevent the lodgment of detritus or suspended matter. In many cases the center of a bridge is lower than the ends.

IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME.

The accompanying article explains how this effect is secured.

"To the dweller in a flat, well-watered country a low-water bridge is rather incomprehensible because of the fact that his native rivers remain in flood for weeks at a time. This is not the case in the Southwest, for during a hard rain few people care to travel, and the average stream becomes a mere creek a few hours later."

PAPER PIPES FOR WATER, OIL, AND GAS—The shortage of iron and lead in Germany has led to the invention of paper pipes as conduits for water, oil, and gas. Two different processes of making these are employed and they have been submitted to an extensive series of tests at the Royal Institute for Testing Materials. Their merits and demerits are set forth in the official organ of the Institute, the *Mitteilungen der königliche Material prüfungsamt.* In the process of Mr. A. von Valois the tubes are made by rolling the sheets of paper around a mandrel of the desired dimensions until the required thickness is obtained, solidifying by means of a suitable adhesive and covering with a layer of a special coating. These tubes are not appreciably affected by the prolonged action of illuminating gas, and those which were allowed to stand full of water for several weeks did not swell nor exhibit any loss of resistance. They not only weigh far less than pipes of iron or lead—in fact, only from one-sixth to one-tenth as much—but they resist three or four times as much pressure for a given thickness.

The joints are made by slipping sections of other tubes over the ends of the pipes and filling in the spaces by a suitable composition. Unfortunately the jointed pipes burst at a much lower pressure than do the separate tubes; hence they sometimes give way at the joints. Tests of their resistance to exterior pressure give an average considered sufficient to resist the pressure of the earth provided the tubes do not gradually become soft.

Other tests were made with the so-called "Pertinax" tubes, which are made of a paper impregnated with synthetic resin and rolled under tension. Their absorption of water makes their use inadvisable for that liquid, but they gave excellent results when used to carry oil, a fact which is explained by the well-known resistance of synthetic resins to oils.

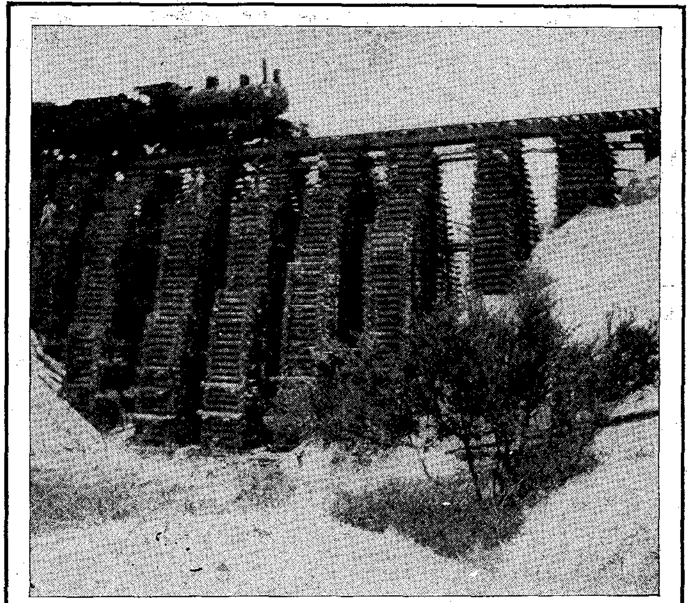
Finally, another series of tests showed that these pipes are not fitted for construction uses, since, while their resistance to traction is sufficient, their resistance to compression and their elasticity are both too feeble.

SANITARY SODA

THE USE OF SODA-WATER, which may almost be called our national drink, involves several incidental questions in dietetics, but these become especially acute when ice-cream is added to the beverage, says a writer in *American Medicine* (New York). It is strange, he thinks, that so little attention has been devoted to the hygiene of a subject which concerns so many of our people. He goes on:

"All too frequently the ice-cream exists in name only and represents concoctions free from cream but abounding in materials iced to prevent their complete loss. The bacterial content is large and depends principally upon the degree of purity of the ingredients entering into the frozen product. Bacteriologic standards are lacking, and in consequence there is little protection for the general consuming public, altho its dangers are by no means lessened through the freezing process if the various elements of the ice-cream were previously contaminated. The adulteration of soda-waters with pernicious coloring matters has been recognized as illegal, but the dispensers of cheap drinks are not deterred from utilizing anilin products if they believe they can escape detection. The soda-water fountain that is exceedingly popular fails in its hygienic obligations in the matter of cleanliness in the care of glasses. A few minutes in attendance will demonstrate to the superficial observer that glass-washing as practised is thoroughly unsatisfactory and fails to protect the drinker from possible contamination by the effluvia left upon the rim by the hands, lips, and tongue of the previous user of the glass. Plunging a glass into a trough of unclean, probably cool water does not suffice to remove the bacteria and epithelia which unwittingly have been deposited thereon by the enthusiastic, thirsty soda fiend. Were similar carelessness in evidence in saloons it would be pointed to as another evidence of the foulness and corruption of alcohol-dispensers. . . . . . .

"At the present price paid for ice-cream soda-water the profits are large and would permit the employment of individual paper containers as a substitute for the generally utilized glass without robbing the soda merchant of an appreciable percentage of his reward. The common drinking-cup has been the subject of attack for many years and is rapidly disappearing from public places. It is time that similar efforts at control were directed toward securing the individual drinking-cup for ice-cream parlors."



Courtesy of "The Railway Maintenance Engineer," Chicago.

THIS TRESTLE WAS BUILT IN SIXTEEN HOURS.

QUICK TRESTLE-BUILDING—The departure of the railway regiments for France to undertake the rehabilitation of portions of the French railways lends interest to instances of rapid reconstruction work like that shown in the accompanying photograph from *The Railway Maintenance Engineer* (Chicago, October) of a trestle which was rebuilt in an unusually short time on a southwestern road. As we are informed by this paper:

"The original structure at this point was a timber trestle 165 feet long and 53 feet high. It was burned several years ago and was rebuilt by railway forces, in the manner shown, in the short period of sixteen hours. The crib was built of 6,000 ties so placed that pile-bents could be driven between them later. This material was used to avoid the delay in waiting for piles and to hasten the completion of the work, as more men could be worked with this form of construction."

WINE FOR THE FRENCH SOLDIER

THE FRENCH FIGHTING MAN is to have his portion of alcohol. It will be served to him in his daily ration in the form of the wine of his country, and he will not be able to obtain it elsewhere. This decision has not been reached by the French military authorities without opposition or without discussion. France has her prohibitionists like other countries, and there has been strong public opinion, especially at the outset of the war, against the use of spirits like brandy or absinthe. But the French public, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, discriminates between drinks of high alcoholic content and light wines, and even a noted French prohibitionist has approved this view. The final result has been the unanimous indorsement of the wine ration by the army medical authorities. The *Sun* writer quotes as his principal authority the *Journal de Médecine* (Bordeaux), in whose columns the decision has recently been published. He says:

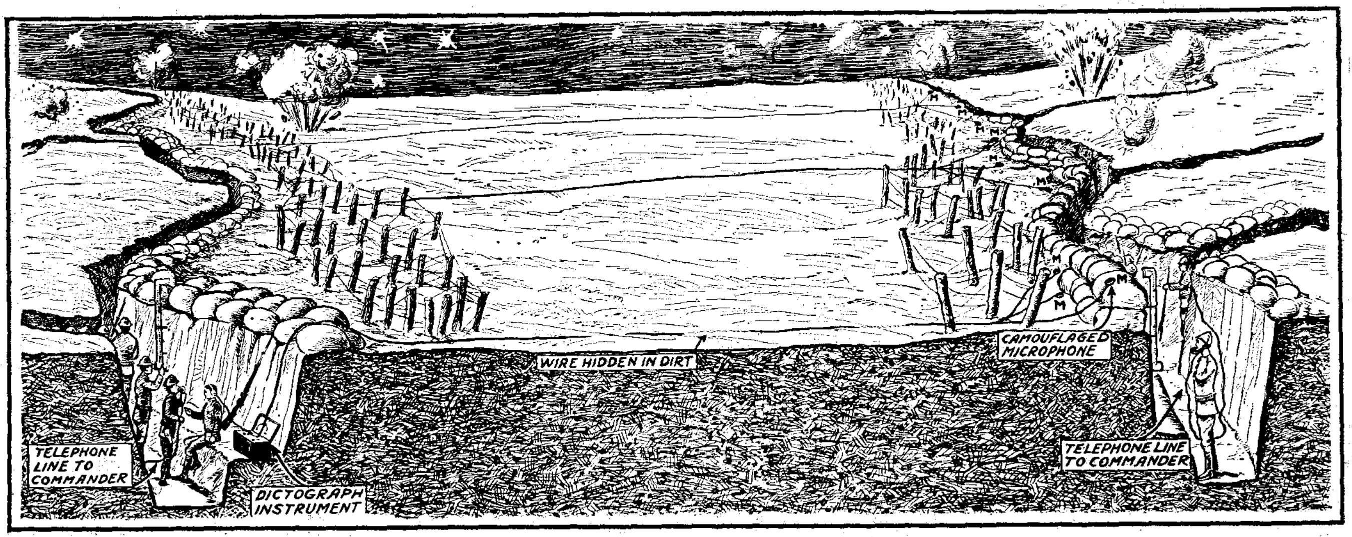
"There has been a lengthy discussion of the pros and cons. Leaders of opinion in France have felt that there is a pressing need for a stronger state hand in regard to liquor. But the agitation has been rather an impartial one. No sensible Frenchman makes the mistake of confounding good wines of the country with strong spirits like absinthe or brandy.

"The difference is fundamental. The French do not like zealotry in matters of taste. Nor does state purchase of the liquor trade actually seem relevant here. There has been a great demand for it, and a business need for the control of industrial alcohol. The taking over of the liquor trade is also a reasonable proposal in these days when the state must suppress the excessive or illicit consumption of spirits. 'If we do not suppress alcohol to-day,' says Mr. Victor Cambon, 'alcohol will suppress us to-morrow.' He adds that, besides restricting the output of munitions and the unloading of coal and food from vessels in ports like Bordeaux, drink or the conviviality of the cafés retards the healing of wounds.

"As regards legislation, the exact position in France is defined by Mr. Jean Finot as follows: 'The sudden enthusiastic cry at the outbreak of the war for the total prohibition of absinthe has subsided, and among most people given way to almost complete indifference. Little by little the regulations which were calculated to put an end to the consumption of alcoholic drinks have been weakened or reported back in committee under various pretexts. The Government proposals introduced for the purpose of reform have slept for a long time in the Chamber of Deputies. In short, there is no great hope for a rapid legislative solution of the drink problem.'

"This week an entirely new turn to the affair has been given by the publication in the Bordeaux journal of a letter on the food-value of French wines from the late Professor Landouzy. It is well known that Professor Landouzy was a sincere advocate of prohibition. He had very positive opinions. . . . But his view of the wines of his country is admirably sane and sober. In his letter just published he discriminates carefully between the qualities of native wine and the qualities of alcohol. . . . In his letter to a friend who asked for his advice as to the attitude that medical men should hold concerning the use of wine by the troops Professor Landouzy chooses discreetly from among the various beliefs. The Academy of Medicine was then about to issue a resolution that the fighting men should have a ration of wine, but high authorities were disturbed by the fear of alcoholism.

"Professor Landouzy believes that the resolutions should pass. He has come to see that the soldier must have his stimulant,



Courtesy of "The Electrical Experimenter," New York.

HOW A MICROPHONE COULD DO SCOUT DUTY NEAR THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES.

as it is difficult or impossible to reconcile the hardship of his life with the idea of asceticism, all mental and physical. He dismisses the idea. 'Abstention from pure wine is everywhere under the sky of France a scientific, economic, and historical heresy.' He draws a distinction between the alcoholism of some northern nations and the wholesome nutritive effects of French wines when supplied pure.

"The result was that the medical authorities passed unanimously a resolution approving of the introduction of a liter of wine into the ration of the soldier. He is not allowed to obtain it elsewhere. The decision has profoundly modified public opinion on the liquor question."

LISTENING TO THE ENEMY

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE MICROPHONE to coax enemy secrets from the trenches is proposed by a contributor to *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York, November), named H. Gernsback. It would not seem that this device has yet been used for the purpose, but Mr. Gernsback offers his scheme free of charge to any of the contending forces who feel like using it. If our men had been able to use one of Mr. Gernsback's dictophones, the first German-American skirmish in the present war might perhaps have turned out a little differently. In conditions like those of the present trench warfare in France, Mr. Gernsback reminds us, it is of primary importance to know what is going on in the enemy's trenches. Most of the reconnoitering has to be done during the night, and to counteract this the enemy uses star-shells, which illuminate the landscape for a few seconds, during which there is always an opportunity to catch advancing patrols. We read further:

"The thing that a commander is most interested in is to know just when the enemy is going to leave his trenches to make an attack. If he could know exactly at what time such an attack is to be made, this information would often be of priceless value. . . . . . .

"Advance-posts in advanced trenches, called in field parlance 'listening-posts,' are of course quite satisfactory, but they do not get advance information, and they are simply there to stop an advancing force or to tell the men behind the lines as soon as the attack has started. . . . It has occurred to us that advance information could readily be obtained by what is popularly called the dictograph. But the question immediately comes up, How are the dictographs to be placed in the enemy's trenches? Of course, while it is rather a ticklish business, it is not impossible, and our illustration shows how it could be readily accomplished.

"We first need our sensitive microphones properly camouflaged so they will have a rather innocent appearance. In other words, they could be made up as cobblestones, pieces of log, or any other object that would not arouse the suspicion of the enemy. It would then be the duty of some of the men to take these thus camouflaged sensitive microphones up to the very edge of the enemy's trench, concealing the microphones behind his parapet and sand-bags.

"Needless to say, in doing so it is necessary for the party who lays the microphones to clear the barbed-wire entanglements, and this is ticklish business, inasmuch as these wire entanglements are often provided with cow-bells and other ingenious tell-tales which immediately inform the enemy that some one is near.

"The trick can be accomplished nevertheless. For instance, the microphone may be thrown by hand like a bomb, taking good aim that it does not actually land into the trenches; thin wire trailing from behind the microphone, and which should have the same color as the ground, will not be readily detected by the enemy. In this case the wire would of course lie on top of the barbed-wire entanglements, but being very fine it probably would not be observed from the enemy's trench.

"Naturally all this work must be done during a dark night, it being impossible to crawl out of the trenches in 'No Man's Land' during the daytime without courting certain death. It also goes without saying that the enemy will surely discover some of the microphones in time and shoot them to pieces.

"However, it should be possible to place enough of them in such a manner that at least a few will stay in place where they will not be discovered. It should be remembered that grass or vegetation growing over the microphones as well as over the fine cable will practically conceal both entirely from view. The same is true of dust and sand, etc., which all aid in hiding the microphone.

"Naturally a microphone of this kind must be rugged and the arrangement should be such that no matter how the microphone is thrown, it should operate to its full sensitiveness. This, however, presents no insurmountable technical difficulty, any electrical engineer being capable of designing a microphone of this kind.

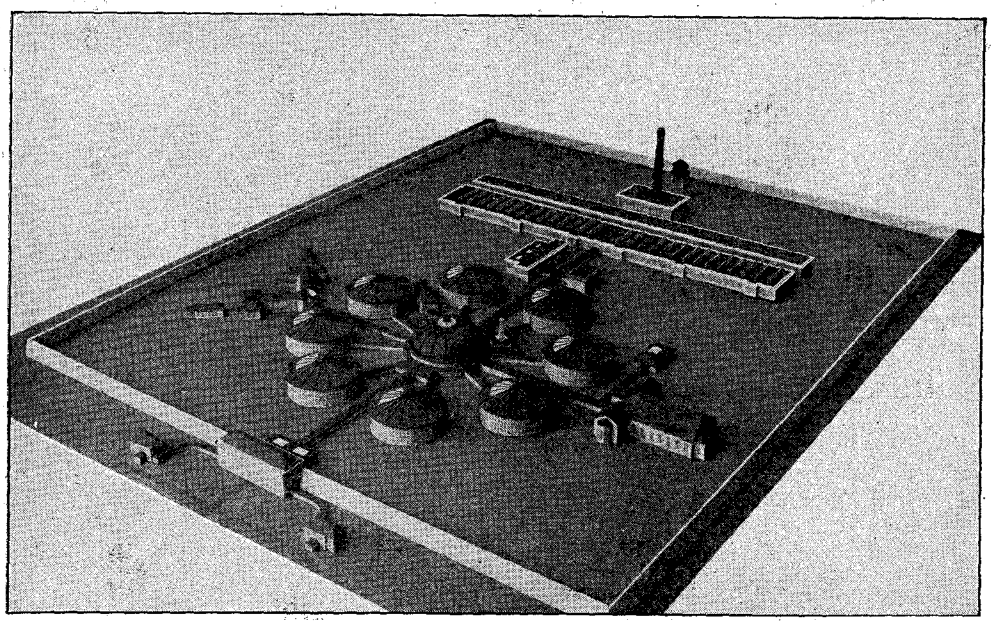
"Now suppose we have a few dozen of these microphones concealed near the enemy's trench. The wires from them lead to our own trenches, where an operator is to be in charge of the receiving end, listening for any information coming over his wire; chance remarks by the enemy are surely to be made from time to time. But not alone is information such as this of high import, but our commanders need very much more certain information as, for instance, when the men in the first trench-line are to be relieved.

"In trench warfare, the men of course can not stay in the trenches all of the time, and they are usually relieved during the night-time, which means more or less confusion, 'choked' trenches, etc. If our attack can be timed at such a period, it is naturally more easy to win a trench than when the regular forces are in charge. The noise and the talk of the relieving party should usually be loud enough to give such information away over the sensitive microphone.

"Of course, a scheme of this kind can readily be improved upon in many ways, and we leave this to our able Signal Corps attendants at the front."

VOTING BY ELECTRIC SIGNAL

THE FEASIBILITY OF ELECTRICAL VOTING has been under consideration for many years by thoughtful legislators who realize that legislative efficiency is seriously handicapped by the time consumed in recording yea and nay votes. An electric system was adopted in 1915 by the State of Wisconsin and has been in actual use in the capitol at Madison during the legislative session. At its close every member of the assembly signed a letter declaring the new system "a decided improvement over the old way of voting." The device used in Wisconsin, which is the invention of Bornett L. Bobroff, of Milwaukee, has also been demonstrated in Washington and is said to have received favorable consideration from a Congressional Committee and from individual members. This system, or one like it, the Des Moines *Register* believes, will sooner or later "be installed in every legislature in the United States which is actuated by a desire to speed up public business." To quote from a pamphlet describing the Wisconsin device:



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Illustrated World," Chicago.

THE LATEST IN PRISONS. PLAN OF THE NEW JOLIET PENITENTIARY

"In all legislative bodies—national, State, and municipal—an enormous amount of time is consumed in taking yea or nay votes. The clerk must call the roll orally (in the United States House of Representatives he calls it twice), the vote of each member must be recorded and the yeas and nays must be totaled. It is a tedious, nerve-racking, time-consuming task.

"During the Sixty-second Congress there were 368 roll-calls taken—each consuming on an average forty-five minutes. Fifty-five legislative days were, therefore, taken up in registering roll-calls alone.

"All that any of these 368 forty-five minute roll-calls accomplished was to place the individual members of Congress on record on some question before the House.

"Had it been possible for the members of Congress to register their votes at the same time and within one minute, or even five minutes, the nation would have gained in the Sixty-second Congress alone over $360,000 worth of time. . . . . .

"In its operation the Bobroff system as applied to legislative bodies and conventions is simplicity itself. When a roll-call is announced by the presiding officer, the clerk instantly makes the system ready for active use and each member presses a button or key located at his seat. When the button is prest the member can see at his seat how he has voted, and his vote duplicates itself on a board in plain view of the whole body—'Yea,' 'Nay,' or 'Present,' as the case may be—by means of lights of different colors (and by letters 'Y,' 'N,' or 'P').

"If the member makes a mistake in voting or wishes to change his vote, he can do so by simply pressing the button which registers his real intent without waiting or wasting time.

"After allowing the time set for voting, the speaker announces that the roll-call is closed. The clerk then presses a button which closes the vote, and immediately a photographic record is produced for future reference and the total aye and no vote is instantly and automatically shown at the clerk's or speaker's desk. The photographic record is by the simple process of etching a reduction in zinc, inserted in the proceedings of the legislative or deliberative body at a considerable saving over ordinary typesetting methods and a positive elimination of all chance of error.

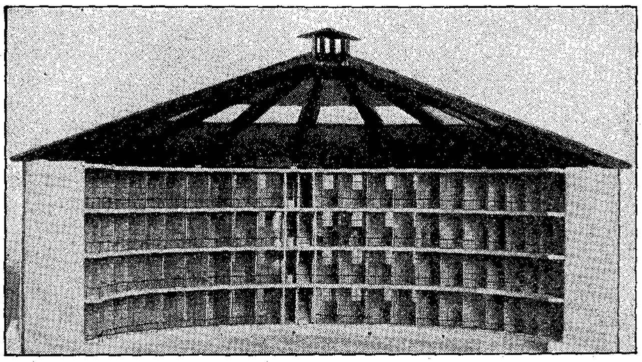
"Assuming that all members prest their voting buttons instantly and together, it would be possible to take, count, and permanently record the votes within twenty-five seconds. In actual practise, it should never take over one minute. . . . . .

"Electric voting . . . is more accurate than the vocal roll-call, for it prevents errors due to faulty hearing of responses or mistakes in printing or adding.

"In addition to the saving of members' time, it will bring about positively marvelous economies in incidental service costs. By shortening roll-calls it will shorten sessions and thus save telephone, telegraph, light, and heat bills as well as lessen the expense for a variety of forms of labor and service employed when legislative bodies and conventions are sitting."

A NEW KIND OF PRISON—An old-time convict, if transported to the new penitentiary buildings now being constructed near Joliet, Illinois, would rub his eyes and wonder, says a writer in *The Illustrated World* (Chicago). He goes on:

"In place of the old-style cells, arranged in straight rows tier above tier, damp, cheerless, and insanitary, he would find a circular arrangement, with well-lighted, well-ventilated cells that are as sanitary as cleanliness and care can make them. A glance at the bird's-eye view of the buildings, shown in the accompanying illustration, will show to what extent the arrangement of the buildings marks a new departure. The administration building at the entrance suggests the conventional arrangement, but everything else is radically different. The buildings are grouped so as to secure the greatest convenience in administration. As all must eat, even in a prison, a large circular dining-room is placed in the central portion; surrounding this are eight circular cell-houses for the prisoners, all connected with the dining-room by corridors. Between these radiating corridors are the kitchen, bakery, private dining-room, office, and guard-rooms, all opening directly into the dining-room. Two large workrooms are placed far in the rear, but are also connected with the dining-room by a corridor. The warehouses for the storage of raw material and manufactured products are just in the rear of the workrooms. At one side is the chapel, with a stage, a large auditorium, and separate rooms for those of the Catholic and Jewish faiths. Opposite this is the hospital, with special wards for those with tuberculosis and contagious diseases. The laundry and shower-baths are in a building at the left of the long corridor to the workrooms."

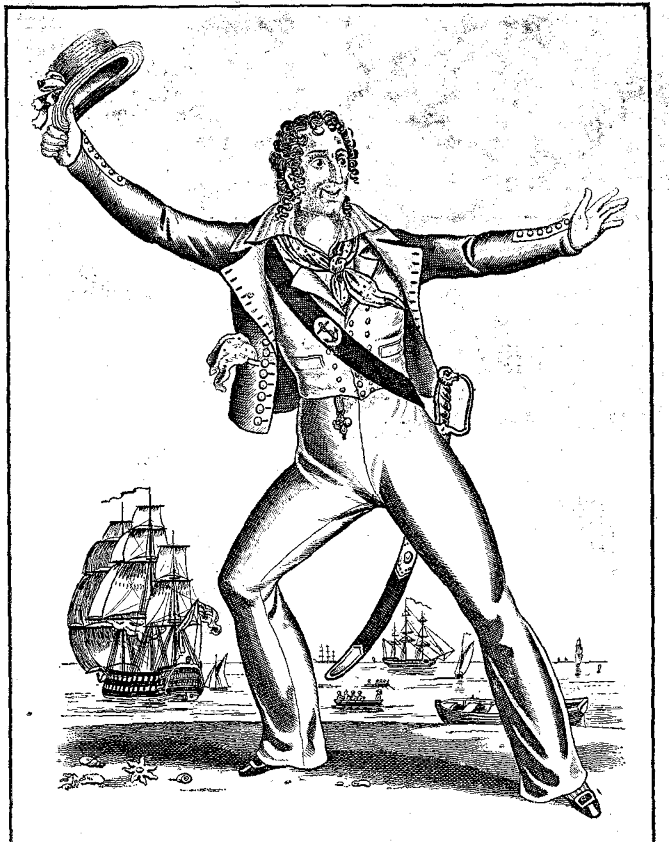


CROSS-SECTION OF A CELL-HOUSE AT JOLIET.

LETTERS AND ART

WHERE SHAKESPEARE HAS A CHANCE

TO FALL BACK ON SHAKESPEARE seems to be the remedy now urged in London for theatrical conditions which are almost as depressing there as they are with us. A whole catalog of reasons and remedies is advanced by managers and press letter-writers to explain and correct the half-empty houses at most of our theaters. While some managers cast a jealous eye at the actor's salary, an acute observer reminds them that "the movies always beckon with a fuller pay-envelop." If other managers heed the protest against high-priced seats and lower the scale, there comes a reminder that "people will not be lured to purchase boredom at a bargain." The bed-rock of the situation reached by this writer in the New York *Evening Post* is that "managers must find better plays." If they are not written in these days, there is supposed to be a dramatic literature, the heritage of three hundred years of the English-speaking theater, headed by one unfamiliar Shakespeare. A little theater in London has been running through war-times to full houses, and one of its managers is the well-known Mr. Ben Greet. To be sure, it has cost but twopence for a gallery seat, and this section of the house has yielded little over a guinea a night. But the seats are never empty. Fifty cents has become almost a stranger-tariff to our metropolitan managers; and among us is a whole world, whose means afford no more, with only the door of the movie to offer a welcome. The current story of the "Old Vic" is given by Mr. S. R. Littlewood in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*. He speaks of it in terms of the National Theater, projected as far back as 1908, for which a fund of $500,000 was subscribed with a view to seeing the dedication of that institution at the Shakespeare tercentenary in 1916. The war, of course, deferred all that, but—



WHAT THE "ABORIGINES" PREFERRED.

T. C. Cook in the melodrama of "Black-Eyed Susan" was preferred to Kean or Henry Kemble by audiences at the Coburg (now the "Old Vic") in 1830. This print is one of the "penny plain, twopence colored" described in Stevenson's essay.

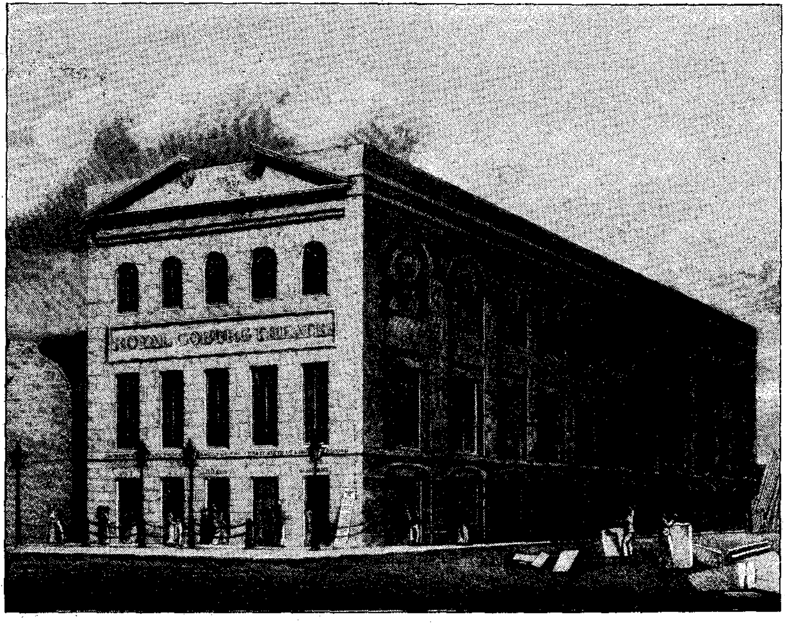
> "The real work of the National Theater—the faithful presentation of Shakespeare and the classics (including opera) before popular audiences, not as a gamble, but persistently and regularly, week in, week out—has been done right through the darkest days of the war by a very different organization. It has been done by the little company at the 'Old Vic,' in the Waterloo Road, under the able management of Miss Lilian Baylis and Mr. Ben Greet. Miss Baylis and Mr. Greet have gone on with their splendid work in the midst of every sort of difficulty, in a shabby old theater in a slum, with theatrical appliances many of them a century old (some of the scenery is said to be older), and before a twopenny gallery, which hardly brings in a five-pound note even when it is chock-full, which it generally is.
>
> "The more one knows, the more one feels that no honor which true lovers of the theater can pay is too high for Miss Baylis and Mr. Greet. These performances have been not only supremely plucky, but amazingly competent. There has not been within living memory a finer *Macbeth* than that of Mr. Fisher White, at the 'Old Vic.' The acting in the recent revival of 'King John'—produced triumphantly on the very night of one of the rowdiest raids—would have done credit to any West End theater.
>
> "Now, however, thanks to the L. C. C.'s [London County Council] demands, some £7,000 will have to be spent on the old place before it is decreed fit for future dramatic habitation. Accordingly, a great matinée is to be held at the Shaftesbury Theater in the 'Old Vic's' aid. The mere list of those who are to appear—including as it does Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Matheson Lang, and all sorts of famous folk—shows clearly enough what the 'profession' thinks of the 'Old Vic' and its value.
>
> "It is here that, as it seems to me, the call to the National Theater Committee is not merely urgent, but insistent. What a chance to be able to announce that, say, £5,000—just one year's modest interest on that £100,000—should be devoted to setting the 'Old Vic' on a new foundation, and turning the Victoria Theater of yesterday into a Theater of Victory for to-morrow!
>
> "I do not suggest that the 'Old Vic' should be made into a national theater. It is only a stepping-stone. So far as bricks, mortar, and associations are concerned, Drury Lane is the national theater of the present, and will be the National Theater of the future. But, as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has very well suggested, a national theater would be utterly useless, without a properly trained company—trained, he adds, for choice 'in an outlying popular theater.'"

Mr. Jones, above mentioned, writes to the same paper to add a tribute to the work of the "Old Vic," and also to comment on the general project of national theaters with ourselves as a terrible example. We read:

> "I entreat the present trustees of the British enterprise to take warning from the gigantic failure of the American National Theater, and not to give ungodly scoffers the brutal pleasure of saying to them, 'I told you so!' over the dismantled and uninhabited remains of some similar piece of wasteful folly.
>
> "Meantime Mr. Littlewood makes a proposal in Friday's *Pall Mall Gazette* that a year's interest on the £100,000 should be devoted to setting the old Victoria Theater on a new foundation. This proposal might, indeed, lead to the establishment of a school of Shakespearian acting in some central position where alone it could hope to be successful.
>
> "On this account Mr. Littlewood's proposal is worthy of cordial approval. But the old Victoria has strong claims on the ground of the Shakespearian work that has been done there during the last few years.
>
> "Often, during the war, it has been for many weeks together

the only theater in London, almost the only theater in the United Kingdom, where Shakespeare could be seen. What a measure of the level of our national taste in the theater! Certainly a year's interest on that £100,000 could not be better spent at the present moment than in putting the old Victoria Theater into good order, thus demonstrating that, after fifty years of popular education, we can still boast an occasional performance of Shakespeare in the Waterloo Road."

The history of a theater can be scarcely more romantic than that of the "Old Vic," an account of which we cull from the London *Times* of September 20, 1916, when it celebrated its centenary. Has it a hint for some of our languishing "outlying" theaters?



THE ROYAL COBURG, NOW "OLD VIC."

Situated on the Surrey side of the river in London, it presents Shakespeare and opera in English at prices ranging from 2*s.* 6*d.* for stalls to 2*d.* for gallery.

"About a hundred years ago some one conceived the odd idea that there was room for a fashionable theater on the edge of the then undrained and open Lambeth marshes. A subscription was raised. The list was headed by the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and on September 14, 1816, the foundation-stone of the Coburg Theater was laid by the unfortunate lady, who was to die in the following year.

"But the subscription was not large enough for the purpose, and the building of the Coburg Theater languished until the necessary funds were put down by a wealthy tallow-chandler of theatrical leanings—that same Glossop whom Hazlitt some years later found managing the Scala, at Milan, with his wife, Miss Fearon, for chief singer.

"The building, it is said, was based upon stones taken from the Savoy Palace, then being demolished; and thus founded upon royal patronage and royal masonry, the Coburg ought to have prospered. All looked fair when, in May, 1818, it was opened with a bill consisting of 'Trial by Battle,' a drama founded upon a famous murder trial of the day, a grand Asiatic ballet, and a harlequinade founded upon Milton's 'Comus' (the art of pantomime was of more honor then than now).

"And for some time things went fairly well with the Coburg. The large and fashionable audiences that assembled were attracted partly by the novelty, partly, no doubt, by the comfort of thinking that the way to Lambeth marshes was patrolled by a staff furnished and paid by the theater. A few years later came a new attraction—a huge curtain of looking-glass, heavier, we suspect, than any fireproof curtain of to-day, of which the Coburg was very proud until it was found to be pulling down the roof. The Coburg was ambitious. It had Clarkson Stanfield for one of its scene-painters. It lured famous actors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden to come and play on its stage. Edmund Kean acted *Richard* there; Junius Brutus Booth looked in, and so did Henry Kemble. It was from the Coburg that Buckstone soared to the peaks of his Adelphi drama.

"But, alas! all this time the taste of 'the aborigines,' as they are called by a contemporary writer, was prevailing over that of the cispontine 'fashionables.' The aborigines did not really care for Kean's *Richard* (and had not the least hesitation in telling him so); they preferred that of their own Tom Cobham, of whose acting Hazlitt has left an unparalleled description. To Mrs. Stirling they preferred their own Miss Vincent; and in Jack Bradshaw they had a Paul Bedford of their own. It was all very well for Hazlitt to use the 'Surry' and the 'Cobourg' as sticks to beat his 'Janus Weathercock' (T. G. Wainewright) with. Pooh-poohing Wainewright's notions of vulgarity, he asks: 'How can it affect my opinion of the merits of an actor at the Coburg or the Surrey theaters that these theaters are in or out of the Bills of Mortality?' But almost at the same moment he was writing for *The London Magazine* a description of the audience at the Coburg which no modern periodical would dare to print.

"The plain truth was that the aborigines preferred melodrama to Shakespeare. And of melodrama for some time they enjoyed a very creditable quality, their repertory and company contributing not a little to the 'penny plain and twopence colored' of Skelt, which are so much sweeter in the handling or the remembering than ever the original performances can have been. In 1833 Prince Louis of Saxe-Coburg, being now the first King of the Belgians, the name of the theater was changed to that of his pupil in statecraft, the Princess Victoria. But to the 'Vic' the reign of Victoria brought none of its famous refinement. Down and down went the audience, as Charles Mathews could tell, and down and down with it went the drama. In time the theater passed out of decent theatrical history altogether.

"Daring to lift the veil during the eighteen-eighties, we find Miss Cons presiding over a very decent place indeed, where lectures, meetings, and entertainments, including grand opera, were provided for the public. And then came Miss Lilian Baylis, who, after working for years with Miss Cons, began three years ago that series of Shakespearian performances (the grand opera and the lectures being continued) which has not only proved that 'the aborigines' of to-day enjoy Shakespeare and that Shakespeare can be provided cheaply, but has created a company capable of taking the Benson company's place at the recent Stratford-on-Avon festival.

"On Saturday next the old Coburg, the old 'Vic,' the Royal Victoria Hall in the Waterloo Road celebrates its own centenary and Sheridan's by opening its autumn season with a week of Sheridan before resuming its Shakespeare; and, seeing how nobly the place is living down its shocking past, how it is steadily advancing when the West End theater is for the most part as steadily declining, how it is the only London theater where Shakespeare is played all the year round, all friends of good drama and good sense will wish it luck."

AN APPEAL FOR CERTAIN BOOKS—War-books are supposed to be tabu by the soldier; the impression is created that he prefers to forget in his hours of recreation the horrors at hand. But the Educational Director of our war-forces, Mr. Raymond D. Havens, writes to *The Nation* (New York) to say that as most of our soldiers are not yet in the trenches "the advice, 'Do not send them war-books,' is most unfortunate." The Camp Arthur boys, at Waco, Texas, are reported as "eager for interesting books dealing with the conflict they are entering." One sergeant he found reading "Over the Top," who assured Mr. Havens that "all the boys were trying to get it." Of such books there is a practical dearth:

"Libraries, private individuals, and the Post-office Department have been most generous in sending us quantities of magazines (including *Mother's Friend* and *The Police Gazette*) and of good fiction. We have approximately 1,000 volumes in each of our five buildings now open for the men, and in some cases 800 of these are in circulation. There are thousands of serious-minded, educated men who ask for books other than fiction, but we have little to offer them. The American Library Association will undoubtedly do what it can to remedy this defect, but time is pressing. We could circulate one hundred copies each of such books as 'Over the Top,' 'A Student in Arms,' 'Rimes of a Red-Cross Man,' 'Victor Chapman's Letters from France,' and 'Ambulance No. 10,' as well as a considerable number of weightier works on the war and on modern history. Books, magazines, and newspapers in French, particularly if they contain illustrations, will be of real service in our twenty-three French classes, as will French coins and phonograph records.

"Are there not many of your readers who will be glad to help in one of these ways to inspire our soldiers and to render them more intelligent regarding their great mission?"

A WAR-CALL FOR THE SCHOOLS

FOR THE FIRST TIME in their history probably, the schools of this country have been systematically organized under Federal direction for any war-purpose. While this course does not include every one, it takes each school "willing and equipped or equippable" for the purpose of instructing drafted men who have not yet gone to camps, in certain branches of technical training which will make them peculiarly useful upon their arrival there. The need of the hour demands trained men both in the fighting ranks and in industry to replace those withdrawn by the draft. It is not the whole matter of soldiering to carry a gun, and, as Mr. W. L. Stoddard shows in the Boston *Transcript*, "men trained to work at trades and jobs in the Army are just as necessary in the Army and to the fighting value of the Army as is the skill of the gunner or the brains of the general." To supply these needs is the work of the newly created Federal Board for Vocational Education; and if the mobilization of the schools proves successful, says the writer, "and if the Federal Government does its part efficiently, and if the schools respond according to their estimated capacity, America will have given another evidence of her ability to meet a national emergency in a characteristically American fashion." The story has hardly beginning or end, observes Mr. Stoddard, for "events are moving so rapidly that it is impossible to state precisely who started what first and to whom belongs the credit for any particular achievement." The step will look to some perhaps like a leaf out of the book of the Prussianized state:

"Upon his arrival at the cantonments every drafted man finds that among the other new and numerous duties imposed upon him is that of filling out a blank on which he is to declare his trade or profession. Tho the recruits may not realize it, these blanks are as important to the personnel officer as are the blanks giving his age and place of nativity. These blanks give the officer in charge of the task of allocating men to the different branches of the service a set of facts without the knowledge of which the skill of many a highly skilled man might never be utilized in the best way and in the best manner. Thus after the blanks are drawn together, indexed, and cross-indexed, a division commander is able to tell how many clerks there are in his command, how many blacksmiths, how many engineers, how many men who have once been telegraphers, or still are telegraphers, how many machinists, how many tailors, and so on. From his own charts the division commander knows his technical requirements, and, provided that the men are really what they claim to be, the rest is a simple job.

TWENTY YEARS MANAGER OF "OLD VIC."

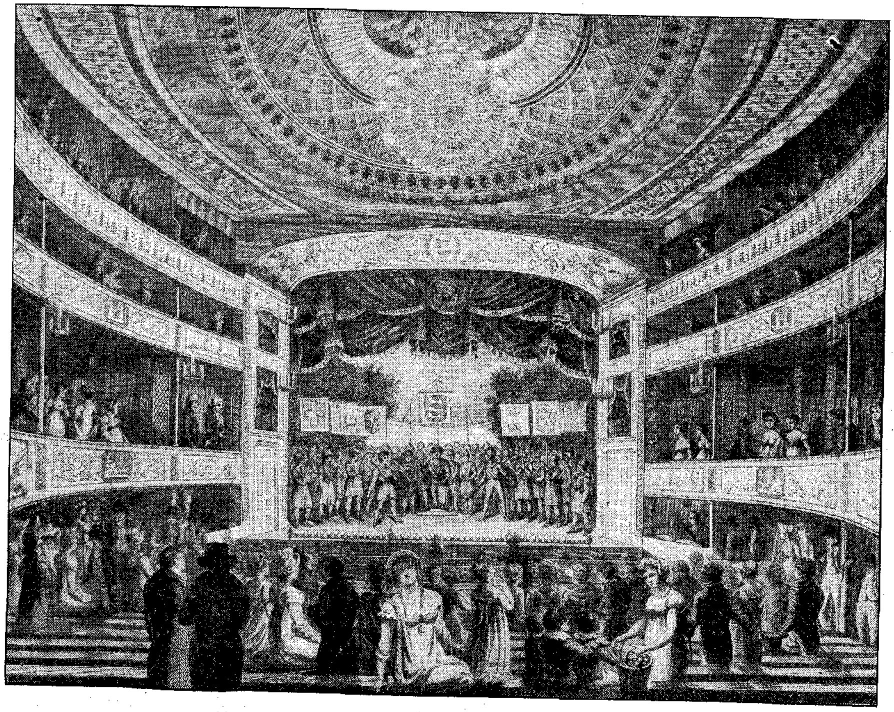
Since the war Miss Lilian Baylis and Mr. Ben Greet have given continuous Shakespearian performances at this old theater.

"But this vocational census clearly does not go far enough. It merely applies to the drafted men after they reach the cantonments. Officially, nothing is known of them before they reach the cantonments; the population of the United States has never been officially classified and card-indexed, with a duplicate card or tab stuck onto each inhabitant. And in filling the well-nigh insatiable demands imposed by the creation of a new national army of millions of men some substitute for such a card-index is highly desirable.

"The United States Army and the Board for Vocational Education, which is a separate institution from the Army, wholly civilian in its make-up, have devised, if not such a substitute, then at least the next logical step toward providing a complete vocational index of the United States. The method is not elaborate, complicated, or costly. It is, moreover, fundamentally American in that it depends for its success on its appeal to the best that is in every man, and in that, further, it offers every man a chance to learn that which he feels himself drawn to."

The first extensive experiment in this new educational-military plan is made by the Federal Board in cooperation with the Signal Corps of the United States Army. Six hundred schools and colleges throughout the country have been addrest and the program thus stated:

"The Federal Board for Vocational Education appeals to you to come to the assistance of the United States Government in a grave emergency. The



AN AUDIENCE IN 1830 AT THE COBURG.

Now given way to people who know their Shakespeare and English opera and tolerate no liberties on the part of the actors and singers.

emergency is this: Fifteen thousand radio- or buzzer-operators must be secured at the earliest possible date for service in the Army. The Federal Board is making this appeal at the request of the United States Signal Corps, which is confronted with a serious shortage of men equipped to perform this essential service on the battle-field. These operators must come from the ranks of conscripted men of the second and following drafts, whose instruction should begin before they are called to the cantonments. For this training the Government must largely depend on the schools of the nation.

"Enclosed with this letter is a memorandum giving information with regard to the work we are asking you to undertake. When you have read this, your attention is called to the blank which is also enclosed. This we urge that you fill out and send to the Federal Board at Washington as quickly as possible, saying that you will do your part in the program we are launching.

"There was never a better opportunity for schools giving practical education of all grades to demonstrate the value of this kind of education and to show their capacity to respond to an actual emergency in a time of national crisis."

Jack Binn, the wireless operator who sent the S. O. S. from a sinking steamship and saved hundreds of lives, is the ideal held up:

"Even the most civilian civilian knows almost by instinct that the signal-work of an army is vital to its existence. Without communication an army is dumb, deaf, and blind. Information must come to officers of every degree from every observation-post in the front line, from the air where the planes often direct artillery-fire, and from the main headquarters perhaps miles back of the trenches. Hundreds of men in every large unit are employed in transmitting messages, and millions of dollars' worth of wire and telegraphic or radio and buzzer equipment is in constant use. Bare material equipment is easier to secure than the men to work it quickly, accurately, and under all conditions of weather and stress of circumstance. The Signal Corps of an army must be composed of potential Jack Binns.

"From the returns of the vocational census it was early apparent to the Army that there were not enough trained operators to fill the requirements. It would have been a miracle if there had been enough, for the lottery of the draft was, after all, a lottery, and there was no reason to suppose that it would automatically supply in precisely the correct quantities the exact number of operators needed by the Army. Again, while the vocational census turned up undoubtedly a good many hundreds, if not thousands, of telegraphers, a good-sized fraction of these had to be taught the international Morse code, which is the alphabet adopted by the Allied armies. The Signal Corps issued a call for men. It followed this call with an advertisement, and the Official Bulletin carried a strong appeal for men to learn the code and fill out the ranks. The Advisory Committee of the Electrical Industry, appointed by the Illinois State Council of Defense, did effective work in its territory by inducing men to take free courses of instruction for the Signal Corps.

"But still the need remained largely unsatisfied, and out of sheer need arose the plan now in operation—a Federal plan for the systematic training of drafted men in a technical subject, a plan marking a revolution in the vocational education field of the country."

Only conscripted men due for the second and following drafts will be admitted to the classes, and the chief purpose of the classes is to train men for the Army:

"Every school, no matter what its character or size, has been urged to start these classes. The courses will run till there is no longer an emergency—which may mean till the Kaiser is beaten. The average length of the course for the average intelligent man is 200 hours, and some of the schools are planning to hold sessions six nights a week, two to two and a half hours a session, till the job is done. The aim is to teach the men the international Morse code, and to give them a proficiency in sending and receiving of twenty words of five letters a minute.

"At no matter what point in the course the student drops out or is called to the cantonment he will receive at the very least a certificate of attainment. This certificate will go in duplicate to the Washington authorities, and the man will carry a copy of it to the cantonment to present to the appropriate authority. There he will be assigned to wire-, radio-, or buzzer-work, because he is a man trained especially for this work under the auspices of the Federal Board for Vocational Education."

VARIETIES OF ANTI-GERMANISM

PITTSBURG has gone everybody else one better in its elimination of alien enemy music. It even slams the door on Beethoven—a mood of mind that the New York *Tribune* thinks it will repent and improve. Meantime, a more serious question is proposed in Minneapolis in asking how it happened that the German text-books in our public schools, written for the purpose of teaching the German language, "should be so largely filled up with offensive German propaganda." This can not have been mere accident, asserts the Minneapolis *Tribune*, for "there is such an abundance of classical German literature to draw from that it was not necessary to concoct tales glorifying the Kaiser and introducing the offensive superiority over all other nations which the Germans have been so much in the habit of displaying in recent years." Neither, adds this paper, was it necessary "to falsify history, nor to lug in slighting and insulting references to the people of other nations." That offensive pages should be torn from the text-books, such as some Chicago school-children took courage to do, does not seem enough to this more Western city, which calls for an inquiry to find who is to blame. We read:

"These things abound in these books. How did they get there? Who put them there and for what purpose? The investigation ought to go back to the publishers and editors and discover what inducements were offered or under what circumstances matter of this kind was introduced. It is so in keeping with schemes of German propaganda worked out in other places and in other ways as to justify the conclusion that it was all a part of the general plan to Germanize America. . . .

"School boards may kick out of the schoolrooms pernicious matter of this character, but it would seem as if the prevalence of this stuff in the text-books of the schools were of sufficient significance to justify a searching inquiry by the Government among the editors and publishers of these text-books as to the circumstances under which this offensive matter came to be introduced and the reasons and inducements for it."

Of much more service than banishing Beethoven would seem the inquiry proposed in Minneapolis. But Pittsburg's treatment of the great symphonist is such, thinks the New York *Tribune*, as we all know to be absurd. Yet we find it human nature:

"There is no mistaking the fact that such decisions and rules are the natural reaction to well-meant efforts to be more neutral in art than plain, ordinary fighting human nature can stand. Our friends the intellectuals have no difficulty in drawing a fine line between their artistic appreciations and such philosophy of war as they have mastered. For the rest of the world that fights with its fists rather than its philosophy, such a line is not so easy to construct. It wavers and grows blurred, and from time to time is thumbed off the map in an excess of plain will to hit.

"This is regrettable, of course. But if the only will to fight was the well-tempered resolve of our intellectuals there would not be much use in fighting. We might better surrender at the start. Ludwig van Beethoven was a good fighter in his day. He can stand very comfortably a brief eclipse in a few American cities, and if he happens to be looking down in the direction of Pittsburg at the present moment we can imagine a smile upon his lips—grim, but a smile. That seems to us a fair view of the episode.

"We have no doubt that Pittsburg will presently repent of its hasty decision and resume its enjoyment of Beethoven. Meantime we refuse to grow excited over the episode or damn for all time the artistic soul of Pittsburg. Art can wait. The war can not. Art is rightly called universal, yet there is no great art which is not founded upon intense nationality. Those very foundations, of nationality as of civilization, are to-day in peril. To insist upon promulgating precise rules of artistic appreciation at an hour when the whole basis of art itself is in the balance is like carrying out the grand piano and letting the house burn to the ground.

"The important question at the moment is not how exquisitely adjusted is the Pittsburg intellectual poise, but how heavy is the Pittsburg punch. The poise can be resumed later. It is now or never with the punch."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SHALL WE DESPAIR OF CIVILIZATION?

A VENEER SO THIN separated us from barbarism that it cracked at the touch of a war-lord. This statement of the civilization of the twentieth century, as illustrated by our savage enemy, is the way the matter is put by Miss Agnes Repplier, the mistress of perhaps the most distinguished literary style to be found in our country to-day. The cracking of this veneer, she points out, brings home to us the illusion which "the world has for a century and more hugged to its benighted soul." We thought "mankind had grown humane." Pagan Rome might have been "more unflinchingly just"; medieval Europe "more devout and more spiritually humble," "but the nineteenth century had taught us to be kind, and the twentieth century was teaching us to love our neighbor as ourselves." "Reform and service," she says, were the magic words which opened our hearts. "If there were critics who condemned our love of wealth and ease, or who pointed out to us that our standards of honor and honesty had been perilously lowered, we met these censures by a triumphant assertion of humanity." If you ask for tangible signs this writer in the New York *Times* points out that—

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"NO ENGLISHMAN, FRENCHMAN, OR AMERICAN CAN PLAY AT THE GAME OF FRIGHTFULNESS WITH A GERMAN,"

Says Miss Repplier. This group marks a notable "Hun victory" over an English widow with nine children as the result of a recent air-raid. If the mother recovers from her own severe wounds she will have seven less mouths to fill.

"The march of education, the increase of creature comforts, had one and the same goal. They were engines of civilization. They brought us nearer that catholic brotherhood which was beginning to take tangible shape. The tribunal at The Hague, the exchange of learned men in the world's universities, the pathetic struggle for a universal language—what did these things portend save 'planetary patriotism,' the spirit of comprehensive kindliness and good-will?"

Miss Repplier takes pains to show, however, that "reading the history of Goth and Hun and Vandal is so like reading the history of the past three years that whole passages from the ancient records might be transferred to modern documents without exciting more than our customary horror and grief." We follow her on:

"The similarity lies in spirit and in ordinary detail; the difference in extraordinary methods and in scope. Newman calls the Goths the noblest and bravest of the barbarians, and says that they recoiled in horror from the savagery of the Huns; yet a Gothic invasion, a Gothic retreat, were uncommonly like a German invasion, a German retreat, in these years of Christian grace. To read what St. Jerome has to say of his native country, Pannonia, and the provinces that skirt the Julian Alps, is like reading an account of the hapless French farms and villages from which the Germans have been driven—the homes razed to the ground, the churches desecrated, the women ravaged, the cattle killed, the crops destroyed. 'Nothing is left save the sky and the earth,' writes the sorrowing saint, who might be making out a report in 1917 rather than in 379.

"Less terrible, but more poignant in its simplicity, is the picture drawn by Claudian of the farmer of Verona (it might have been a farmer of Champagne) whose home lies in the line of Alaric's march. The old man has lived his long, simple, harmless life on his paternal acres. He knows no world beyond their sheltering bounds. Now, dazed and despairing, he sees his blazing home, his trampled harvests, his slaughtered flocks. Even the trees planted in his infancy, silent comrades which have grown with his growth and shared his tranquil years, are destroyed in this pitiless holocaust. Allowing for the difference between a Roman poet and an American Ambassador, between the conscious and measured pathos of verse and the plain words of a newspaper statement, Claudian's lament for the Italian farmland and Mr. Penfield's description of the ruined country of Aisne and Champagne might be interchangeable. 'The destruction everywhere was complete, outrageous, fiendish,' says Mr. Penfield. 'We saw no life native to the land!—no cow, sheep, or horse, no dog, cat, or fowl. More ruthless and revolting is the total destruction of all trees, fruit-bearing and ornamental. Nearly every tree in the Aisne Department has been felled to cripple the restoration of the country to usefulness. . . . What the Germans did to tree life in northern France was nothing less than the systematic murdering of nature.'

"There are Teutons who bitterly resent being coupled with the Huns, and there are Teutons who glory in the comparison. The theologian, Harnack, who has spent his life studying—without absorption—the principles of Christian morality, transferred the term to all who raised an impious hand against the

Fatherland. The retired Major-General von Disfurth wrote with bellicose fervor: 'For my part, I hope that in this war we have merited the title of barbarians.' A pastoral letter read on the first Sunday of August, 1917, in the Protestant churches of Berlin, exprest this pious resolution: 'We will comport ourselves as Christians toward our enemies and conduct the war in the future, as in the past, with humility and chivalry.' The Privy Councilor, Prof. Oswald Flamm, advised, last May, that no man on board a torpedoed ship should be suffered to escape.

"So the pendulum swings from hypocrisy to ferocity, from ferocity back to hypocrisy. In the rapid alternations two points are apt to be ignored. One is that it was the Kaiser who first linked together the words German and Hun. The rest of us but follow his august example. When Gerhart Hauptmann angrily shouted that the English, 'being themselves Huns,' had 'coined' this abusive epithet, and applied it to a 'sound and valorous race,' he forgot his good Emperor's parting injunction to the troops sent to China in 1900. The other point worthy of consideration is that the comparison which slips so easily to our lips is a bit unfair to the original Huns, who for seventy-five years sought their neighbors' place in the sun, and who reached the height of their power under the great but displeasing Attila. There are many resemblances between the barbarians of the fifth and the barbarians of the twentieth century; but barbarism plus *Kultur* is a more vile as well as a more formidable article than the simple, untaught barbarism of the past. Its resources are infinitely greater, its will more turned to evil."

The Hun, we are shown, was a match for the modern German in the matter of pillage, except that "he labored under the disadvantage of not knowing the real value of what he stole"—

"Attila carried away a mass of plunder. He had scant time or disposition for such astute thefts as those of the Crown Prince or the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. . . . . . .

"Of his countless captives, many were well treated, and some had cause to thank the fates for their improved condition. Priests were reverenced and permitted to preach to the heathen. Doctors were held in high esteem. A Hun, says Gibbon, despised death, but hated to be ill. Artificers of various kinds were honorably employed, and often obtained their freedom. We know that an Italian architect—or shall I call him a plumber?—constructed a bath for the Hunnish general, Onegesius, and thus became an apostle of the great cause of cleanliness.

"There is an illuminating sentence of Gibbon's which condenses into a dozen words the contrast between the old barbarism and the new, between Onegesius of bath-tub fame and Governor-General von Bissing. 'The Huns might be provoked to insult the misery of their captives, but their manners were not susceptible of a refined system of oppression.'

"That is where *Kultur* wins the day. The well-conceived process by which Flemish industries were destroyed, raw materials 'requisitioned,' and workmen 'deported' as an 'economic and social duty,' was as far beyond the intelligence as it was beyond the malevolence of the original Hun. He didn't falter at a bit of butchery—that was in the day's work—but the deliberate use of starvation as a weapon, as a 'force,' to use von Bissing's word, outdistanced his simple savagery. The terms of peace which he dictated were often insulting to the pride of the conquered; but in the happy absence of letters he spared the devastated towns those frightful *affiches*, menacing, sinister, coldly and grossly cruel, which day after day, week after week, struck terror into French and Flemish and Polish hearts.

"Lists of men and women shot for trivial offenses. Orders to make ready for immediate deportation. Notices that potatoes could be dug only with the Commandant's consent and under military supervision. Warnings that idle workmen and idle children would be subject to beatings. Always an added line to say: 'Any one attempting to avoid transportation will be punished without mercy'; or, 'All appeals against this order will be null and void.' Finally (tho one of the first in order), the placard posted in Brussels, October 5, 1914: 'In future the inhabitants of places situated near railways and telegraph-lines which have been destroyed will be punished without mercy, whether they are guilty of this destruction or not.' To punish the helpless for offenses of which they are known to be innocent is as far as injustice can go. Even this expansive sin has its confines, and they were reached at a bound by Governor von der Goltz when the war was two months old."

Passing over a large part of Miss Repplier's remarkable article in the *Times's* issue of November 11, where she selects out parallels between the ancient world and the world of to-day with the advantage almost always due to the long-departed ancients, we come to her treatment of the restraints in civilized warfare which are "founded on self-interest as well as on humanity":

"Moderation begets moderation, savagery begets savagery. The word 'reprisals' has become familiar in our ears—a hateful and, for the most part, a futile word. No Englishman, Frenchman, or American can play at the game of frightfulness with a German. In so far as he is shackled by civilization, in so far is he bound to be beaten.

"He does not want to raze the Castle of Heidelberg because the noble ruins of Coucy have been razed; or destroy the Cathedral of Cologne because the Cathedral of Reims has been wantonly destroyed. He believes that great historic monuments are the inheritance of the human race. He has no devilish desire to avenge on the women and children of Germany the brutalities inflicted on the women and children of Flanders. He could not, if he would, descend in the scale of humanity, because the trend of civilization holds him in his place. The poisonous gas and liquid fire introduced by Germany into the war have been used with so much dexterity by her opponents that she must sometimes wish she had stuck to legitimate weapons.

"But in the shelling of hospitals and the sinking of hospital-ships she has things all her own way. Not one of us can compete with her along these chosen lines. No British or American captain could collect the survivors of a torpedoed vessel on the deck of a submarine, strip them of their life-belts, and deliberately drown them. The deed would be beyond his conception and beyond ours. Thank God, we can oppose to this cold-blooded butchery, this savage jest, the statement of two German prisoners in Marseilles whose lives were saved by a non-commissioned French officer when the French ship *Athos* was sunk by a German *U*-boat in February, 1917. The rescuer was drowned. 'We owe him,' say the prisoners, 'our deepest gratitude.' Yet what he did was only in the common way of humanity. . . . . . .

"John Jay Chapman voiced both the apprehension and the deep resentment of civilized man when he wrote: 'I confess to having experienced two distinct kinds of terror during the early months of the war. First, fear lest the things I valued might be razed from off the earth; and, secondly, horror at an exhibition of moral depravity such as I had not dreamed possible in this world.' So it was that our vision of humanity was shattered and we awoke to the nearness of barbarism. We have summoned the strength of our souls to resist it, knowing that the worth no less than the sweetness of existence is at stake. A world in which injustice rules and cruelties are permitted is a world unfit to be lived in."

DISCOURAGING PEACE PRAYER—Cardinal Gibbons is not deceived by German propaganda even when it appears in the form of an apparently sincere recommendation "to appeal to the Almighty to intercede in halting the great struggle." The Cardinal's own organ, the Baltimore *Catholic Review*, shows this effort up as "an insidious attempt to further the enemy cause." In a recent issue the paper printed this:

"Catholics are warned to be on their guard against what is called an endless chain of prayers for peace. If Catholics get these prayers with the request to pass them along, let the literature be thrown into the waste-basket. In fact, all such requests—in the matter of the endless-chain business—should be treated in the same manner.

"We all desire peace, but only through the success for which our Government is working. We are not wrong to pray for peace, but we shall be wrong if, by trying to incite the people of these States to aid the propaganda that is now being directed by seditious and wrong-minded persons, we hamper the civil and military authorities—we are committing a crime against all that we should hold dear."

Prayer turned in the right channel could accomplish much, as the New York *Sun* observes:

"We pray for victory because only through victory can we do the right as God gives us to see the right. We are not so arrogant as to think of the deity as allied with ourselves. We are his servants. We no more presume in asking him for instruction what to do and strength to do it than a child that turns to its father for instruction and support is guilty of impudence. Nor is prayer ineffective. It can not change the divine purpose or alter the future; but it can and does hearten millions to endure and fight in the present."

THE WAR'S "FATAL BLOW"

"DENOMINATIONALISM IS DEAD!" No declaration could be more positive than this, made by *The Christian World* (London), which refers, of course, to religious bodies in England. It is the war that has dealt "the fatal blow" to what was "slowly dying before." This paper foresees that a "mummified body may linger long among the Churches, but it will not enable them to make any response to the aims and aspirations of the new world now in the making." The writer here protests against being thought to speak "as if principles for which the fathers stood were no longer of value to the Churches and the nation"; but facing the facts, he sees that "the whole drift of things has left denominationalism stranded," for the "new world will have problems too many and terrible to spare energy for mere denominational differences." He proceeds to pick out a number of causes working out this result:

"Before the war there was a decay of the spirit that held principle as a vital thing, an *ennui* that was unequal to thinking out personal conviction, a mental slackness that retreated on loudly asserted authority, or readily took cover in the plea that one form of religion is as good as another, and that none of them, however useful to society, is personally urgent. An attitude of slovenly agnosticism toward things religious had crept over the spirits of men. Doubtless the multitude of interests claiming attention and crowding full the days had something to do with what R. H. Hutton called 'the spiritual fatigue of the world,' and, he might have added, 'of the Churches also.' After all, there are only twenty-four hours in the day, to meet which the average man has only a measure of energy, and nothing produces fatigue of soul more quickly than the pursuit of scattering interests. If monotony drains the spiritual energies, so also does frivolity, however cleverly disguised as necessity.

"Again, the controversies that made the sects have now largely had their meaning hidden by the flight of time. Most of the old arguments, too, have lost their cutting-edge and are blunted weapons now. With new times, and necessary changes in the Churches to meet them, the causes of quarrel have largely withered away. To-day, for example, there is no ground in principle why all the Methodist Churches should not be one. Practical and personal difficulties in the way of union there may be, but with a measure of good-will these ought to vanish before the inestimable gain of a united Methodism. Nor is there reason why Congregationalists and Presbyterians should not come to a working agreement, for the former tends to Presbyterianism in many of its schemes, and the latter is Congregational in much of its practise. While as regards Baptists and Congregationalists, only bad scholarship, or an assertive individualism that would fain keep not only its own conscience but its brothers' also, or the spirit of self-willed segregation, can make them unholy competitors. With any measure of the spirit of Christ, even the Established Church and the Free Churches could cooperate in a large measure of Christian service. They might even learn to pray together."

Looking at the trenches, one thinks of no such thing as Congregationalists and Methodists, but only "Britons and brothers." The one thing needful is that religious men should be "white men." We read:

"Forgiveness of sins and life eternal in Christ Jesus are the themes that move and hold men out there, so that even clerics are getting their horizons widened. In spite of deeply ingrained military prejudice against non-conformity, weight and worth of Christian character are winning their way and putting ignorance and prejudice to shame. Alas, there have been startling cases of bigotry—Anglo-Catholicism at its worst, with instances of all uncharity; and one has heard of consecrated huts, the claims of priests, and other senseless puerilities even amid the smoke of guns and the agonies of men; but there has also been so much of Christian comradeship at its best that one hastens to ignore these follies, and to remember that the attitude of thoughtful men toward them is one of mingled pity, impatience, and contempt. In the midst of the drawn-out agony of this war men are seeing clearly the things that matter, and learning to know and love one another for Christ's sake. Moreover, the men on the field, surely with right instinct, blame denominational squabbles for the impotence of Christianity in the world."

THE "POILU'S" PROTEST AGAINST UNCLEAN PLAYS

THE MORAL SENSE of the French Army expresses itself as outraged by the lack of the same quality in the civilian. It protests, for one thing, against the kind of plays and songs devised for its amusement. "What do people take us for?" one *poilu* is quoted as writing home from the front. "After all, we are not pigs." It is protested that soldiers are not ingrates, and appreciate the efforts made to entertain them in their idle moments; but they show that the things devised to amuse them do not accomplish that end. They are misjudged, points out the famous French critic, André Baunier, when so little delicacy is attributed to them. Among many fine things, these soldiers say, are "many unworthy and, in fact, stupidly nasty things." The words of this writer which have stirred up a discussion in the Paris papers are passed on to us by the correspondent of the New York *Sun*. He is quoted to this effect:

"They are not taking the attitude of prudes nor do they ask for patriotic or religious homilies on the stage, and one of them writes: 'We don't want to hear anything about death.' They want to laugh, but some of the off color or salacious songs do not seem funny to them—rather are they sad and lugubrious—and they are right.

"This confusing of pornography and gaiety is one of the most foolish errors of our day. It has done much to hurt the good reputation of France. Besides, the strangers who came to Paris sought for it with an unhealthy curiosity and then despised us when they returned home. This hypocrisy is well known. Real gaiety is never nasty; it is a sign of health; while pornography is a disease of the mind.

"We thought that the war had put an end to all these turpitudes. We expected a change in the public mind, in its habits, in its frivolities—a tonifying of its imagination. There is still hope. Of course we must not expect this change to come from a certain set of Parisians who seem not to know that we are living in war-time and who for these years have tried to live as tho the war did not exist. The change will come through those who have felt through the war the deepest emotions—it will come through our soldiers.

"People may ask what I know about our soldiers. It is true that altho so near us they are a deep mystery to us; it is true that they generally ridicule everything that is said about them. They hate to be called 'heroes' and they are not quite sure that this praise is not a cheap way of rewarding them, of ridding ourselves of the care of them, or of politely accepting the benefits of their heroism.

"The soldier who writes: 'Why can't they understand?' is amazed at the amusements that are offered to him and to his comrades. 'They' does not mean simply the organizers of the Theater at the Front; it really means the civilians. What amazes him is that the civilian with the best intentions in the world seems unable to find anything better to distract and amuse him than to offer him inept and nasty commonplace."

A change in the theatrical temper of Paris is noted by the *Sun* correspondent, and this change, he declares, reflects itself at the front:

"The critics point out that while in the beginning things were different, in the last few months salaciousness has increased tremendously in these theatrical productions. This is not surprizing. In Paris, when the theaters were first reopened after the beginning of the war, the plays were all on a high plane. It seemed as if only the classic repertory was to be played and the preference was for Corneille, and in Corneille's own theater they gave 'Horace,' where patriotic sentiment is so admirably exprest.

"But when the war went on longer than the managers dreamed it would—longer than they wanted to prolong this truce of heroism and chastity, to which they were willing to devote months, even a whole season—their patience came to an end.

"They began to revert to plays of the antewar type. In a brief time Paris had the same theater as existed before the war; the same theater where the *revues* and many of the plays are filled with innuendo and vulgarity. It is likely that the Theater at the Front has in some wise followed the example of the Paris stage."

THE CAUSES OF HIGH FOOD PRICES

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION and especially designed for High School Use.

© International Film Service, N. Y.

HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

DURING the first few months following the declaration of war against Germany by Congress, you will remember that high-school boys and girls, urged on by many earnest leaders, left the classroom in such great numbers to join the industrial army that there was grave danger of our public-school system being completely demoralized. Against this, there has been of late a wide-spread and pronounced reaction. You have probably read the statement of President Wilson, which he sent out to the country not so long ago, protesting against any slackening in the country's educational work and pointing out that no country, especially one at war, can afford to neglect the efficient schooling of the youth. He particularly appealed for the development of an enlightened citizenship. This attitude of our President, which is now so generally approved, places upon you, the high-school student, a privilege as well as a duty.

You are doing your bit in a most effective way when you try to study and understand the food-problem with which the country is wrestling.

Last week, in our first article, we told you what the Food Administration is, what its aims are, and how they may be realized. This week we propose to study with you, briefly, some of the causes of high prices, and next week the means whereby the Food Administration hopes to deal with the situation through the license system.

You have been just as hard hit as any one else by the high cost of living. You are met by it at every turn. Your books, your lunches, practically everything you use, have gone up in price. You have been led to discuss, at home and in the classroom, the cause of this state of things.

HIGH FOOD-PRICES DIRECTLY DUE TO THE WAR

Some of these causes—such as abnormal labor and transportation conditions, increased exportation of food-commodities, and the like—are directly due to the war.

One of the most important causes of increased prices is that of increased exportation of certain foodstuffs. In peace times many of the men of the Allied nations were farmers where now they are away from home, fighting at the front. As a result, the production of food by the Allied countries was bound to fall off. That deficit has in the main been supplied by the food which we shipped abroad (just as it will continue to be necessary for us to ship it to the Allies and our own boys over there). But the result of such a tremendous increase of our exports over those normally shipped in peace times was bound—so long as home consumption remained unchanged—to cut into our home-supply, and so tend to raise prices.

Large exports of certain commodities, such as wheat, sugar, and fats, must continue in the future, for the sake of helping win the war. But it must be distinctly understood that this need not necessarily boost prices. Take the case of wheat, for example. In order to give our Allies what they need it will be necessary for us to export this year 132,000,000 bushels more than could be ordinarily spared, considering the size of our crop. That can be done by using corn-meal, potatoes, rye, oats, and barley ourselves in place of wheat. Such substitution on our part will have a double result: it will actually release the amount needed for export, and it will also reduce the home demand.

Thus, we shall not be overexporting if, through changed habits of eating, we reduce the home demand for certain foods *at the same time* that we are gaining the supply for shipping.

Abnormal labor conditions are of so many forms that they can not be discust in detail here. There is frequently a shortage of labor to help in the production and handling of food-commodities, owing to the fact that in war-time the man-power of the country is often needed, and perhaps better paid, in other war-activities. This rise of wages in war-time automatically carries with it a rise of food-prices. And sometimes the manufacture or distribution of food is impaired by labor disturbances. That may be illustrated by the coal situation, even tho coal is not a food. Strikes of coal-miners have a tendency to limit the available supply, and thus to raise price-levels.

Indeed, whenever labor conditions handicap the production and distribution of food, the prices of food have a tendency to rise.

Labor conditions also work in another way. For the sake of speed in war-times, the laborer is often paid more. And when the food-dealer has observed that the workingman's wage was increasing, he has sometimes yielded to the temptation of raising his food-prices for the sake of making some extra profits while he can get them. Moreover, when the average dealer in foods observes the cost of food-production increasing in every direction, he is naturally very reluctant to sell such stocks as he has on hand for less than he can replace them. Accordingly he has a strong impulse to advance the prices of his stocks on hand to keep pace with the increasing cost of production.

Transportation difficulties also influence prices upward. The shortage of freight-cars is a case in point. If food can not reach the locality of the consumer, the supply is limited, with the usual effect upon prices. The destruction of immense quantities of food-products at sea by submarines has a tendency to produce the same result.

Perhaps the most important single factor in the increased cost of all commodities due to the war is the tremendous increase in the amount of money in circulation. Untold billions have been released from the European Government war-chests, and from the vast hoards of private individuals, who from patriotic or pecuniary motives have sought out their hidden wealth and invested the same in Government bonds to help win the war.

Coupled with this tremendous increase in the amount of circulating medium is the unprecedented amount of goods being actually destroyed and burned daily in the war-zones. Under the law of supply and demand, as the available supply of money (gold) increases, and the supply of useful things (commodities) decreases, the ratio of exchange value between one and the other also changes, and all prices advance. Goods are not higher, but gold is cheaper. The reader will note that not food alone has been subject to this phenomenal advance, but practically every other important article of commerce.

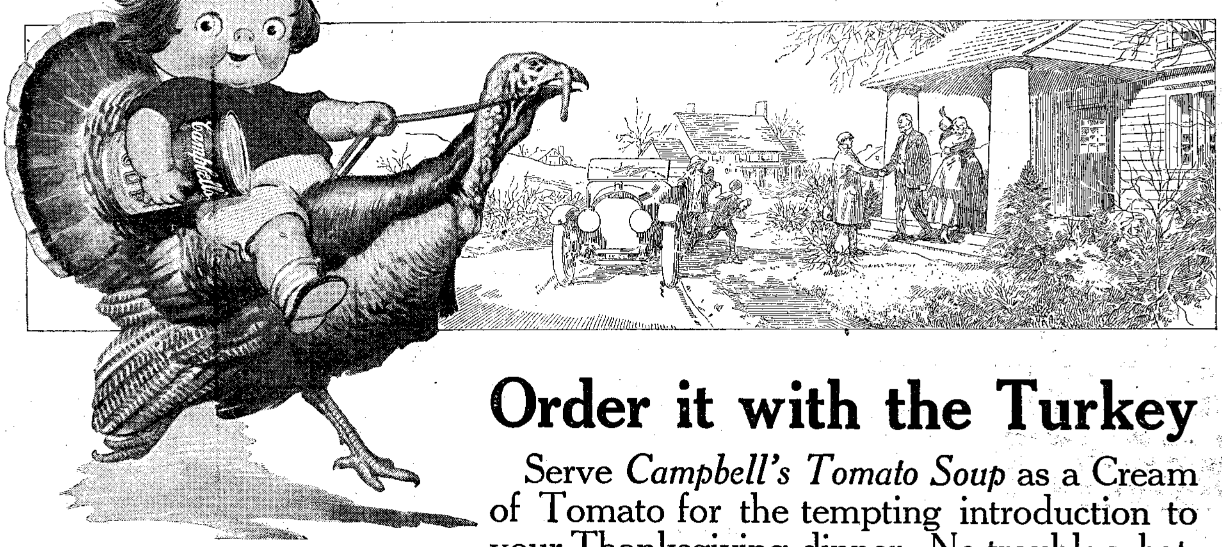
For other high prices the war can not be held responsible except in the sense that it has intensified them to a considerable degree. They are related to human avarice or mismanagement which might operate, war or no war, to raise the consumer's food-bill to unjust levels.

In next week's article there will be explanation and illustration of the causes of such high food-prices, as well as the means by which the United States Food Administration aims to keep food-prices within just and reasonable limits.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Did any of you leave school last spring in order to do your bit by going to work? What were your experiences?
2. Do you agree with President Wilson, Commissioner P. P. Claxton, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and other national leaders that there should be no slackening in the country's educational work during the war?
3. In what way may the training which you are now getting in school be of advantage to the country in the later stages of the war? To the country and to the world in the period of reconstruction after the war?
4. Can you cite any example within your reading or experience of high prices due to increased exportation, transportation difficulties, or labor disturbances?
5. Can you give any examples of high prices due to causes not mentioned in the text?
6. What articles of food are most suitable for shipment to, and use by, the Allies? Why?
7. What foods are you asked to substitute and why?
8. Do you know how many Food Pledge Cards have been signed in your city or State? In the country at large?
9. What do you think of the profiteer in food? (The teacher might ask each pupil to prepare a patriotic speech of three to five minutes upon the above questions.)

"Giddap, you old bird! Straight 'home' is the word.
They need us to make up the party.
I furnish the zest that puts *you* at your best
And makes our reception most hearty."



Order it with the Turkey

Serve *Campbell's Tomato Soup* as a Cream of Tomato for the tempting introduction to your Thanksgiving dinner. No trouble whatever to prepare it. The simple directions on the label show you how. And you'll find that this inviting soup goes with the dinner as naturally as nuts and pie. More so, in fact, from a dietary point of view because it is not a frill nor an extra. It not only makes the whole meal taste better but makes it digest easier and do you more good.

The wise provider who figures food-values on the basis of real nourishment will always want a handy supply of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It meets a certain daily need of the human digestive system as no other food-product can do.

For a course dinner it gives a snappy relish to the heavier dishes, and increases their nourishing effect. For a luncheon or supper you serve it topped with whipped cream for a specially dainty effect; or with the addition of noodles or boiled rice if you want it for a substantial feature in itself.

There are many easy and tempting ways to prepare it. And its wholesome purity, its enticing flavor, its invigorating effect make it always welcome.

The sensible way is to order it from your grocer by the dozen, or, better yet, by the case. This saves something on delivery cost; you have it handy; and whenever opened you always find it fresh and delicious.

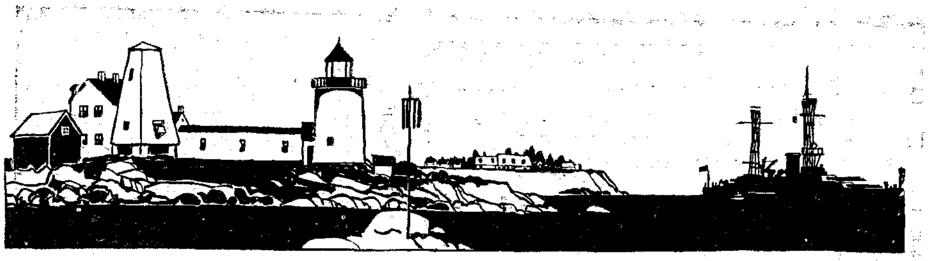
"Helps for the Hostess"—the new *Campbell* menu book, sent free on request—will show you many new and economical uses for these wholesome *Campbell's Soups.*

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP
JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



THERE never was a time when the quality of paint was so important as now. Prices are high; painters' wages are high, yet painting cannot be put off without serious damage to property. Hence the importance of getting paint that protects and endures for the longest possible time.

New Jersey
zinc
in paint

adds nothing to its cost but it adds much to its durability. This has been proved conclusively by United States government tests. That is why the paint on all our warships and lighthouses contains a large proportion of zinc. That is why manufacturers of prepared paints use zinc in their best paints. That is why competent painters use zinc when they mix their own paints. That is why every property owner should see that his paint contains enough zinc to give him his money's worth in protection and durability.

We will gladly send you a list of prepared zinc paints and also a list of manufacturers who grind zinc and lead together in oil, such as painters use to get a good zinc mixture.

Send for our booklet "Zinc in Paint." It tells a lot of things you ought to know about paint.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
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CURRENT POETRY

THAT delicacy and charm that have characterized Mr. Joyce Kilmer's work in the past are found, with an added note of strong religious fervor, in his new volume of verse, "Main Street and Other Poems," which was published by the George H. Doran Company, of New York, just as the author was leaving these shores. Joyce Kilmer, formerly editor of our poetry column, is now in France, a full private in the Army of the United States. From the hard school of war we may expect Mr. Kilmer to learn the art of virile expression of the larger emotions, which, added to his lyrical distinction, would render him a really great poet. This lyrical quality of Mr. Kilmer's verse is perhaps best revealed in the second poem of his book entitled:

ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling-place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home:
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

A gipsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead;
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call a gipsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes.

They say that life is a highway and its mile-stones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road, and it stretches broad and far,
But at last it leads to a golden Town where golden Houses are.

Mr. Kilmer's new profession—he has been, incidentally, a teacher of Latin, lexicographer, newspaper-interviewer, book-reviewer, university lecturer, and now, finally, soldier—lends an added interest to

MID-OCEAN IN WAR-TIME

The fragile splendor of the level sea,
The moon's serene and silver-veiled face,
Make of this vessel an enchanted place
Full of white mirth and golden sorcery.
Now, for a time, shall careless laughter be
Blended with song, to lend song sweeter grace,

And the old stars, in their unending race,
Shall heed and envy young humanity.

And yet, to-night, a hundred leagues away,
These waters blush a strange and awful red.
Before the moon, a cloud obscenely gray
Rises from decks that crash with flying lead.
And these stars smile their immemorial way
On waves that shroud a thousand newly dead!

While never an ardent admirer of Free Verse, Mr. Kilmer shows that he can use this medium with skill and effect in this charming poem dedicated to his wife:

A BLUE VALENTINE

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.
It is like the light coming through blue stained-glass,
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul can not be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise
And noble.
She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I would love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your *devoir* to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

Himself one of the Choir of Younger Poets, he was profoundly touched by the death of one of the English members of that band in the person of Rupert Brooke.

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We will *plan* the undertaking, *design* the plant, layout of machinery and equipment in detail, let the building contract, *superintend* the construction—and turn the plant over to you *complete* and *ready to run.*

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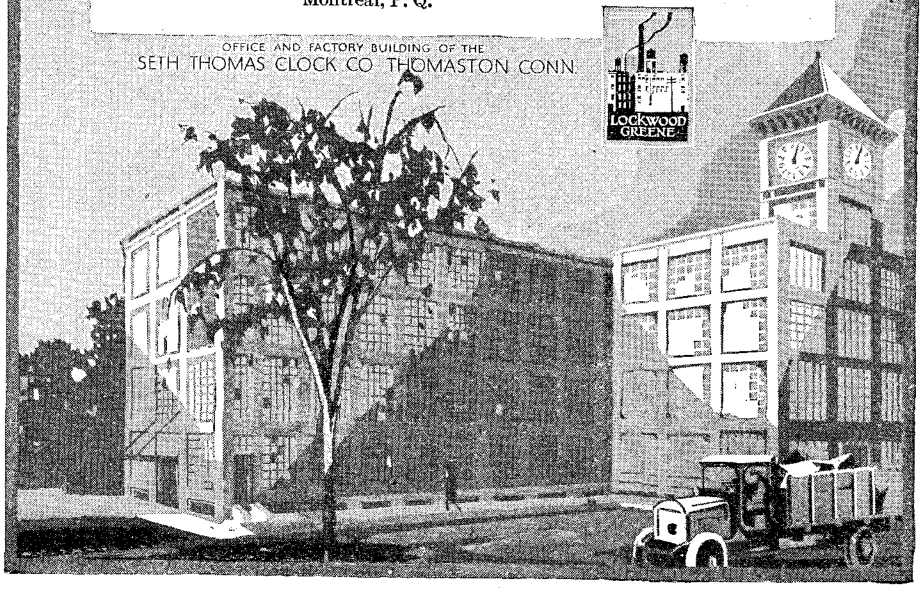
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QUAKER
WHITE OATS
$1

A Dollar Goes Four Times as Far

In Luscious Quaker Oats

A dollar buys in Quaker Oats 17,200 calories of food. The calory is the universal unit of nutrition.

The average person requires 2,500 calories per day. So a dollar's worth of Quaker Oats is sufficient for six or seven days' food.

In Bacon and Eggs the same nutrition would cost about	$5.50
In Round Steak the same nutrition would cost about	$4.75
In average mixed diet the same nutrition would cost about	$4.00

So every dollar spent for Quaker Oats saves about $3, as compared with the average diet.

In Quaker Oats you get the supreme food. No other grain can match the oat in flavor and nutrition. Its energizing value is proverbial. Every element we need is there, and in just the right proportion.

Serve more Quaker Oats. Not as porridge only, but in bread and muffins, pancakes, cookies, etc. This is Nature's queen-food.

Quaker Oats

The Extra Flavory Flakes

Quaker Oats costs you no extra price. Yet it is made from the rich, plump grains alone. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Little oat grains are insipid. By discarding them, we secure a wondrous flavor in this delightful brand.

This is a time to specify Quaker Oats. It makes oat food inviting. And oats mean better food for all, and lower cost of living.

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An Aluminum Cooker for $1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family.

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(1732)

Mr. Kilmer thus sings of the passing of his colleague:

IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopt, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
To-day the starry roof of Heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

Another poet of a generation earlier seems to have aroused in Mr. Kilmer something like hero-worship; this is his coreligionist, Lionel Johnson, the English bard, whose tragic death inspires these lines:

LIONEL JOHNSON

There was a murkier tinge in London's air
As if the honest fog blushed black for shame.
Fools sang of sin for other fools' acclaim,
And Milton's wreath was tossed to Baudelaire.
The flowers of evil blossomed everywhere,
But in their midst a radiant lily came,
Candescent, pure, a cup of living flame,
Bloomed for a day, and left the earth more fair.

And was it Charles, thy "fair and fatal King,"
Who bade thee welcome to the lovely land?
Or did Lord David cease to harp and sing
To take in his thine emulative hand?
Or did Our Lady's smile shine forth, to bring
Her lyric Knight within her choir to stand?

Owing allegiance to that ancient Church which has produced so many poets, Mr. Kilmer's gifts of lyrical expression were stimulated by his religious emotions and resulted in some striking devotional poetry. This sonnet is typical of the highest manifestation of this side of his art.

THE ANNUNCIATION

"Hail Mary, full of grace," the Angel saith.
Our Lady bows her head, and is ashamed;
She has a Bridegroom who may not be named,
Her mortal flesh bears Him who conquers death.
Now in the dust her spirit grovelleth;
Too bright a Sun before her eyes has flamed,
Too fair a herald joy too high proclaimed,
And human lips have trembled in God's breath.

O Mother-Maid, thou art ashamed to cover
With thy white self, whereon no stain can be,
Thy God, who came from heaven to be thy Lover,
Thy God who came from heaven to dwell in thee.
About thy head celestial legions hover,
Chanting the praise of thy humility.

We find in the New York *Outlook* a timely justification of the soldier-poet:

A POET ENLISTS

By Amelia Josephine Burr

And all the songs that I might sing—
Madness to risk them so, you say?
How is it such a certain thing
That I can sing them if I stay?

The winds of God are past control,
They answer to no human call,
And if I lose my living soul
That is—for me—the end of all.

Better to shout one last great song,
Dying myself, to dying men,
Than crawl the bitter years along
And never sing again.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

LENINE AND TROTZKY, THE "MEN WHO WANT MORE"

NIKOLAI LENINE, the directing power behind the most recent outbreak in Russia which raised him almost to the throne, the leader of the Bolshevik movement—Bolsheviki, by the way, meaning in straight United States "the men who want more"—is described as quiet, reserved, and studious. His chief lieutenant in the present crisis, Leon Trotzky, the man whom the neutral nations refused to recognize as the War Minister of the newly set up Government, is apparently his opposite in temperament, carefully groomed, even in the workingman's attire that he affects, smiling and debonair, in the face of a situation affecting the fate of nations.

Lenine has been denounced by moderate liberals as the evil genius of the Russian revolution and a paid agent of Germany. He was the acknowledged leader of the Maximalist uprising in July, after which he went into hiding. He was reported to have been in Sweden, Switzerland, and Finland, but wherever he managed to find cover he was in constant communication with Trotzky and other Bolshevik leaders. One account has it that his real name is Zederblum. The New York *Times* has a different story. It says of him:

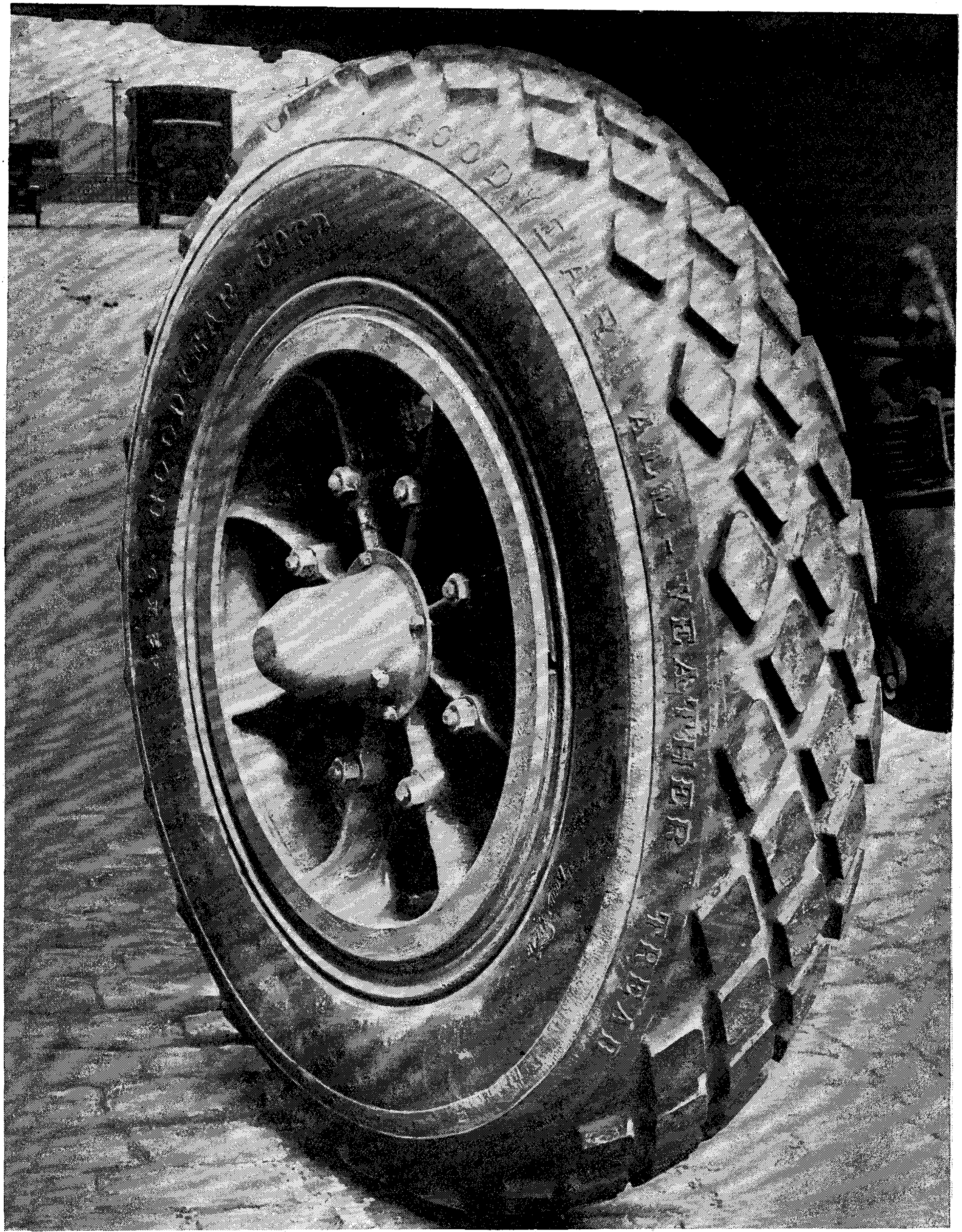
> Lenine, like most of the prominent Russian agitators, had to use an alias in his revolutionary activity. His real name is Vladimir Ulyanoff. He was born of a noble family, at Simbirsk, on the Volga, about 1870. An elder brother was executed for complicity in a plot to kill Emperor Alexander II. shortly before that ruler was actually assassinated in 1881. Lenine became prominent in the early nineties as a leader of the radical Social-Democrats, who insist on the literal application of the Marxian theories, as against the more nationalistic view, with greater attention paid to the peasants and their actual condition, which was entertained by the Socialist revolutionists, the party of Kerensky. His most noted book is "The Development of Capitalism in Russia."
>
> He was elected to the second Duma after the revolution of 1905, but was compelled to go into exile, a thing he had often done before, when the reaction triumphed. At the beginning of the present war he was in Krakow and was interned as an enemy alien, but was shortly released and allowed to proceed to Zimmerwald, in Switzerland, where a colony of Russian revolutionists was already established.
>
> After the revolution the Provisional Government of Russia entered into an agreement with Germany by which the Russian revolutionists in Switzerland were allowed to return through Germany in return for the release of German civilians in Russia. Lenine headed the party which returned by this route, and his social program, which he has been advocating ever since, was drawn up as he passed through. He reached Petrograd on April 16, just after the pacifists in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies had forced the resignation of Miliukoff, and at once began to preach immediate peace and general confiscation.
>
> At first the Government seems to have underestimated him; Tcheidze said that probably the revolution would absorb him, and that if it did not there was little difference. But soon his newspaper, the *Pravda*, featuring violent attacks on England and France, became influential, and the tolerance of the Government was now based on the theory that arrest would make him a martyr. Certainly at first there was general disapprobation of his extreme views, but gradually he began to gain in power and to become the center of the radical pacifists, despite the constantly reiterated charges that he was in the pay of Germany. A peace plan of his, advanced in a speech, was publicly denounced as given verbatim in a wireless message of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and no satisfactory denial was ever made of Brussiloff's accusation.
>
> Nevertheless, he gained in power. Seated in the palace which had formerly belonged to the dancer Kshesinskaya, the favorite of Nicholas, protected by the First Machine-Gun Regiment, which was constantly loyal, he resisted all attempts to oust him until failure in the July rising drove him to temporary hiding, in which he appears to have plotted the new outbreak.

Trotzky, who by many is considered the real head of the Maximalist revolt, is well known in New York where he worked as a reporter for $12 a week on an East Side newspaper during his brief exile in America, after having been driven out of Germany, France, Switzerland, and Spain. Like Lenine, he uses an alias, his real name being Leber Braunstein. A writer in *The Times* says:

> He was born in a town in the Russian Government of Kherson, near the Black Sea. He became an extreme Socialist, and, being gifted with a forceful literary style, won distinction and prominence among the revolutionary leaders before the end of the nineteenth century.
>
> In the revolution of 1905 Trotzky published a book which practically set the sky as the limit for the Russian revolution then apparently on its way to a favorable issue. He demanded the application of the full program of socialism, not only in Russia but everywhere, and until this was accomplished revolution must never rest. The collapse of the movement in the following year sent him to Siberia, but after several years he was released, resumed his revolutionary activity, and was compelled to go abroad.
>
> At the beginning of the war he was in Berlin, but the radical teachings of his writings there were too much for the Berlin Government, which had no taste for Socialist programs except in foreign parts. He was compelled to go to Switzerland, but here, too, he found the atmosphere chilly. After a time he landed in Paris and edited a newspaper there, but the French Government refused to allow his doctrines to be spread after Russian troops arrived in France, and he moved on to Spain.

Trotzky, however, could not be suppressed. They might expel him and deport him, but wherever he landed he became a leader in radicalism and a vigorous journalistic propagandist. Spain found him so hard to be rid of, and such a serious menace to her peace and quiet, that it was finally necessary to shanghai him out of the country, and the writer in *The Times* declares that he awoke to find himself on board a steamer bound for Cuba. While this did not greatly disturb his equanimity, he found the field for his talents limited. In fact—

> Cuba was too small a country for Trotzky's energies. He sailed at once from Havana for New York, and reached here on January 14 last. Trotzky was welcomed not only by the most radical faction of Russian Socialists, but by the German Socialists, too. Leaders of radicalism on the East Side and in Harlem contributed furniture for the house where he established himself in the Bronx, and it caused considerable feeling among them when he eventually left town in such haste that none of the contributors were notified, and the furniture was left to take care of itself in the empty house for a considerable time.
>
> While here he wrote many articles for the *Vorwärts*, the Jewish Socialist paper, and was for a considerable time the principal editor of *Novy Mir*, organ of the Russian Socialists. *Novy Mir* has since come under the ban of the Post-office Department and has been refused mailing privileges for its extreme pacifist attitude, but at that time a majority of the Board of Managers were not in favor of Trotzky's propaganda for immediate peace, and, according to men who knew him, he was eventually asked to resign.
>
> He was in active relation with both German and Russian Socialists, and American opinion is divided as to whether or not he has been an agent of Germany since the outbreak of the revolution. In view, however, of the fact that Lenine was accused by Kerensky of being in German pay, and that Trotzky is apparently acting as a vizier of Lenine, the presumption that he is in German pay has been increased by recent events. It is said that just before he left last March a German Socialist group at a hall in Harlem gave a dinner for him, not the first time he had been so honored by radicals of that nationality in New York.
>
> Trotzky sailed from New York for a Scandinavian port, on March 27, but was taken off the ship at Halifax by the British authorities, who knew his record. There were loud and vigorous protests from American radicals at this action, and eventually the first Russian Provisional Government, apparently unaware at that time of the strength and tendencies of the Bolsheviki, was induced to ask for his release. The British thereupon permitted him to go on his way.
>
> Upon his arrival at Petrograd he joined the radical faction, which was busy denouncing America and the Allies and scheming to overthrow the Provisional Government and bring about immediate peace. Trotzky has denied that he is for a separate peace, and says that if the Germans refuse to revolt against their Government and to fraternize with the Russians the latter must defend the revolution. But the fraternizing must be begun by the Russians wherever possible.


GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER TREAD
GOODYEAR CORD

Actual photograph of one of the 42 x 9 Goodyear Cord Tires now in truck service for the Semmes Motor Co., Washington, D. C.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

An Urgent Business Need

AT A TIME when every American field and factory is being pushed to its limit, one element in the business organization of this country is failing to keep step with the advance.

Transportation—overloaded even under the volume of normal times—now is glutted and choked with the additional pressure of intensified production.

The railroads, inland waterways and other major means of conveyance already are serving to the peak of their power; all search for relief seems to point unerringly to the motor truck.

The first step necessary to make the motor truck ready and adequate for the demands that will be put upon it, is to rid it of the handicaps imposed by the solid rubber tire.

The solid rubber tire is undeniably sufficient for slow-speed short hauls through congested districts, but it effectually bars the motor truck from high-speed long-distance work.

The vibration set up through the imperfect cushioning it affords in such usage quickly batters even the strongest trucks to pieces.

This swift depreciation, coupled with high gasoline and lubrication costs, in most cases makes long-haul rapid-transit by truck obviously unprofitable.

But every such handicap traceable to this source *now is met and overcome*, by the pneumatic truck tires shown on the opposite page.

These tires are Goodyear Cord Tires, made especially for heavy truck service—of a size, character and capacity such as the average man has never seen.

They disencumber the motor truck of every hindrance to full efficiency, and endow it with a speed, range and variety of employment such as has never before been possible.

They are prodigiously quick and strong; they magnify gasoline and oil mileages beyond all previous experience; they afford the comfort and protection of a limousine to carrier, driver and load.

They hasten deliveries, expedite distribution and minimize depreciation—they are unquestionably an urgent business need.

Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are in no way an experiment—they are a development of fifteen years' time.

They are the practical expression of an old Goodyear idea, brought to final success *only through the perfection of the Goodyear principle of cord tire construction.*

Right now they are serving to signal advantage on heavy-duty trucks in more than 200 cities in this country.

A fleet of four transports ranging in capacity up to five tons and regularly plying over a 1500-mile cross-country route, is attaining speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour on them without damage to the roads or the trucks.

In interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of foodstuffs or of fragile wares, in all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit—Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are delivering superlative service *now.*

You can depend on their speed, endurance and economy—previously unequaled in any such carrier—to deliver a like satisfaction and profit to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Adjustment
Guarantee
5,000 Miles
QUAKER CITY RUBBER
37 x 5
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER

Get 43% More Mileage

Tire adjustments, like life insurance premiums, are based on "life expectancy," which in turn is based on experience.

The "standard adjustment" of 3500 miles can fairly be taken as the "life expectancy" of tires carrying this mileage limit.

Quaker Tires carry an adjustment guarantee of 5,000 miles because experience—the "life expectancy" of Quakers shows that this mileage is, indeed, conservative.

The tire buyer who tries *one* Quaker soon doubles, triples and quadruples his saving on mileage cost by equipping two, then three, and finally, all four wheels with Quakers.

You, the one who pays the tire bills, ought to be interested in the 43%-better adjustment other tire users get on Quakers.

Write for copy of "5000 Plus" by Garrett Bonfield. This booklet tells things about tires and their care.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA: Factories
PITTSBURGH: 211 Wood Street
CHICAGO: 182 W. Lake Street
NEW YORK: 53 Murray Street

Makers of IRONSIDES, Quaker City and Crown Rubber Belts, Daniel's P. P. P. Rod Packing, Daniel's EBONITE Sheet Packing, Daniel's EBONITE Steam Hose, Ringmeter Garden Hose, etc.

CONFESSIONS OF A GERMAN SECRET DIPLOMATIC AGENT

About ten years ago a German youth wandered disconsolately and lonely through the halls and rooms of his house. His aunt, who was also his guardian, had just died and left him practically alone in the world. By nature he was inquisitive and prying. In prowling about he came across a chest of old letters written to his aunt by friends made when she was at court. He recognized passages that she had read to him, and proceeded to read all the letters from start to finish. Among these faded missives he had read no more than fifty words of one than he realized he was holding in his hands "a document that was more explosive than dynamite." The contents of this letter, written to his aunt by "one of the most exalted personages in all Germany," contained statements of the gravest personal concern affecting the Kaiser. Shown to a military officer, who was a friend of the young man, the letter quickly effected the addition to Germany's spy system of a new agent. This is the opening event in the story of Capt. Horst von der Goltz, as related in "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent" (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York).

Titularly Captain von der Goltz is registered as formerly Major in the Mexican Constitutional Army, Sometime Confidential Aid to Captain von Papen, Recalled Military Attaché to the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, German Secret Agent. He denies that he was either a spy or a secret-service agent. He was a secret diplomatic agent. A secret diplomatic agent is a man who directs spies, who studies their reports, who pieces together various bits of information, and who, when he has the fabric complete, makes his report to the highest authority, or carries that particular plan to its desired conclusion. Unlike the spy the secret agent is a user and a getter of information. He is a free-lance, responsible only to the Foreign Office; a plotter and unofficial intermediary in many negotiations, and frequently he differs from an accredited diplomatic representative only in that his activities and his office are essentially secret. The use Captain von der Goltz made of the mysterious letter of such high import is told by him as follows:

In my perplexity I did an utterly foolish thing. I put my whole confidence in a man's word. There was, serving at a near-by fortress, a General-Major von Dassel, who was in the habit of coming to our house quite regularly. To him I went, and under pledge of silence I told him my story. Of course, he broke the pledge and left immediately for Berlin. All doubts, if I had any, as to the importance of the document vanished with him. And if I had any misgivings concerning my own importance they quickly vanished too. Back from Berlin with General-Major von Dassel came an agent of the *Reichs Kanzler*. He did not come to our house; instead, von Dassel sent for me to go to his headquarters in the fortress. I met there a solemn frock-coated personage who, so he said, had come down from Berlin especially to see me. Imagine my elation! I was in my element; what I had hoped for had at last happened. The pages of Richelieu and of my secret histories were coming true. Another man and I were to lock our wits in a fight to the finish—that pleasure I promised myself. He was a worthy opponent, an official, a professional intriguer. As I looked into his serious bearded face, I built romances about him.

The agent of the Chancellor wanted my document and my pledge to keep silent about its contents. Through sheer love of combat, I refused him on both points. He tried persuasion and reason. I was adamant. He tried cajolery.

"It is plain," he said, in a voice that was caressingly agreeable, "that you are an extremely clever young man. I have never before met your like—that is, at your age. A great career will be possible to such a young man if only he shows himself eager to serve his Government, eager to meet the wishes of his Chancellor."

Of course, I was delighted with this flattery, which I felt was entirely deserved. I began to believe that I was a person of importance. I became stubborn—which always has been one of my best and worst traits. I saw that the gentleman in the frock coat was becoming angry; his serious eyes flashed. Apparently much against his will, he tried threats, he suavely pointed out that if I persisted in my resolve not to turn over the document, destruction yawned at my feet. The threats touched off the fuse of my romanticism. I felt I was leading the life of intrigue of which I had read.

"If you will wait here," I told him, "I shall go home and get the document for you."

The Chancellor's representative stroked his beard, deliberated a moment, and seemed uncertain.

"Oh, the young man will come back all right," put in the General-Major von Dassel.

But the young man did not come back. My family had always been excessively liberal with money, and I had enough in my own little "war-chest" to buy a railroad-ticket, and a considerable amount besides. So I promptly ran off to Paris; and to this day I don't know how long the gentleman in the frock coat waited for me in von Dassel's office.

The terrors and thrills and delight of that panic-stricken flight still make me smile. No peril I have since been through was half as exciting. . . . Berlin! . . . Köln! . . . Brussels! It was a race against apprehension. I was happily frightened, much as a colt is, when it shies at its own shadow. Altho I was in long trousers and looked years older than I was, I had not sense enough to see the affair in its true light—a foolish escapade which was quite certain to have disagreeable consequences. And so I fled from Berlin to Paris.

From Paris I fled, too. There any circumstance struck my fevered imagination as being suspicious. After a day in the French capital, I scurried south to Nice and from Nice to Monte Carlo. Precocious youngster, indeed, for there I had my first experience with that favored figure of the novelist, the woman secret agent. No novelist, I venture to say, would ever

Our Thanksgivin'

The Colonel an' me have
figgered it out
How it shore is a sin an' a
crime
That a feller can't eat two dinners
at once,
Or smoke two pipes at a time.

So the Colonel an' me have figgered
it out
That the sensible thing to do
Is distribute a Thanksgivin' basket
or so,
With a good tin of Velvet or two.

An' so we enjoy some other man's feast
As well as the one that we eat;
An' the Velvet that burns in the other man's pipe
Makes our pipes taste twice as sweet.

Velvet Joe

After Thanksgiving Dinner

Velvet

The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco cured in Nature's way—two years ageing in wooden hogsheads; the slow way—the expensive way—but the *right* way.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The only real test of an inner tube is time

Put an ordinary inner tube away under your seat, and it won't last much longer than it would if you were using it.

For the real test of a tube is not so much strength to resist wear, but endurance to withstand the deterioration of time.

It's the same way with garden hose and hot water bottles and rubber bands. They don't get worn out by friction. They die of old age—often prematurely.

The fact is that rubber is a short-lived material.

To make a tube that will last you must do something to give it longer life than crude rubber itself naturally possesses. This is just what is done by the secret chemical process used in making Empire Red Tubes.

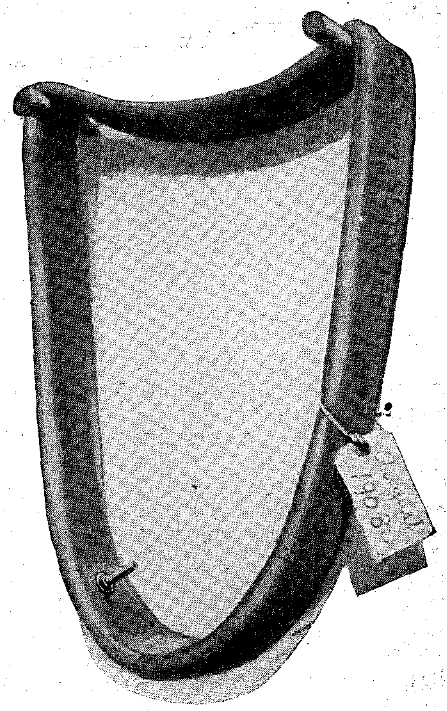
An Empire Red Tube can be stretched to 7½ times its length and then spring back to its original size unharmed. We have records of Empire Red Tubes used as tow-ropes. But these performances do not mean nearly so much as the fact that since 1908, an Empire Red Tube has hung in the Chief's office at Trenton, and is still as live and airtight as when it was new, nine years ago.

No matter how many miles it goes, an Empire Red Tube will usually *last as long as the average car itself.*

Puncture it over and over again. It can be repaired as good as new. For the same process that makes it resist the deterioration of time, makes it resist the deteriorating action of the heat used in vulcanizing.

This is why many Empire Red Tubes, bought 10 years ago, are still in service.

The record of 10 years has proved that in the vast majority of cases, an Empire Red Tube will *last as long as the average car itself.*



Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself. The Empire Red Tube illustrated above has hung in the Chief's office at Trenton since 1908, and is still as live and airtight as it was nine years ago.

The Empire Tire Dealer

have picked her out of the Riviera crowd as being what she was. She wore no air of mystery; and tho attractive enough in a quiet way, she was very far from the siren type in looks or manners. The friendliness that she, a woman of the mid-thirties, showed a lonely boy was perfectly natural. I should never have guessed her to be an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse had she not chosen to let me know it. Of course, the moment she spoke to me of "my document," I knew she had made my acquaintance with a purpose. If the dear old frock-coated agent of the Chancellor had been asleep, the telegraph-wires from Berlin to Paris and Nice and Monte Carlo had been quite awake.

The proof that I was actually watched and waited for thrilled me anew. It also alarmed me when my friend explained how deeply my Government was affronted. Soon the alarm outgrew the thrill and in the end I quite broke down. Then the woman in her, touched with pity, apparently displaced the adventuress. We took counsel together and she showed me a way out.

"Your document," she said, "has a Russian as well as a German importance. Why not try Petrograd since Berlin is hostile? For the sake of what you bring, Russia might give shelter and protection."

Remember, I was very young and she was all kindness. Yes, she discovered for me the avenue of escape and she set my foot upon it in the most motherly way. And I unknowingly took my first humble lesson in the great art of intrigue. For, as I learned years afterward, that woman was not a German agent, but a Russian!

But at that time I was all innocent gratitude for her kindness. I was thankful enough to proceed to Petrograd by way of Italy, Constantinople, and Odessa. Of course, she must have designated a man unknown to me to travel with me, and make sure that I reached the Russian capital. To my hotel in Petrograd, just as the woman had predicted, came an officer of the political police, who courteously asked me not to leave the building for twenty-four hours. The next day the man from the Okrana came again. This time he had a droshky waiting, with one of those bull-necked, blue-corduroy-robed, muscular Russian jehus on the box. We were driven down the Nevsky Prospect to a palace. Here I soon found myself in the presence of a man I did not then know as Count Witte. He greeted me kindly, merely remarking that he had heard I was in some difficulties, and offering me aid and advice. My letter was not referred to and the interview ended.

So began the process of drawing me out. A fortnight later the matter of my information was broached openly and the suggestion was made that if I delivered it to the Russian Government, high officials would be friendly and a career assured me in Russia, as I grew up. But by that time Germany had changed her attitude. Her agents also reached me in Petrograd. From them I received new assurance of the importance of the document. If I would release it—so the German agents who came to my hotel told me—and keep my tongue still, Berlin would pardon my indiscretion and assure me a career at home. Russia or Germany? My decision was quickly made. That very night I was smuggled out of Petrograd and whisked across the frontier at Alexandrovna, into Germany; and the letter passed out of my hands—for the time being.

Passing from Captain von der Goltz's exploits in Europe and Mexico, we come to his narrative of more immediate interest concerning Germany's long record of intrigue in the United States. He writes:

If you consider the tremendous ramifications of the system that Germany has built, the extent of its organization, and the efficiency with which so gigantic a secret work was carried on, you will realize that this system was not the work of a short period, but of many years. As a matter of fact, Germany had laid the foundation of that structure of espionage and conspiracy many years before—even before the time when the United States first became a colonial Power and thus involved herself in the tangle of world politics.

I am making no rash assertions when I state that ten years ago the course which German agents should adopt toward the United States in the event of a great European war had been determined with a reasonable amount of exactness by the General Staff, and that it was this plan that was adapted to the conditions of the moment, and set into operation at the outbreak of the present conflict. No element of hostility lay behind this planning. Germany had no grievance against you; and whatever potential causes of conflict existed between the two nations lay far in the future.

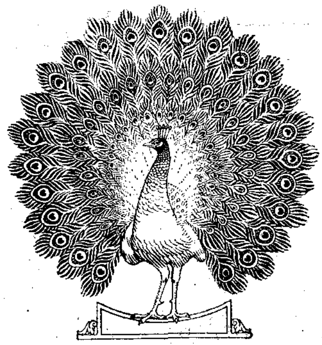
That plan, so complete in detail, so menacing in its intent, was but part of a world-plan that should assure to Germany when the time was ripe the submission of all her enemies and the peaceful assistance and acquiescence in her aims of whatever parts of the world should at that time remain at peace. Germany looked far ahead on that day when she first knew that war must come. She realized, if no other nation did, that however strong in themselves the combatants were, the neutrals who should command the world's supplies would really determine the victory.

Knowing this, Germany—which does not play the game of diplomacy with gloves on —laid her plans accordingly.

The United States offered a peculiarly fruitful field for her endeavors. By tradition and geography divorced from European rivalries, it was, nevertheless, from both an industrial and agricultural standpoint, obviously to become the most important of neutral nations. The United States alone could feed and equip a continent; and it needed no prophet to perceive that whichever country could appropriate to itself her resources would unquestionably win the war, if a speedy military victory were not forthcoming.

It was Germany's aim, therefore, to prepare the way by which she could secure these supplies, or, failing in that, to keep them from the enemy, England—if England it should be. In a military way such a plan had little chance of success. England's command of the seas was too complete for Germany to consider that she could establish a successful blockade against her. It was then, I fancy, that Germany bethought herself of a greatly potential ally in the millions of citizens of German birth or parentage with whom the United States was filled.

One may extract a trifle of cynical amusement from what followed. Those millions of German-Americans had never



Vanity
NEW YORK

Hats *for* Men

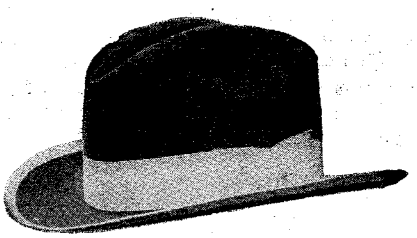
We believe this trademark is going to mean more to you as time goes on.

A great many of the most fastidious men in the important cities and towns of America are wearing VANITY HATS this Winter. For Spring we can promise a line of VANITY HATS that will include shapes and colorings never shown in the hat business heretofore.

While VANITY HATS are smart and distinctly in advance of the common run of styles, they are always within the limits of good taste.

They are made for the man who values correct appearance. They retail for Five Dollars.

As for the quality of materials and details of workmanship, you can safely leave these to the NONAME HAT MFG. CO., who have been building up goodwill in the hat trade for more than 30 years.



If you do not know which dealer in your city carries the VANITY line, write us.

NONAME HAT MFG. CO.
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TO DEALERS: If we are not represented in your city, we will be glad to consider your application for the exclusive agency. This is a line of which you can justly be proud.

been regarded with affection in Berlin. The vast majority of them were descendants of men who had left their homes for political reasons; and of those who had been born in Germany many had emigrated to escape military service, and others had gone to seek a better opportunity than their native land provided. They had been called renegades who had given up their true allegiance for citizenship in a foreign country, and Bernstorff himself, according to the evidence of United States Senator Phelan, had said that he regarded them as traitors and cowards.

But Germany voicing her own spleen in private and Germany with an ax to grind were two different beings. And no one who observed the honeyed beginnings of the *Deutschtum* movement in America would have believed that these men who in public were so assiduously and graciously flattered were in private characterized as utter traitors to the Fatherland—and worse.

Certainly no one believed it when, in 1900, Prince Henry of Prussia paid his famous visit to America. No word of criticism of these "traitors" was spoken by him; and when at banquets glasses were raised and Milwaukee smiled across the table at Berlin, the sentimental onlooker might have known a gush of joy at this spectacle of amity and reconciliation. And the sentimental onlooker would never have suspected that Prince Henry had traveled three thousand miles for any other purpose than to attend the launching of the Kaiser's yacht *Meteor*, which was then being built in an American yard.

But to the cynical observer, searching the records of the years immediately following Prince Henry's visit, a few strange facts would have become apparent. He would have discovered that German societies, which had been neither very numerous nor popular before, had in a comparatively short time acquired a membership and a prominence that were little short of remarkable. He would have noted the increasing number of German teachers and professors who appeared on the faculties of American schools and colleges. He would have remarked upon the growth in popularity of the German newspapers, many of them edited by Germans who had never become naturalized. And yet, observing these things, he might have agreed with the vast majority of Americans in regarding them as entirely harmless and of significance merely as a proof of how hard love of one's native land dies.

He would have been mistaken had he so regarded them. The German Government does not spend money for sentimental purposes; and in the last ten years the Government has expended literally millions of dollars for propaganda in the United States. It has consistently encouraged a sentiment for the Fatherland that should be so strong that it would hold first place in the heart of every German-American. It has circulated pamphlets advocating the exclusive use of the German language, not merely in the homes, but in shops and street-cars and all other public places. It has lent financial support to German organizations in America, and in a thousand ways has aimed so to win the hearts of the German-Americans that when the time should come the United States, by sheer force of numbers, would be delivered, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the German Government.

It was this object of undermining the true allegiance of the German citizens of the United States which transformed an innocent and natural tendency into a menace that was the more insidious because the very people involved were, for the most part, entirely ignorant of its true nature. Germany seized upon an attachment that was purely one of sentiment and race and sought to make it an instrument of political power; and she went about her work with so efficient a secrecy that she very nearly accomplished her purpose.

By the time the Great War broke out the German propaganda in America had assumed notable proportions. German newspapers were plentiful and had acquired a tremendous influence over the minds of German-speaking folk. Many of the German societies had been consolidated into one national organization—the German-American National Alliance, with a membership of two millions, and a president, C. J. Hexamer, of Chicago, whose devotion to the Fatherland has been so great that he has since been decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle. And the German people of the United States had, by a long campaign of flattery and cajolery, coupled with a systematic glorification of German genius and institutions, been won to attachment to the country of their origin that required only a touch to translate it into fanaticism.

Germany had set the stage and rehearsed the chorus. There were needed only the principals to make the drama complete. These she provided in the persons of four men: Franz von Papen, Karl Boy-Ed, Heinrich Albert, and, later, Franz von Rintelen.

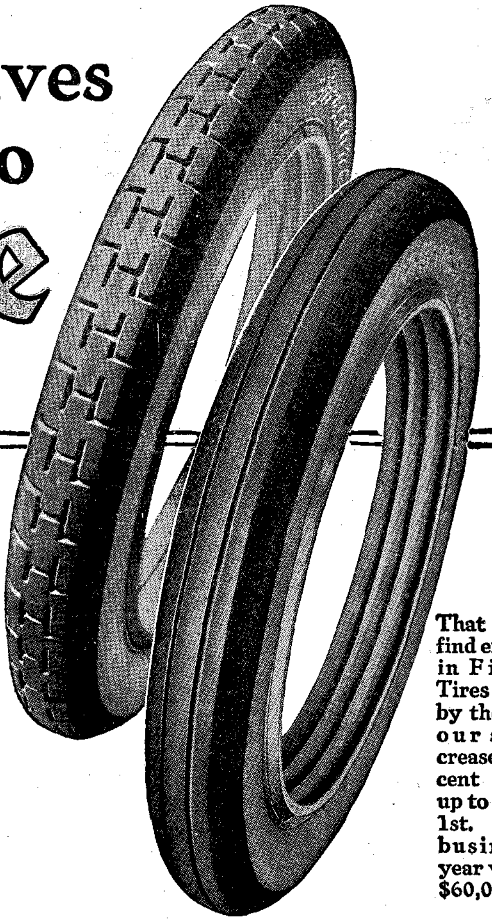
They were no ordinary men whom Germany had appointed to the leadership of this giant underground warfare against a peaceful country. Highly bred, possessing a wide and intensive knowledge of finance, of military strategy, and of diplomatic *finesse*, they were admirably equipped to win the admiration and trust of the people of this country, at the very moment that they were attacking them. All of them were men skilled in the art of making friends; and so successfully did they employ this art that their popularity for a long time contrived to shield them from suspicion. Each of these men was assigned to the command of some particular branch of German secret service. And each brought to his task the resources of the scientist, the soldier, and the statesman, coupled with the scruples of the bandit.

Captain von der Goltz gives a comprehensive résumé of pro-German activities in our neutral years, in which he tells us among other things that "there is a typical German club in New York—the *Deutscher Verein* on Central Park South. During the war it has been used as a sub-office of the German General Staff. It was here that von Papen used to store the dynamite that was needed in such enterprises as the Welland Canal plot. It was here that conspirators used to meet for conferences which no one, not even the other members of the club, could tell were not as innocent as they seemed." If he has suffered from the tension, yet enjoyed the adventure of his ten years in the "Kaiser's web," as he calls it, Captain von der Goltz asserts that he served the German Government as long as he believed it to be representing the interests of his countrymen. Convinced that the men who made up the Government, the Hohenzollerns, the Junkers, and the bureaucrats, were ambitious to preserve their power even at the expense of Germany, his attitude changed, and he decided to write the present book about men who, in their insane ambition, are enemies of Germany as well as of the rest of the world. Of Germany's underground works, now that we are at war with her, we read:

> Before the entry of the United States into the war, the principal activities of the German Government's agents were confined to the fomenting of strikes in munitions-plants and other war-activities, the organizing of plots to blow up ships, canals, or bridges—anything which would hamper the transportation of supplies to [illegible] Allies—and the inciting of sedition by stirring up trouble between German-Americans and Americans of other descent. [illegible] these acts were committed in order to prevent you from aiding in any way [illegible] enemies of Germany; and, also, by creating disorder in this country in peace times to furnish you with an object-lesson of what could be done in war-times.
>
> These things were planned, overseen, and executed by Germans and by other enemies of the Allies, under the leadership of men like von Papen, who were accredited agents of the German Government, and who were protected by diplomatic immunity.
>
> Now that the war has come, an entirely new task is before the German Government and an entirely new set of people are needed to do it. War-time spying is absolutely different from the work which was done before the war, and the two have no connection with each other—except as the work done before the war has prepared the way for the work which is being done now.
>
> And whereas the work done before the war was conducted by Germans, the present work, for very obvious reasons, can not be done by any one who is a German or who is likely to be suspected of German affiliations.
>
> I venture to say that not 1 per cent. of the persons who are engaged in spying for the German Government at the present time are either of German birth or descent.
>
> I say this, not because I know how the German secret service is being conducted in this country, but because I know how it has been conducted in other countries.
>
> Let me explain. It is obvious that such activities as the inciting to strikes and the conspiring which were done in the last three years could be safely conducted by Germans, because the two countries were at peace. The moment that war was declared, every German became an object of suspicion, and his usefulness in spying—that is, the obtaining of military, naval, political, and diplomatic secrets—was ended immediately. For that reason Germany and every other government which has spies in the enemy country make a practise during war of employing practically no known citizens of its own country.
>
> At the present time more than 90 per cent. of the German spies in England are Englishmen. The rest are Russians,

Actual Service Gives Leadership To Firestone

SUPER CORD TIRES



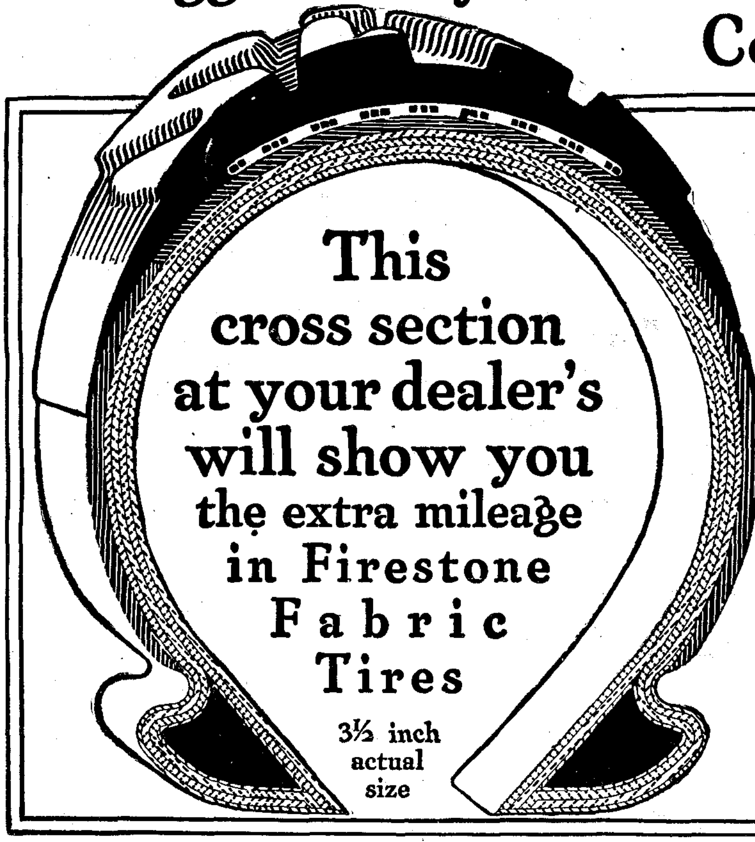
WITH numerous makes of cord tires contesting, the past year has witnessed the sharpest rivalry for Tire Supremacy that motordom has ever known.

In this contest the Firestone Super Cord rightly came into its acknowledged leadership, rightly because of the construction which is designed to produce strength, durability and flexible action.

The **body** of the Firestone Super Cord Tire is built of walls of stout cord, each cord imbedded in pure gum, no two cords ever touching to cause friction. The **cushion** (which is under the tread to absorb shocks and protect the inner body) is a thick layer of pure gum; the tread is tough and thick. The **beads** which hold the tire in the rim are specially reinforced. The **sidewall** is also reinforced giving extra strength against rim-cut and raising the bending point of the tire safely high. **More mileage** at less cost. Users of Firestone Cord Tires are enjoying a new and higher standard of mileage. Ask your dealer.

That motorists find extra values in Firestone Tires is proved by the fact that our sales increased 72 per cent this year up to September 1st. Our total business this year will exceed $60,000,000.

New Fabric Tire Features Suggested By Success Of Cord Construction



This cross section at your dealer's will show you the extra mileage in Firestone Fabric Tires

3½ inch actual size

Firestone

FABRIC TIRES

have benefited by every feature of cord-tire construction which can be used to advantage. THICK, TOUGH TREAD gives longer surface wear. MORE RUBBER BETWEEN LAYERS. Added protection against internal friction and greater resiliency. THICK CUSHION STOCK. Still more resiliency, protection against tread separation and stone bruise. REINFORCEMENT IN SIDE WALL. Greater strength at the bead. Firestone dealers will show you a cross section of the newest output of FIRESTONE FABRIC TIRES, explaining the features that add more miles to Most Miles per Dollar.

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Duofold Health Underwear

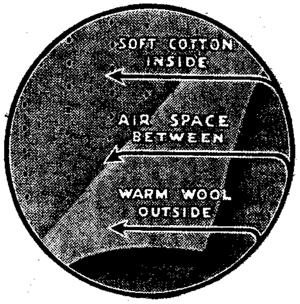
Cotton next to Skin . . . COMFORT
Warm Wool outside . . . NO ITCH
Air Space between . . . . PREVENTS COLDS

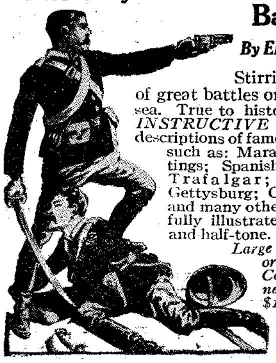
It's that thin inner layer of soft cotton that feels so good to the skin. It's the thin outer layer of fine wool that keeps you warm. And the wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the cotton layer, evaporates it and keeps the garment *soft* and *fresh* and your body *dry*. The *air space between* provides *healthful ventilation.*

Test these claims by *wearing* Duofold yourself—*it's worth the trial.*

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Description and Sample of Fabric sent on request.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
MOHAWK, N. Y.





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Dutchmen, Roumanians—what you will—anything but Germans.

One of the former heads of the French secret service in this country was a man who called himself Guillaume. His real name is Wilhelm and he was born in Berlin!

For that reason to arrest such men as Carl Heynen or Professor Hanneck is merely a precautionary measure. Whatever connection these men may have had with the German Government formerly, their work is now done, and their detention does not hinder the workings of the real spy system one iota.

SCENES IN LONDON DURING A RAID FROM THE SKIES

EVEN war can not dull the enthusiasm of the statistically minded. Lord Montagu has figured out that in an air-raid on London the chance of being wounded is one in 87,000, while the chance of being killed is only one in 625,000. Figuratively speaking, this is all very cheery and encouraging, until one reads that every defense projectile that happens to burst in the air scatters 500 separate bullets or pieces of shell. But the residents of London have become so accustomed to these dangers that they go about their business as calmly as if winged death were not likely to flash above the city at any moment, and a writer in the New York *Evening Post* interestingly records impressions of air-raids:

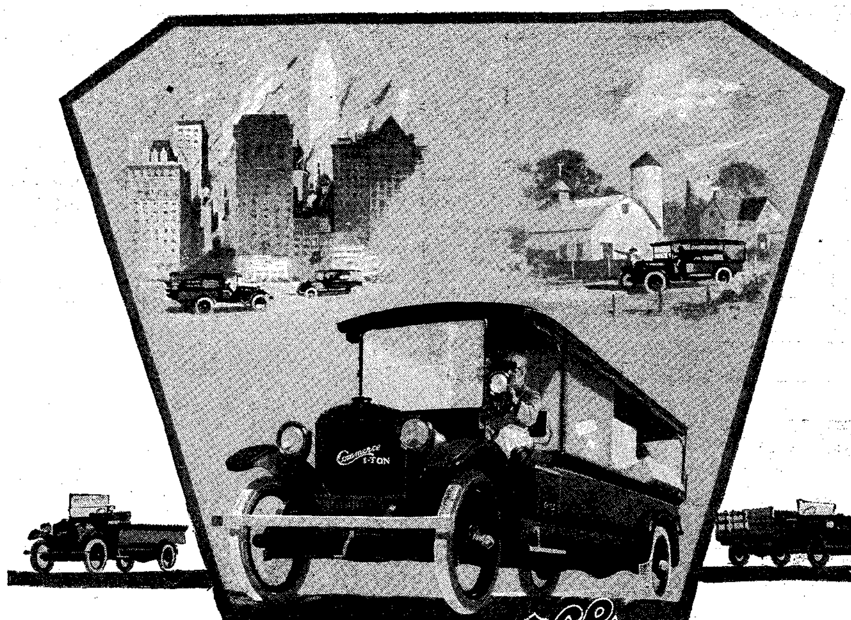
> Our experiences lately have been very different from those of the period of occasional *Zeppelin* visits. For one thing, bombardment has almost become part of one's every-day routine instead of a rare incident. For another thing, the more vigorous and better organized system of defense now adopted has considerably changed the situation, as far as the ordinary inhabitant is concerned. During the *Zeppelin* period one's only danger came from enemy bombs. Nowadays it is mainly our own gun-fire against which it is necessary to take precautions. The elaborate and extensive barrage system has multiplied immensely the number of deadly missiles flying around us at any particular moment.
>
> During September the number of air-raids on London was much greater than ever before, but the deaths were only forty-six, which is far below the number of deaths through street accidents. Direct hits by bombs have been very few indeed, and most of the casualties through shrapnel have been due to neglect to take proper cover. At one hospital, during a recent raid, everything was made ready in the wards and operating-theaters for scores of casualties, but no one called for as much as a bit of sticking-plaster for a cut. At the same time, the noise is tremendously more than it used to be, owing to the greater activity of the defense. In fact, one might almost deduce the general law that the louder the din, the greater the safety.
>
> If you happen to be indoors when a raid begins, the first you know of it, as a rule, is from the sound of the defending guns, or, in the daytime, from that of the signal rockets. For people in the streets

there is the warning given by constables on ordinary cycles, or motor-cycles, or in automobiles, who go out blowing whistles and exhibiting "Take Cover" signs. At night there are no sound-rockets, but cars with illuminated signs travel through the streets.

The noise made by the barrage fire is far greater than anything this city has ever heard before. It makes such an impression that everybody believes the gun nearest his own house is the biggest in the whole of the London area. Sometimes several distinct sounds may be detected. In some districts there is heard the hum of the machinery of the aeroplanes. The exploding shells burst with a pop if they are some distance away, or with a loud crack if they are nearer. One of the most uncanny and unnerving sounds is the shrill cry of the shells, resembling sometimes a whistle and sometimes a moan, as of a person in agony.

The reports of the explosions are variously described as like the "slamming of a huge door in the sky," the sudden raising of a gigantic Venetian blind, while another observer likens the noise to that of a boiler-riveting shop multiplied indefinitely. But even more startling are the occasional intervals of absolute silence. The writer in *The Evening Post* says:

> All the busses and taxis have stopt. Drivers and passengers alike have taken cover, and the streets present a curious appearance, with few pedestrians about and rows of unlighted and deserted vehicles lined up by the curbs. The only thing that breaks the silence is the sound of the quick footsteps of some courageous individual taking advantage of the temporary cessation to scurry home between showers. There is something peculiarly impressive about this silence, because one realizes that it is a listening silence. Seven and a half million people are keenly alert at the same moment, waiting for the next outbreak of the satanic din.
>
> Meanwhile, if you are a prudent person, there is not much for you to see, for you are keeping away from doors and windows—the most dangerous part of your house or shelter when shrapnel is flying about. Those who can not avoid exposing themselves are rewarded for their risk by the spectacle of a sky studded with brilliant star-showers, varied by the play of searchlights and with the clear moon placidly shining over all.
>
> Presently the "All Clear" notice is officially issued, and is transmitted by policemen in automobiles shouting the welcome message through the streets. Within a few minutes the normal life of London is resumed. You hear the commonplace sound of cars and cabs running once more, and the footsteps of homeward-bound pedestrians who have been held up by the raid.
>
> As always happens in such cases, the seriousness of the situation has been relieved here and there by humor, conscious, and unconscious. The other night, some special constables on duty near a school during a raid were listening to the boys as they were holding the usual evening service. To their great amusement they discovered that the hymn that happened to be chosen that evening was "Hark, hark, my soul," with a refrain, "Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night." And



Commerce
"TRUCKS FOR BUSINESS"

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Big City, Small Town and Farming Country all know and need and operate the one-ton Commerce Truck.

Manufacturer, merchant and farmer all find in the one-ton Commerce Truck the solution of their hauling and delivery problems.

Reasons

The one-ton Commerce Truck has Stamina with Good Looks—

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A remarkable Range of Usefulness with a remarkable Completeness of Equipment.

Perhaps, this last — the Commerce's Completeness of Equipment—is the most important factor in the nation-wide popularity of the one-ton Commerce.

When you purchase a Commerce Truck, you receive it Completely Equipped. You don't face the necessity of purchasing additional equipment—at additional cost — to enable you to operate the Truck for your needs. There are no "extras."

For seven years we have been building and selling Commerce Trucks. Thousands of satisfied Commerce owners are the best proof of our success.

It is, in a word, the business man's verdict that it is good economy, a good advertisement and a good investment to own and operate a Commerce Truck.

YOUR Business is Our Business—if you need motor trucks, if you buy motor trucks, if you sell motor trucks—because we build Commerce Trucks for Business.

One-ton Chassis - - -	$1340
With Express Body - -	$1375
With Post Top and Storm Curtains - - -	$1450
With Standard Stake Body -	$1490

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You home lover and booklover, send for our new free catalogue about the practical and economical way of keeping your books away from the dust in handsome cabinets, which are built in sections, not in wasteful solid bookcases—wasteful as to floor space, shipping cost and wasted space half filled with books.

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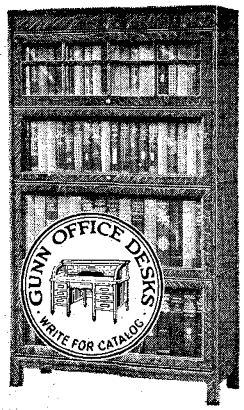


LINC

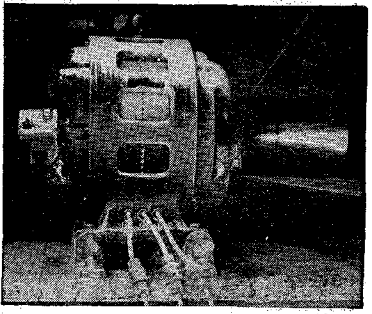
MOTORS

IN every industry where their work must be done under difficulties, you will find Lincoln Motors—the motors that run under water.

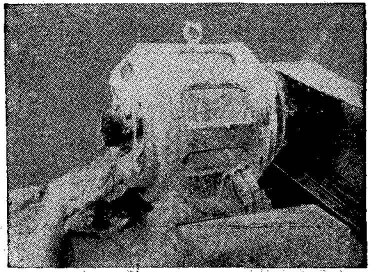
The dust of the foundry—the fumes of the chemical plant—the slop and steam of the paper mill—these and other severe tests have proven that Lincoln Motors are dependable.

You may not require a motor to run under water, but you do want a motor which is thoroughly reliable in service.

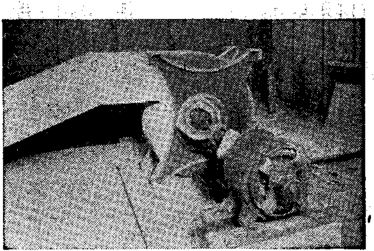
The "under water" test is your best guarantee.



Lincoln Motor working under bad moisture conditions in the country's largest coated paper mill.



Lincoln Motor hoisting pulverized stone in plant of Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Note dust on the motor.



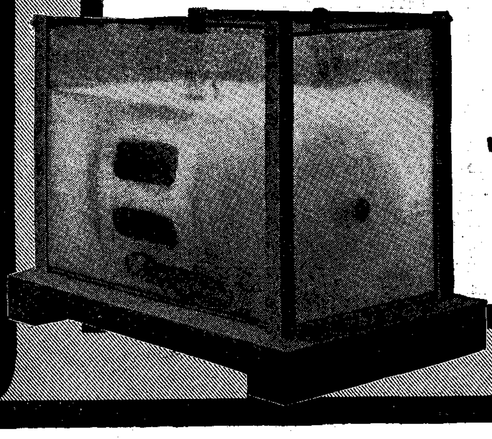
Lincoln Motor operating Fan under bad conditions in large iron works.

Our Motor Bulletin

No. 101-S tells about motor drive in simple, non-technical language and shows many remarkable Lincoln installations.

Write for it on your business letterhead

This Lincoln Motor operated under water over three years without damage to windings.



The Lincoln Electric Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

(See List of Branch Offices on Opposite Page.)

OLN

WELDERS

IN every plant where iron and steel are worked, there are opportunities for enormous saving with Lincoln Arc Welders.

Right in your own plant—perhaps—there are operations where pieces of metal are to be joined—there are castings, forgings or stampings with defects which can be perfectly repaired—there are broken and worn parts which can be made as good as new.

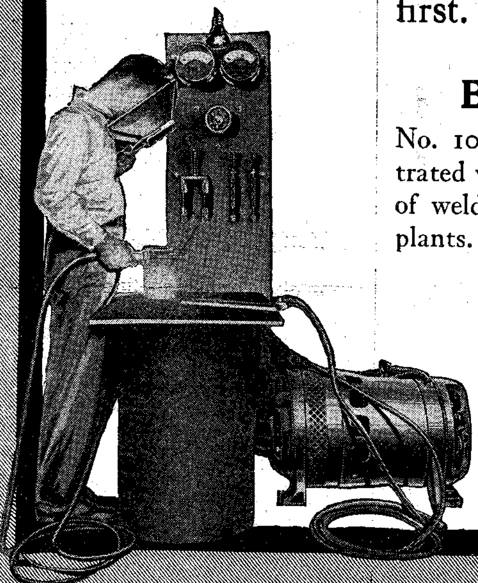
Lincoln Engineers will go over the problem and report to you, or, if you prefer, you can read the facts about arc welding first.

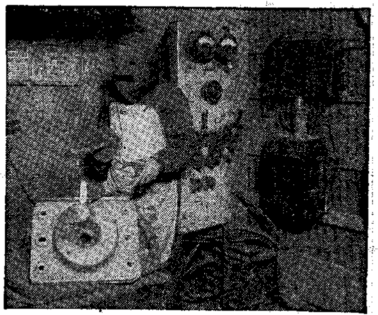
Book on Welding

No. 104-S. Forty-eight pages illustrated with over one hundred photos of welding in all types of industrial plants.

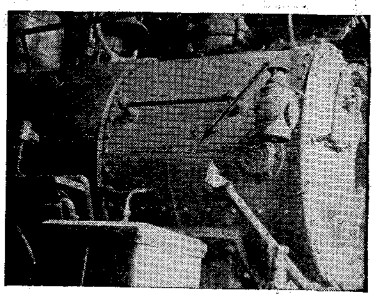
Write for it on your business letterhead

This shows the complete Lincoln Arc Welder in use in a steel foundry.

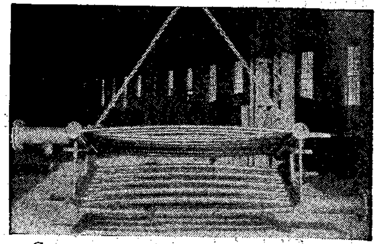




Repairing defect in steel casting with a Lincoln Arc Welder. New steel is melted into the hole.



Seam on smoke box of locomotive boiler, welded with Lincoln Arc Welder. There are thousands of such jobs in every railroad shop.



Steam superheater made of steel tubes with every joint welded by Lincoln Arc Welder.

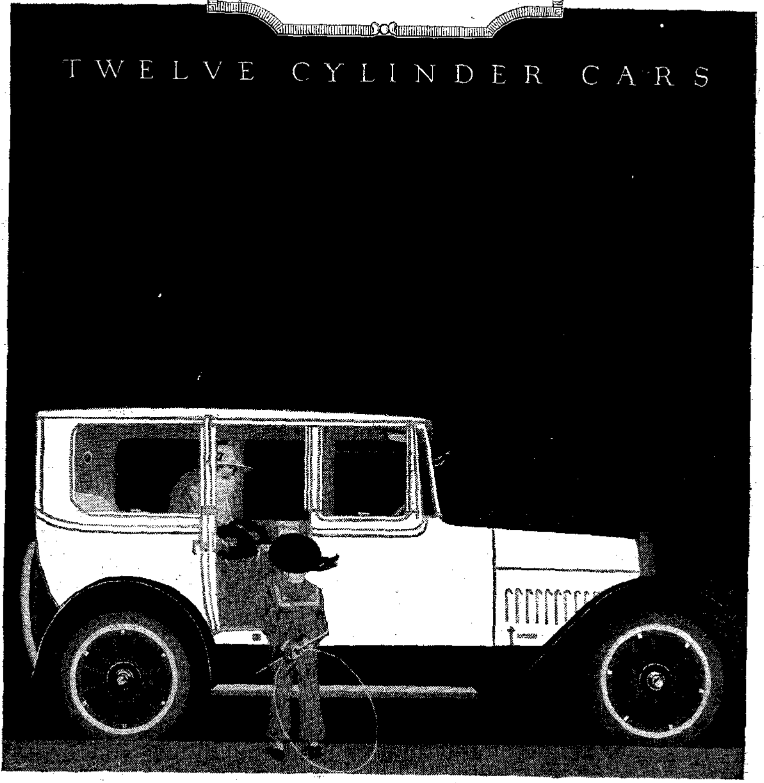
MAIN OFFICES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Branches in Following Cities:

New York City	**Boston**	**Detroit**	**Charlotte, N. C.**
Buffalo	**Chicago**	**Pittsburgh**	**Toronto**
Syracuse	**Columbus**	**Philadelphia**	**Montreal**

Agencies in Other Principal Cities

National



A TRUE TOURING SEDAN
—with airplane type motor

IMAGINE a luxurious closed car, finely appointed as a limousine, which in an instant can be altered with ease into a regular touring model.

Imagine, again, this car powered with so serenely competent a motor as to make it as capable for sustained cross country touring as for dignified city use.

Such a car is the new twelve-cylinder (airplane type) National Touring Sedan.

In usefulness and value, in capacity and quiet elegance, it caps the manufacturing endeavor of our seventeen fruitful years.

This new National Touring Sedan is a big car, spacious and impressive, accommodating seven passengers in utter comfort under all conditions.

It is upholstered in the highest quality of fine gray whipcord, and its appointment is unusually elaborate and complete.

Its conversion into a regular touring model is a matter of seconds only, the crystal panels disappearing into the body of the car.

Most important of all, this new National Touring Sedan is a *performing* closed car.

The smooth, able and unfailing twelve-cylinder airplane type National motor around which it is built assumes the slightly heavier Sedan carriage without effort.

We are sure that it will deliver you a higher degree of satisfaction than you have known from any other type of motor car.

NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORP., INDIANAPOLIS
Seventeenth Successful Year

Complete Range of Body Styles in Both
Six and Twelve Cylinder Models
7-Passenger Touring Car, 4-Passenger Sport Phaeton, 4-Passenger Roadster, Convertible Sedan
The Six Sedan $2820, The Twelve Sedan $3420. Open Car Prices—The Six $1995, The Twelve $2595
Government's War Revenue Tax Extra Charge

in a street that had suffered severely from enemy bombs a woman from a ruined house was seen the next morning among the crowd that had collected to survey the damage. She was inquiring for her landlord.

"I must find him," she said; "it is most important."

"A question of repairs?" suggested a visitor.

"Oh, no," she replied, flourishing a Treasury note; "I want to pay my rent; it was due yesterday."

SAVING OF MARK TWAIN

"THE only man *I* care for in the world; the only man I would give a d—— for; the only man who is lavishing his sweat and blood to save me and mine from starvation and shame, is a Standard Oil fiend," Mark Twain wrote his wife during those bitterly dark days of his financial difficulties, when Mr. H. H. Rogers, the great Standard Oil magnate, cheerfully took upon himself the task of unsnarling the tangled skein of Twain's business interests in his ill-fated publishing firm of Webster & Co. The intense sincerity of Twain's gratitude and his high estimate of the man who so unselfishly aided him are set forth in his own characteristic fashion in the series of letters now running in *Harper's Magazine*. Mrs. Clemens was in Paris, with the daughters, when he wrote the following letter:

THE PLAYERS,
Feb. 15, '94. 11.30 P.M.

Livy darling, yesterday I talked all my various matters over with Mr. Rogers & we decided that it would be safe for me to leave here the 7th of March in the *New York*. So his private secretary, Miss Harrison, wrote & ordered a berth for me & then I lost no time in cabling you that I should reach Southampton March 14, & Paris the 15th. Land, but it made my pulses leap, to think I was going to see you again!

One thing at a time. I never fully laid Webster's disastrous condition before Mr. Rogers until to-night after billiards. I did hate to burden his good heart and overworked head with it, but he took hold with avidity & said it was no burden to work for his friends, but a pleasure. We discust it from various standpoints, & found it a sufficiently difficult problem to solve; but he thinks that after he has slept upon it & thought it over he will know what to suggest.

You must not think that I am ever rude with Mr. Rogers, I am not. He is not common clay, but fine—fine & delicate—& that sort do not call out the coarsenesses that are in my sort. I am never afraid of wounding him; I do not need to watch myself in that matter. The sight of him is peace.

He wants to go to Japan—it is his dream; wants to go with me—which means, the two families—& hear no more about business for a while, & have a rest. And he needs it. But it is all the dreams of all busy men—fated to remain dreams.

You perceive that he is a pleasant text for me. It is easy to write about him. When I arrived in September, lord, how

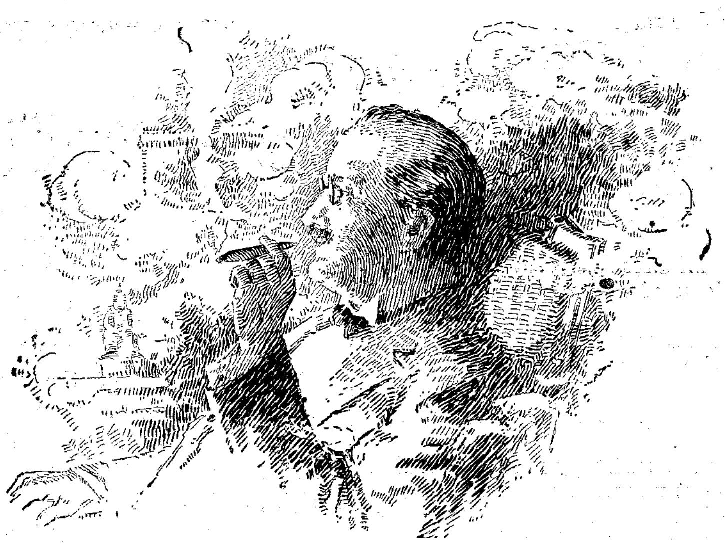
> black the prospect was—how desperate, how incurably desperate! Webster & Co. had to have a small sum of money or go under at once. I flew to Hartford—to my friends—but they were not moved, not strongly interested, & I was ashamed that I went. It was from Mr. Rogers, a stranger, that I got the money & was by it saved. And then—while still a stranger—he set himself the task of saving my financial life without putting upon me (in his native delicacy) any sense that I was the recipient of a charity, a benevolence—& he has accomplished that task; accomplished it at cost of three months of wearing & difficult labor. He gave that time to me—time which could not be bought by any man at a hundred thousand dollars a month—no, nor for three times the money.
>
> Well, in the midst of that great fight, that long & admirable fight, W—— came to me & said—
>
> "There is a splendid chance open to you. I know a man—a prominent man—who has written a book that will go like wild-fire; a book that arraigns the Standard Oil fiends, & gives them unmitigated hell, individual by individual. It is the very book for you to publish; there is a fortune in it, & I can put you in communication with the author."
>
> I *wanted* to say—
>
> "The only man *I* care for in the world; the only man I would give a *damn* for; the only man who is lavishing his sweat and blood to save me & mine from starvation & shame, is a Standard Oil fiend. If you know me, you know whether I want the book or not."
>
> But I didn't say that. I said I didn't want *any* book; I wanted to get out of the publishing business & out of *all* business, & was here for that purpose and would accomplish it if I could.

But, writes Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who is editing the letters, even so able a man as Henry Rogers could not accomplish the impossible. The affairs of the Webster Company were hopeless; the business was not worth saving. By Mr. Rogers's advice an assignment was made. Mr. Paine notes that the publication of the Grant Memoirs had been its only great achievement.

Clemens joined his family in Europe, working on "Joan of Arc," since, as he whimsically wrote Mr. Rogers in August, 1914, Mrs. Clemens required him to drop the lecture platform out of his mind and go straight ahead with Joan until the book should be finished. This letter says:

> If I should ever have to go home for even a week she means to go with me—won't consent to be separated again—but she hopes I won't need to go. I tell her all right, "I won't go unless you send, and then I *must*."
>
> She keeps the accounts; and as she ciphers it we can't get crowded for money for eight months yet. I didn't know that. But I don't know much anyway.

Rouen, where Joan met her martyrdom, was not far from the little Norman watering-place where the Clemens family were staying, and they stopt there on their way to Paris where they were to winter. Twain explored the old city, and wrote



Let grateful incense rise!

How cheerful are these chilly evenings 'round the hearth—the logs in merry blaze—the shadows dancing fitfully about the room!

Come, friends, 'tis time to let our grateful incense rise!

The grateful incense of my ROBERT BURNS! His fragrant mildness soothes me—yet the ripe Havana in his filler keeps him zestful, too.

"Bob" knows my moods—and he respects them. Never does he twit me with "I *told* you so"—when I'm *through* smoking.

So here's to ROBERT BURNS—the Mild—the Good!—a cigar with the capacity for forming friendships that grow old gracefully!

* * * * *

What makes ROBERT BURNS a favorite with men who practice moderation?

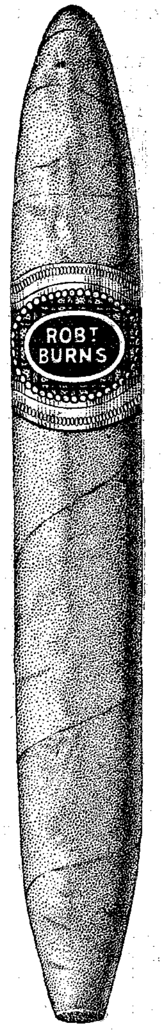
Two factors explain it: the *blend* and the *curing.*

ROBERT BURNS' Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Thus expressing in his balanced leaf the more critical smoke standards of today, good ROBERT BURNS is a better, wiselier-constitutioned cigar than ever.

Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.



Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

Mr. Rogers that he was doing some writing of another sort:

> To put in my odd time I am writing some articles about Paul Bourget and his *Outre-Mer* chapters—laughing at them and at some of our oracular owls who find them important. What the hell makes them important, I should like to know!

In January he wrote Mr. Rogers:

> At six minutes past seven yesterday evening Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.
>
> With the long strain gone, I am in a sort of physical collapse to-day, but it will be gone to-morrow. I judged that this end of the book would be hard work, and it turned out so.
>
> Possibly the book may not sell, but that is nothing—it was written for love.
>
> There—I'm called to see company. The family seldom require this of me, but they know I am not working to-day.

A month later Twain returned to New York to close up arrangements for a reading tour around the world. He was nearly sixty years old, and time had not lessened his loathing for the platform, but it was a good debt-payer, and his burden had never been so great as now. It was on his return to France that he stopt in London to visit Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, of whom he wrote Mr. Rogers as follows:

> DEAR MR. ROGERS,—Stanley is magnificently housed in London, in a grand mansion in the midst of the official world right off Downing Street and Whitehall. He had an extraordinary assemblage of brains and fame there to meet me—thirty or forty (both sexes) at dinner, and more than a hundred came in after dinner. Kept it up till after midnight. There were cabinet ministers, ambassadors, admirals, generals, canons, Oxford professors, novelists, playwrights, poets, and a number of people equipped with rank *and* brains. I told some yarns and made some speeches. I promised to call on all those people next time I come to London, and show them the wife and the daughters. If I were younger and very strong I would dearly love to spend a season in London—provided I had no work on hand, or no work more exacting than lecturing. I think I will lecture there a month or two when I return from Australia.
>
> There were many delightful ladies in that company. One was the wife of His Excellency Admiral Bridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, and she said her husband was able to throw wide all doors to me in that part of the world and would be glad to do it, and would yacht me and my party around, and excursion us in his flag-ship and make us have a great time; and she said she would write him we were coming, and we would find him ready. I have a letter from her this morning enclosing a letter of introduction to the Admiral. I already know the Admiral commanding in the China Seas and have promised to look in on him out there. He sleeps with my books under his pillow. P'raps it is the only way he *can* sleep.
>
> According to Mrs. Clemens's present plans—subject to modification, of course—we sail in May; stay one day, or two days in New York, spend June, July and August in Elmira and prepare my lectures; then lecture in San Francisco and thereabouts during September and sail for Australia before the middle of October and open the show there about the middle of November. We don't take the girls along; it would be too expensive and they are quite willing to remain behind anyway.
>
> Mrs. C. is feeling so well that she is not going to try the New York doctor till we have gone around the world and robbed it and made the finances a little easier.
>
> With a power of love to you all,
>
> S. L. CLEMENS.

Some dim idea of the courage with which Twain carried his burden is given in those brief moments when he allowed himself to express his weariness under its weight, as in this letter to his friend:

> I am tired to death all the time, and my head is tired and clogged, too, and the mill refuses to go It comes of depression of spirits, I think, caused by the impending horror of the platform.

"But," comments Mr. Paine, "perhaps, after all, it was his comic outlook on things in general that was his chief life-saver," and quotes the following amusing letter:

> DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I have been hidden an hour or two, reading proof of "Joan" and now I think I am a lost child. I can't find anybody on the place. The baggage has all disappeared, including the family. I reckon that in the hurry and bustle of moving to the hotel they forgot me. But it is no matter. It is peacefuller now than I have known it for days and days and days. . . . . . .
>
> Yes, every danged member of the tribe has gone to the hotel and left me lost. I wonder how they can be so careless with property. I have got to try to get there by myself now.
>
> All the trunks are going over as luggage; then I've got to find somebody on the dock who will agree to ship six of them to the Hartford Custom House. If it is difficult I will dump them into the river. It is very careless of Mrs. Clemens to trust trunks and things to me.

After the return to America, and the beginning of the lectures, Clemens wrote of the inauspicious opening of his long tour:

> (Forenoon)
>
> CLEVELAND, *July 16, '94*.
>
> DEAR MR. ROGERS,—Had a roaring success at the Elmira Reformatory Sunday night. But here, last night, I suffered defeat. There were a couple of hundred little boys behind me on the stage, on a lofty tier of benches which made them the most conspicuous object in the house. And there was nobody to watch them or keep them quiet. Why, with their scufflings and horse-play and noise, it was just a menagerie. Besides, a concert of amateurs had been smuggled into the program (to *precede* me), and their families and friends (say ten per cent. of the audience) kept encoring them and they always responded. So it was twenty minutes to nine before I got on the platform in front of those 2,600 people who had paid a dollar apiece for a chance to go to hell in this fashion.
>
> I got started magnificently, but inside of half an hour the scuffling boys had the audience's maddened attention and I saw it was a gone case; so I skipt a third of my program and quit. The newspapers are kind, but between you and me it was a defeat. There ain't going to be any more concerts at *my* lectures. I care nothing for this defeat, because it was not my fault. My first half-hour showed that I had the house, and I could have *kept* it if I hadn't been so handicapped.
>
> *Monday.*
>
> P. S.—Had a satisfactory time at Petoskey. Crammed the house and turned away a crowd. We had $548 in the house, which was $300 more than it had ever had in it before. I believe I don't care to have a talk go off better than that one did.

The tour around the world was a triumphant success. The money from Twain's writing and lecturing had been accumulating in Mr. Rogers's hands, when the burden began to depress Twain, and he wrote:

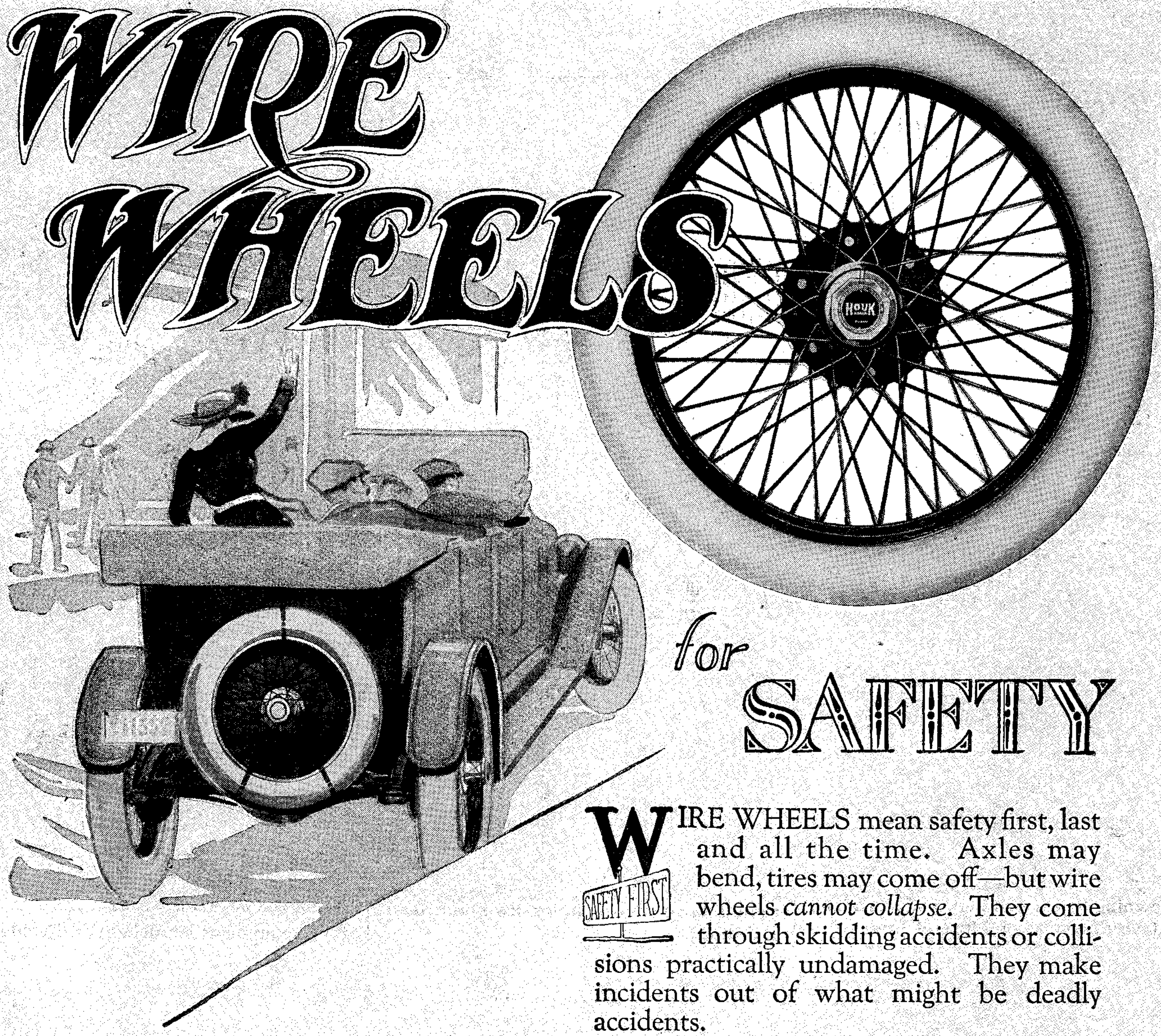
> DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I throw up the sponge. I pull down the flag. Let us begin on the debts. I can not bear the weight any longer. It totally unfits me for work. I have lost three entire months now. In that time I have begun twenty magazine articles and books—and flung every one of them aside in turn. The debts interfered every time, and took the *spirit out of my work*. And yet I have worked like a bond-slave and wasted no time and spared no effort— . . . . . .

Mr. Rogers wrote proposing a plan for beginning immediately upon the debts, and Clemens replied enthusiastically, and during the next few weeks wrote every few days, expressing his delight in liquidation, says Mr. Paine. Here are some extracts from letters to H. H. Rogers, in New York:

> . . . We are all delighted with your plan. Only don't leave B—— out. Apparently that claim has been inherited by some women—daughters, no doubt. We don't want to see them lose anything. B—— is an ass, and disgruntled, but I don't care for that. I am responsible for the money and must do the best I can to pay it. . . . I am writing hard—writing for the creditors.
>
> *Dec. 29.*
>
> Land, we are glad to see those debts diminishing. For the first time in my life I am getting more pleasure out of paying money out than pulling it in.
>
> *Jan. 2.*
>
> Since we have begun to pay off the debts I have abundant peace of mind again—no sense of burden. Work is become a pleasure again—it is not labor any longer.
>
> *March 7.*
>
> Mrs. Clemens has been reading the creditors letters over and over again and thanks you deeply for sending them, and says it is the only really happy day she has had since Susy died.

The end of January, 1898, saw his debts all paid. "Once more," says Mr. Paine, "he stood free before the world—a world that sounded his praises. The latter fact rather amused him. 'Honest men must be pretty scarce,' he said, 'when they make so much fuss over even a defective specimen.'" It was during that month that he wrote Howells this letter about his

WIRE WHEELS



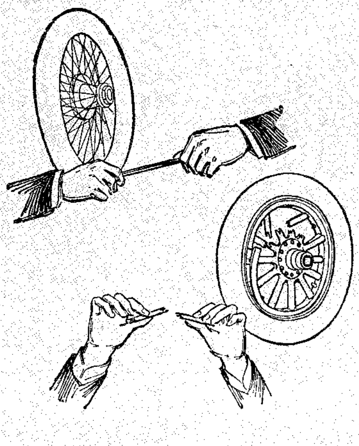
for SAFETY

WIRE WHEELS mean safety first, last and all the time. Axles may bend, tires may come off—but wire wheels *cannot collapse*. They come through skidding accidents or collisions practically undamaged. They make incidents out of what might be deadly accidents.

Strength is the reason for the safety of wire wheels. Steel is stronger than wood. Steel spokes are infinitely stronger than wood spokes.

Each of the wire spokes in a wire wheel is strong enough to stand a strain of 3200 pounds. Still more, the lateral or side strength of a wire wheel is far greater than that of a wood wheel. The triple spoke lacing in wire wheels provides a a set of spokes to take up the strain from any direction.

Shown at the left is a wire wheel and a wood wheel after a swinging weight has struck each such a blow as would occur when a car skids into a curb. The wire wheel is practically intact while the wood wheel is hopelessly smashed—nearly half of its spokes broken, the wood felloe badly split—entirely incapable of supporting a load.



To understand why a wire wheel can withstand any stress possible to a wheel, try to break a pencil by pulling from opposite ends. Then see how easily it is broken by bending it across. The first is precisely the way any force is exerted on the wire wheel. The second illustrates the ease with which side thrusts break the spokes of the wood wheel.

SAFETY is only one reason for specifying wire wheels on your next car or for putting them on your present car. Our booklet tells about the comfort, tire economy, quick change, and the many other reasons why many manufacturers of automobiles have made wire wheels standard or optional equipment. Write for this booklet today. It's free.

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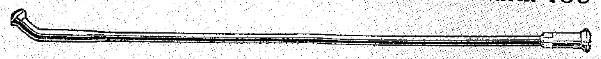

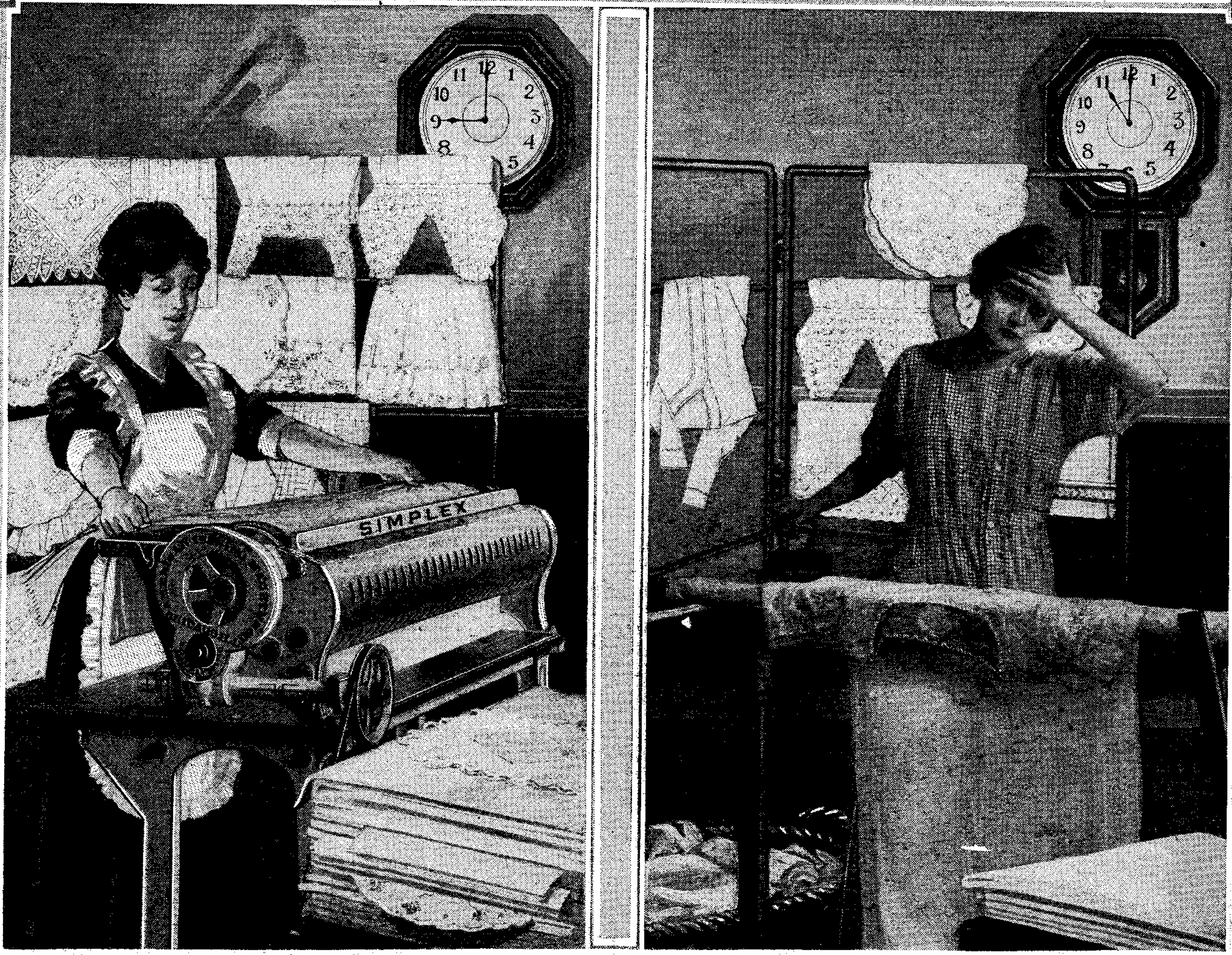

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A387

daughter Susy, who had died, and about the payment of his debts:

Hotel Metropole,
Vienna, *Jan. 22, '98.*

Dear Howells,—Look at those ghastly figures. I used to write it "Hartford, *1871*." There was no Susy then—there is no Susy now. And how much lies between—one long lovely stretch of scented fields, and meadows, and shady woodlands; and suddenly Sahara! You speak of the glorious days of that old time—and they were. It is my quarrel—that traps like that are set. Susy and Winnie given us, in miserable sport, and then taken away.

About the last time I saw you I described to you the culminating disaster in a book I was going to write (and will yet, when the stroke is further away)—a man's dead daughter brought to him when he had been through all other possible misfortunes—and I said it couldn't be done as it ought to be done except by a man who had lived it—it must be written with the blood out of a man's heart. I couldn't know, then, how soon I was to be made competent. I have thought of it many times since. If you were here I think we could cry down each other's necks, as in your dream. For we *are* a pair of old derelicts drifting around, now, with some of our passengers gone and the sunniness of the others in eclipse.

I couldn't get along without work now. I bury myself in it up to the ears. Long hours—8 and 9 on a stretch, sometimes. And all the days, Sundays included. It isn't all for print, by any means, for much of it fails to suit me; 50,000 words of it in the past year. It was because of the deadness which invaded me when Susy died. But I have made a change lately—into dramatic work—and I find it absorbingly entertaining. I don't know that I can write a play that will play: but no matter, I'll write half a dozen that won't, anyway. Dear me, I didn't know there was such fun in it. I'll write twenty that won't play. I get into immense spirits as soon as my day is fairly started. Of course a good deal of this friskiness comes of my being in sight of land—on the Webster & Co. debts, I mean. (Private.) We've lived close to the bone and saved every cent we could, and there's no undisputed claim, now, that we can't cash. I have marked this "private" because it is for the friends who are attending to the matter for us in New York to reveal it when they want to and if they want to. There are only two claims which I dispute and which I mean to look into personally before I pay them. But they are small. Both together they amount to only $12,500. I hope you will never get the like of the load saddled onto you that was saddled onto me three years ago. And yet there is such a solid pleasure in *paying* the things that I reckon maybe it is worth while to get into that kind of a hobble, after all. Mrs. Clemens gets millions of delight out of it; and the children have never uttered one complaint about the scrimping, from the beginning.

We all send you and all of you our love.

Mark.

And Howells wrote back:

I wish you could understand how unshaken you are, you old tower, in every way; your foundations are struck so deep that you will catch the sunshine of immortal years, and bask in the same light as Cervantes and Shakespeare.

THE "POILU" AS CLASSIFIED BY CAPTAIN CAPART

EVERYBODY knows in a general way the French soldier, unshaven and mud-bespattered, whose nickname "*poilu de France*" has become a household word in England as well as in his own land. But there is a note of novelty in the classifications of the *poilu* made by Capt. Gustav P. Capart, a member of the French General Staff, who comes to this country with a message to our soldiers from General Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French armies. To a New York *Herald* reporter Captain Capart states that he received from the "hero of Verdun" explicit orders to apprize Americans of the valor and impersonal courage of the *poilu* so they may know and understand the battles of Verdun, the Yser, Champagne, and the Marne. Captain Capart is competent to speak of the *poilu*, for he has been three years with him in the thickest of the fighting on the Western front, and wears the medal of the Legion of Honor and the War-Cross with two palms and a star. To the French the term *poilu* expresses everything that is noble and endearing, and conjures up to man, woman, and child the heroes of three years' terrific warfare. At all times the French soldier is calm, humorous, and brave, even under violent bombardment, says Captain Capart, who proceeds to describe the sarcastic *poilu*, able to see an amusing situation while dodging shrapnel:

A man and I went up to a battery of seventy-fives to observe the fire at close range. Mules were coming up with ammunition, but for some reason became unruly at the rapidity of the firing. "What's the matter?" he shouted at the animals, "do you not recognize your own seventy-fives?"

Of course there is the humorous *poilu*. Two scouts were walking out over a terrane of nothing more than large shell-craters. It was a beautiful moonlight winter's night, and the flashes of fire lighted up the glistening snow. As they proceeded along, engrossed in the aspect of the scene, one of them fell headlong into a deep crater. The other doubled up with laughter at the spectacle, and as the *poilu* scrambled up the steep side of the shell-hole he said, "Do you not know, my friend, that General Pétain ordered the subway closed?" . . . . . .

At Verdun there is a maze of electric wiring in all underground tunnels. Ventilation in all of them is also supplied, and it was my duty, among others, to wire and keep ventilated mines that run forward under the trenches that are later exploded. One day the Colonel of the regiment passed through for inspection, and after examining the work carefully for some moments remarked to the sappers: "You are content to have Captain Capart give you air and light?" "No," the '*poilu practique*' replied, "I prefer wine." . . . . . .

At Chambrettes farms during the night of February 23–24 we were transporting ammunition to the front by means of narrow-gage cars drawn by horses and mules. A *poilu* is always at the animal's

Gifts!

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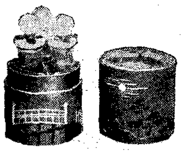
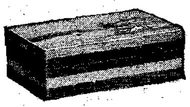
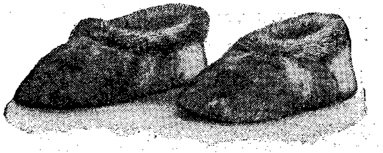


No. 15247L—Cylindrical-shaped Oriental box, artistically decorated, containing 3 triangular-shaped glass-stoppered bottles of Vantine's fragrant Orient perfumery, each odor different. Price prepaid $1.00

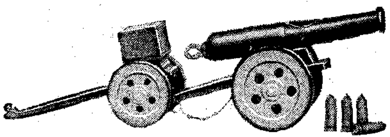


No. 7933L—Japanese inlaid wood cigarette, cigar or trinket box with pretty design inlaid with colored woods. Box can only be opened by pressing secret slide on side, size 2½ x 5 x 8 in. Price prepaid $1.00



No. 18195L—Men or women's imported Japanese slippers of genuine monkey skin, white or spotted rabbit and marten. Fur-lined, strong one-piece leather sole, warm comfortable slippers for indoor wear or when ordered in a larger size, may be used as over-shoes for wear when motoring in cold weather. (In ordering state size of shoes or over-shoes worn and fur desired.) Price prepaid $4.75

No. 9966L—Japanese foot warmer for keeping the feet warm when motoring, etc., in cold weather. Ideal for warming tents and may be used in trenches. Made of heavy reinforced tin covered with velvet, burns a blazeless, smokeless, odorless fuel, one tube of which will burn from 6 to 10 hours. Price including 25 fuel tubes $1.75



No. 7922L—Wooden field gun and ammunition. By pulling chain gun fires a wooden "shell" at the end of which is fastened a paper cap which explodes causing smoke to issue from the gun. Absolutely harmless. Five shells and liberal supply of caps with each gun. Price, complete, prepaid $1.25

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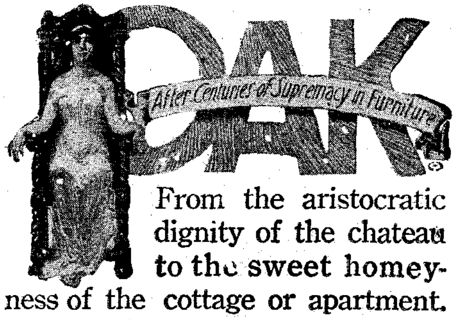
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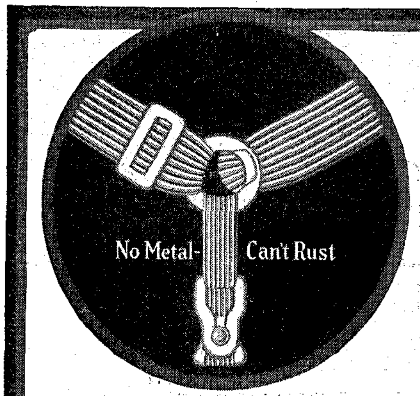

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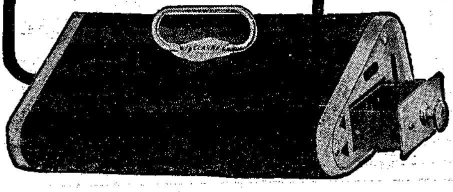


> head, so that in the event of an explosion close by he will not stampede. Suddenly a rocket flared from the German side, disclosing our operations, and almost immediately they concentrated their shell-fire, and high explosives were breaking in our midst. The *poilu's* horse reared and plunged as it was struck by shell-fragments, lifting the man high off the ground, but he clung to the bridle. "Where are you going?" I shouted at him. "We can not go forward," he returned, "and it is not the moment to go back. *Vive la France!*" A second later he and the horse were killed, and they fell, lying side by side. I have felt a keen regret to this day, for I do not know his name. He deserved the War-Cross. He is what I would term "the glorious *poilu*." . . . . . .
>
> After a soldier returned from his furlough to Paris I was anxious to learn of his first impressions away from the front, and so asked him, little prepared for his poetical reply, "A woman's smile," he retorted, and seemed fully recompensed in the short visit. He is the "poetical *poilu*."
>
> The "conscientious *poilu*" is determined in his loyalty and desire to obey orders precisely. Sometimes he is very amusing. We were on a night patrol in Belgium, reconnoitering the enemy on very dangerous ground for the reason the water was backing everywhere. A soldier approached, saluted, and said, "I see a German sentinel and I think I can bring him back." "Very well," I ordered, "bring him back." He disappeared into the night and in about fifteen minutes returned and saluted. "I can not bring him back, captain, there is too much barbed wire. But it is possible to shoot him and I came for your permission to do so." "Go," I said, and he turned on his heel and left. Shortly there was a great serenade of machine-gun fire in the direction he had gone. We thought the poor lad had been killed. However, in half an hour he came up, saluted with a dignified air and said, "I have killed him."
>
> The soil in the Éparges district, near Verdun, is red. The battle had been in progress for days and we were continually up to our middle in this red mud, which made rather a striking contrast with our uniforms of blue. The blend was sort of brown. General Renaud, who commanded the division, came up one day, and seeing the men plastered completely with mud, remarked, "My poor children, what a state you are in!" One heroic fellow saluted his chief and replied in a serious tone: "General, it is we—the men of bronze." He is the "heroic *poilu*."

The *poilu* of the ironic type Captain Capart discovered in the Éparges sector in November, 1915, when the French were attacking at regular intervals. After several advances it looked for a time as tho they would have to fall back. Near the captain was a corporal, who, having miraculously escaped being torn to pieces by an exploding shell, turned and said with a twinkle in his eye: "Captain, as long as your eye-glass remains unbroken, we shall gain the trench." Captain Capart relates further:

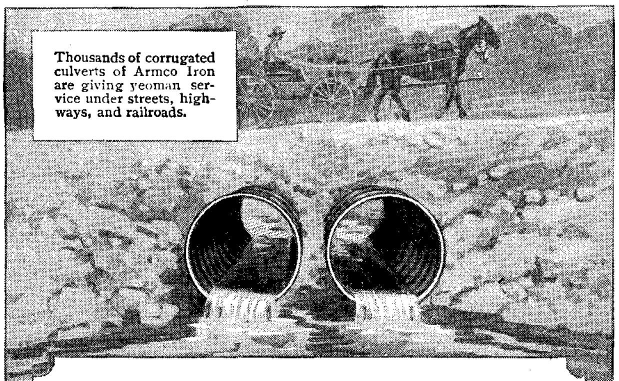
> That the soldiers have great admiration for General Pétain is evidenced by an incident that happened during the battle of Champagne in 1917. A comrade had given me a beautiful bouquet of red roses the night before the battle. Thinking it had been given to me by General Pétain, a group of men asked me for the roses. I handed them over and thought nothing more about the incident. After the great attack I went among the men and every one in the whole battalion had in the buttonhole of his coat a petal of a red rose. They are "the chivalrous *poilus*."
>
> On February 24, 1916, at Verdun, the day of the terrific attack, the German bombardment never ceased for a moment. It was a critical period fraught with great loss of life and continual danger. The men seemed to realize the importance of holding the *Boches* at any cost. Their *élan* and *verve*, which characterize them, were superb. Shells were pouring in like hail. And in the midst of all this I heard the following: "You, then, know well, my friend," a *poilu* said, addressing himself to a comrade at his side, who after many hours of vigil was half-reclining in an effort to secure a well-earned rest, "that you can not let go, because each minute that we gain and hold now—is a victory!"
>
> The Germans well know and have learned to respect the *poilu*, who, fearless and terrible in attack, absolutely disregards his personal safety. In Champagne this year, after the *Boches* had given way before our irresistible assault, a German officer who had been captured said to me: "What are these men—lions?" And I replied: "They are the *poilus* of France."
>
> After one of the battles near Verdun a *poilu* who had distinguished himself for conspicuous gallantry was called over by an officer. "Of what religion are you?" he asked. The soldier saluted and respectfully replied: "I am of that religion that looks God in the eyes." He is the "*poilu* magnificent."

OUR TROOPS IN ALLIED HANDS

THE Americans, as a nation of baseball-players, should develop into the highest type of bomb-throwers in the trenches, but the experience of the Allied armies is that the baseball throwing arm is not suited to grenade attack, and the explanation recorded by a correspondent of the London *Morning Post* is that the baseball is thrown with a bent arm, which, if used in throwing grenades, soon tires a man out. The consequence is that American soldiers must relearn how to throw. Writing of an American training-camp in France this writer says:

> A considerable amount of practise is done with live grenades, but at the time of our visit the squad were practising with dummy grenades and making excellent shooting at their objectives. Much of the work throughout the valley is interchangeable, and the general theory on which training is proceeding is that, so far as possible, each man should do a little of the whole of the work daily, because it has been found that otherwise work, when it has been done, is apt to be forgotten.
>
> In the squad next to that throwing grenades we saw our first evidence of the effort that is being made to instil into the mind of the individual soldier that his mission in Europe is to kill Germans. The machine-gun practise and the grenade-

ARMCO IRON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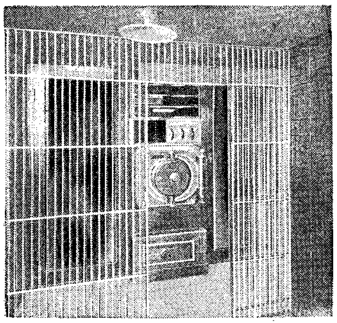
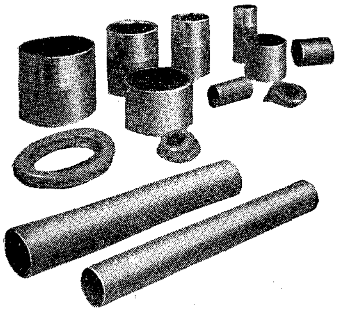
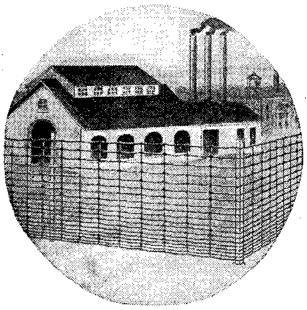
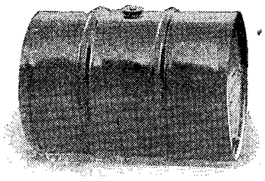
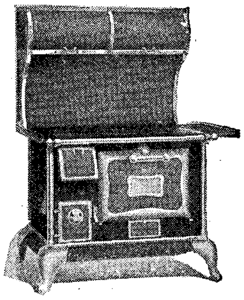

Bank vault lined with Armco Iron by Victor Safe & Lock Co., Cincinnati. These leading manufacturers of safes, locks, and bank vaults chose Armco Iron because their purposes require the most durable metal.

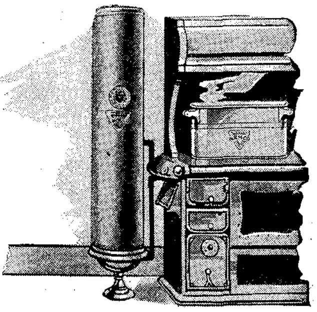

These two Armco Iron boiler tubes were made by the Monongahela Tube Co. of Pittsburgh.

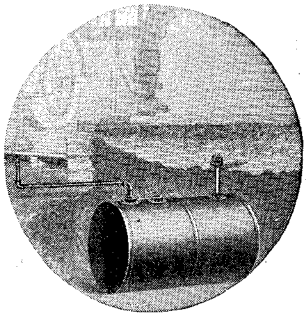
This also shows threading on Armco Iron tubes and results of a crushing test of the strength of a lap weld. Armco Iron is perfect in welding quality.


The wire fencing of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Monessen, Pa., is justly noted for its rust-resistance, economy, and durability. It is made of 99.84 per cent pure Armco Iron.


The Welded Steel Barrel Corporation of Detroit have adopted Armco Iron for their welded barrels because of its perfect welding qualities and its power to resist rust.


The wide popularity of Armco Iron stoves and ranges is shown by the fact that over 75 stove manufacturers now use Armco Iron.


Armco Iron range boilers are giving splendid service in many homes. They are made by L. Wolff Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., L. O. Koven & Bro., New York City, and other progressive manufacturers.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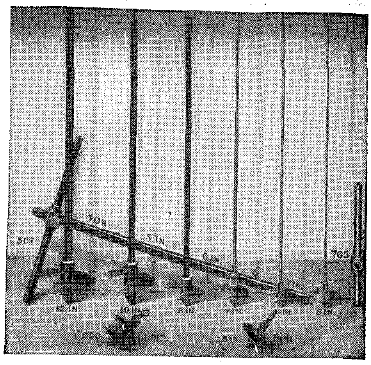
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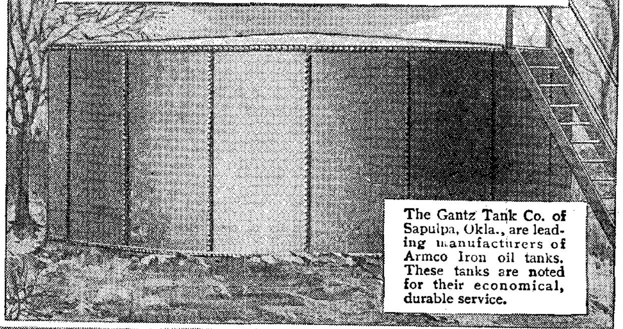
The Gantz Tank Co. of Sapulpa, Okla., are leading manufacturers of Armco Iron oil tanks. These tanks are noted for their economical, durable service.

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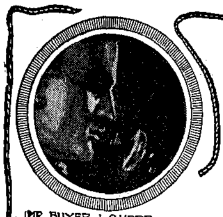

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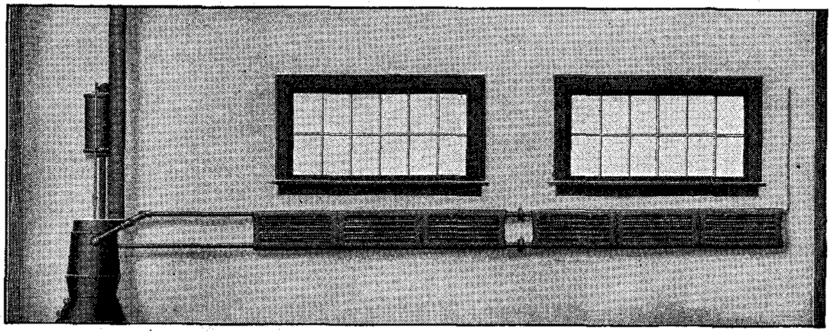

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throwing gave me in many ways the impression of the old volunteer system in England in days when men trained for the possible contingency of war, but in the special trench exercises one realized, and the men realized, that the training was a rehearsal of the work they are shortly to be called upon to perform.

A portion of the valley is lined with trenches, and as we came up a squad of men were preparing to carry these trenches with the bayonet. At the word of command they leapt from their own trench and charged across at their objective, jumping in and out of the trenches on the way, bayoneting savagely dummy figures of Germans that lay in the trenches, and shouting as each bayonet-thrust was driven home. Our morning's visit finished at the range where men were practising individual fire. The shooting was good and accurate, and in this work, as throughout, one could not but be struck by the keenness and intensity of purpose that was apparent. Another notable point, again, was the amount of individual initiative left to the men. When a man knows what to do, orders for the most part are not given, and the men carry out their work silently, in much the same way as work is done silently in such a highly organized unit as a salvage vessel.

British drill sergeants lent to the American force are immensely popular with our troops, and the instructors in their turn speak with warm admiration of the splendid material they have the privilege of handling. Considering the short period their training has lasted, one is amazed at the physical fitness of the men. The officers are learning lessons which they will impart to their men, and the correspondent was impress with the fact that the training is aimed to promote individuality and to emphasize in the case of each man that his primary object is to kill Germans without being killed by them. He continues:

Much of the drill consists of playing organized games to promote physical fitness on the one hand and on the other hand to reduce the reaction period to the minimum. In each brigade the individual is penalized for the slightest inattention and for any slackness, and all the time the British sergeants were there speeding the squad up in every possible way. The most realistic of the games, perhaps, was when the men stood round in a ring with a sergeant in the middle, they with their backs to him. Each man had rifle and fixt bayonet, and unexpectedly the sergeant would touch one of them, and it was for him to show immediately how he would attack a supposed enemy (in this case the sergeant), whatever the defensive adopted. Precision of bayoneting is being taught by making the men stab through a small ring held for them, and as the sergeant touches one or other of the men he further complicates the problem by telling them: "You have no rifle" or "You have no bayonet," and it was then for the man to attack as best he could.

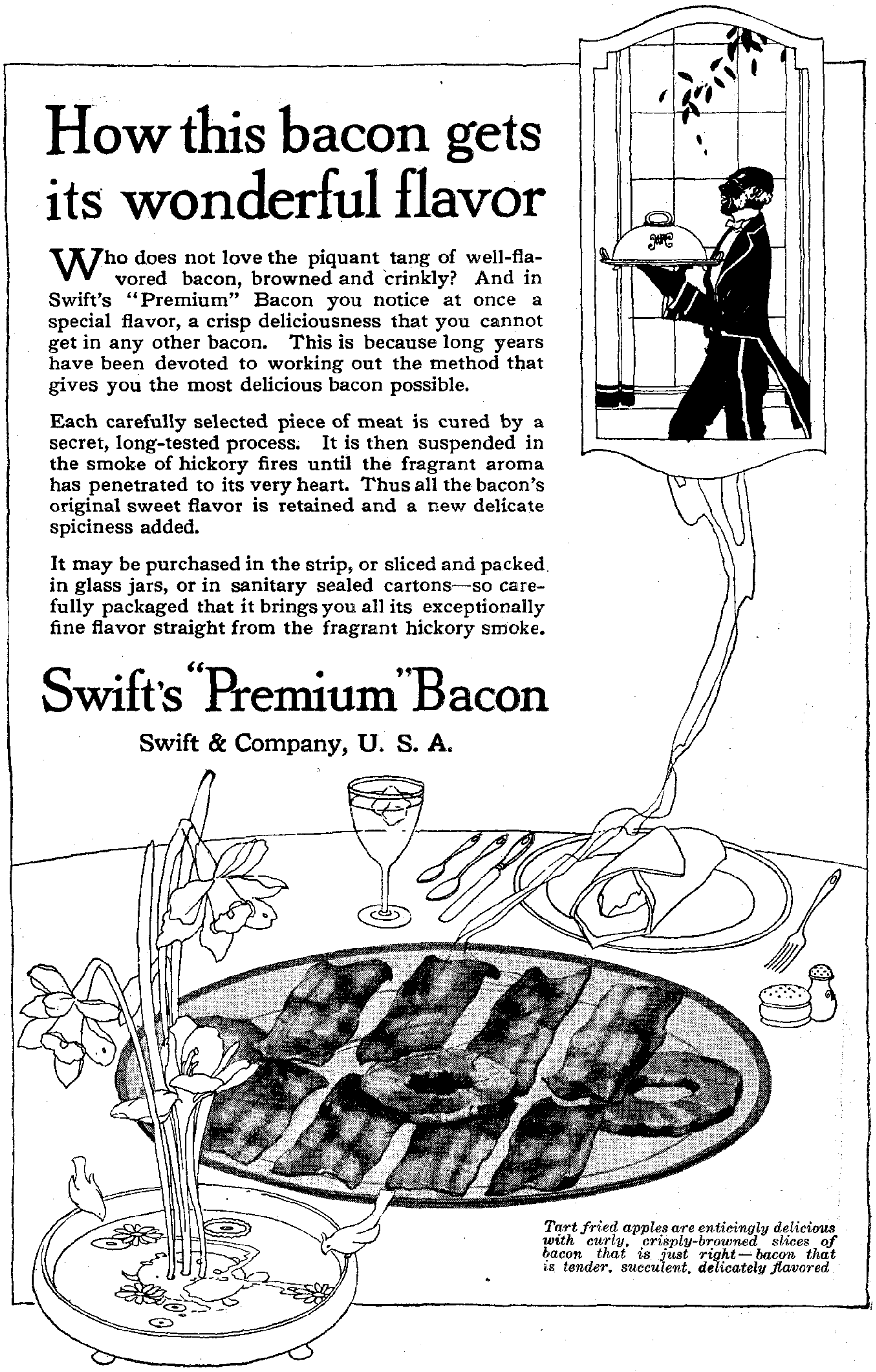
It is in teaching the men how to capture a trench that the lesson in German killing is most thoroughly emphasized. As we saw the work there was a squad of men assembled at the head of a trench, and in every recess of it were dummies representing Germans. They crept quietly, one by one, down the trench, for the theory was that it was a surprize attack, and every detail of their movements was controlled and criticized. They were shown how to avoid letting their bayonets be seen, and each man was encouraged to simulate a battle hate as he stuck his German dummy. And the sergeant kept up a running fire of comment, thus: "Make a good *Boche*, and there's no good *Boche* but a dead *Boche*." "There are two of them there; one has got some rum and the other a sandwich; you take the sandwich and I'll have the rum." "Don't make a mistake about it; Fritz is no fool; he'll stick you if you don't stick him." "What you've got to do is to kill Fritz, as many Fritzes as you can." "That's it (as a bayonet thrust went home); "pull it out and make a good bayonet of it again," and so on.

At the officers' training-ground the trenches were rather more elaborate than those we saw in the ranks, and the method of attack was also rather more elaborate. The grounds were covered by some two hundred yards or more with trenches, barbed wire, inevitable dummies representing Germans, and so forth. At the word of command the men leapt from their trench and charged, yelling a war-cry, and bayoneting each dummy they came across. Toward the end of the ground there were a number of sticks on tins, and as the men got near the sticks they halted for independent fire and blazed away at the tins, bringing dozens of them down, and eventually carrying the final position with a rush. The accuracy of their fire showed how well the lesson had been driven home that not a shot must be wasted, but that each must find its home in the body of an enemy.

It is still possible to trace in the ranks of the American troops the different origins of the men, we are told, some of whom are clearly city-bred and others no less obviously from the country. They have not yet been molded to a regimental type nor is it to be expected that their training will produce such a type, because every effort is made to develop to its highest degree the intelligent initiative that is so marked a characteristic of the American people. This correspondent was pleased to note, too, that the troops showed no signs whatever of staleness but a constant good humor, which was proof against the discomfort of rain and mud and of improvised quarters. We read on:

Their discipline is free and easy, except when actual work is concerned, and at work they obey instantly and intelligently the order given them. Throughout all ranks there is an eagerness to proceed instantly to the front, and the men's own view that they are perfectly prepared to go into battle to-day, if it is a fault, is a fault on the right side. They have already developed, and are developing, a determined hatred of the German, based for the moment on the fact that it is the Germans who have forced them from their various occupations and interfered with their ordinary scheme of life.

Throughout the visit I was greatly struck by the modesty of officers of all ranks. Their attitude to the war here is that they



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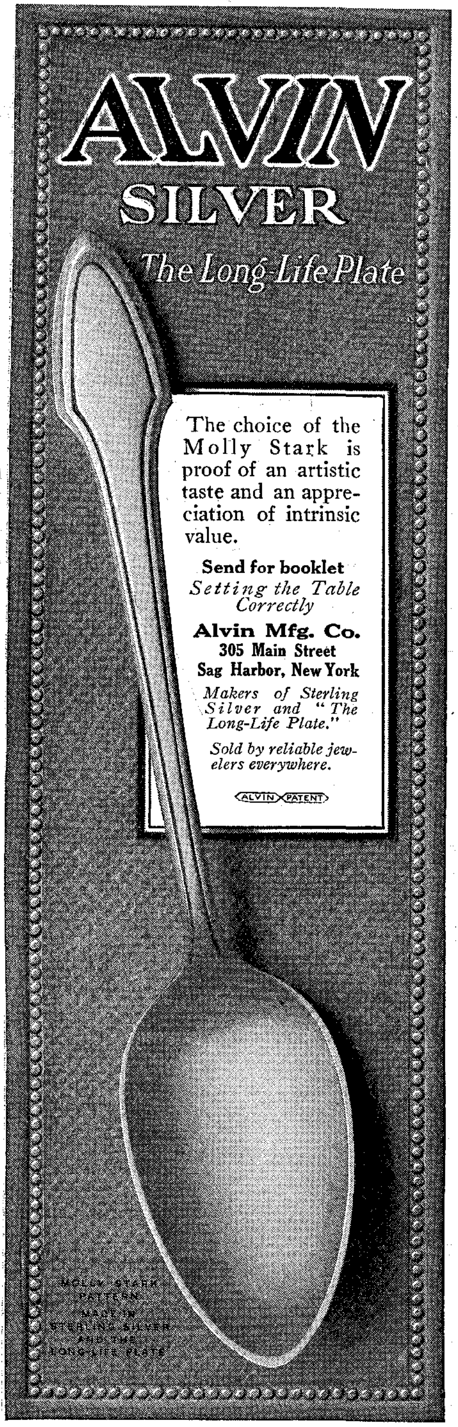

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have come to learn the art of warfare as it is fought in modern conditions in Europe, and they are determined that it will be neither their fault nor the fault of their men if they do not give a good account of themselves. They are accepting with gratitude all assistance that can be given them by the French and by the English, and they are fully conscious of the weight of the task that lies before them and before the American people.

TOMMY ATKINS, RAIN-SOAKED AND WAR-WORN, STILL GRINS

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE, one of the Vigilantes, differs with Sherman in declaring that war is mud. He had just returned from what he describes as one of the periodical joy-rides which the British Foreign Office and the General Staff organize from time to time to give civilians an opportunity to visit the front. Mr. Wile's visits occurred when the war-god was evidently taking a much-needed rest, for he says that on two occasions when he intruded upon Armageddon he saw more rain than blood spilled. But he found Tommy Atkins—mud-caked and rain-soaked—still wearing the grin that won't come off. Mr. Wile thus writes of his last visit:

I am in to-night from a day in the trenches. It rained all the time. The trenches were gluey and sticky, and the "duck-boards" along which we traveled were afloat a good share of the day. But the only people who used really strong language about having to eat, sleep, and navigate in such soggy territory was our party of civilian tenderfoots. The cave-dwellers in khaki whom we encountered in endless numbers were as happy as school-children on a picnic. Clay-spattered from head to foot, their clothes often wringing wet, they looked up from whatever happened to be their tasks and grinned as we passed.

Our chief and always dominating impression was of their grins and smiles. I am firmly convinced that soldiers who can laugh in such weather can not be overcome by anything, not even the Prussian military machine. Perhaps Tommy smiled more broadly than usual to-day at our expense, for during our hike from a certain quarry to a certain front line "Fritz" sent over whiz-bangs which caused us armchair warriors from home to duck and dodge in the most un-Napoleonic fashion, even tho our gyrations were in obedience to nature's first law—self-preservation.

When you're in a trench and a shell screeches through the heavens—you always hear it and never see it—the temptation to side-step is the last word in irresistibility. You have been provided with a steel helmet before starting out on the expedition in view of the possibility that a stray piece of German shrapnel may come your way. These helmets have saved many a gallant Tommy from sudden death.

After you've heard a whiz-bang and find that you are still intact, you ask: "Was that a *Boche* or one of ours?" You experience an indefinable sense of relief when you are told that it was "one of ours," but you keep on ducking in the same old way whenever the air is rent.

Yes, it is the invincible grin of Tommy Atkins in abominable atmospheric surroundings and in the omnipresent shadow of death that has photographed itself most indelibly on my memory to-day. But next to that I am struck by his amazing good health as mirrored by his ruddy cheeks and bright eyes. Certainly the strapping young fellows whom I have seen are a vastly finer, sturdier lot, physically viewed, than any set of men now running around the streets of London in citizens' clothes. It is manifestly "the life," this endless sojourn of theirs on the edge of No Man's Land, with the enemy a rifle-shot away.

You ask their officers what explains this hygienic phenomenon—this ability to keep at the top note of "fitness" amid privations almost unimaginable. You will be told that it is the remorselessly "regular life" the men lead for one thing, and the liberal supply of fresh air, for another. Then it is the simple food they eat and the never-ending exercise they get for their legs and arms and muscles. They sleep when and where they can, in their clothes for weeks on end, never saying "How-do-you-do?" to a bath-tub sometimes for many days, tho they shave each morning with religious punctuality, even in the midst of a mighty "push." Cleanliness of physiognomy is as much of a passion with Mr. Atkins as his daily ablutions are to a pious Turk. You will go far before you will find a cleaner-faced aggregation of young men than the British Army in the field.

Should you have any doubt as to what the physical appearance of the men tells you, and ask an officer how Tommy is standing the strain of the war, he declares enthusiastically, "The men are simply splendid!" And you hear from the men that the officers are "top-hole." But all that you will learn from the officers on that subject is:

Regulation No. 1, when a man gets a commission in the British Army, is: "Men first, officers next." An officer's business, in other words, is to see that his men are well looked after. If there is any time left when he has done that, he may look after himself. But Tommy comes first. That is why the relations between superior and subordinate in the mighty Citizens' Army of Britain are perfect in the highest degree. Duke's son and cook's son are real pals. Class distinctions are non-existent in the England that is the trenched fields of France and Flanders.

"Just so we keep on livin'—that's all we ask," was the sententious observation of a mud-clotted Yorkshireman who backed against the slimy wall of a trench to let us pass. We had asked him the stereotyped question—"Well, Tommy, how goes it?" His answer was unmistakably typical of the spirit which dominates the whole army. The men are not happy to be there. They long for the war to end. They do not put in their time in the slush and rain cheering and singing. They hanker for "Blighty." They want to go home. But not until the grim business that brought them to France is satisfactorily finished. They want no Stockholm-made peace. They are fighting for a knock-out.

I left behind me in London a lot of dismal, gloomy, and down-hearted friends, candidates all for the Pessimists' Club. I wish they could have hiked through the

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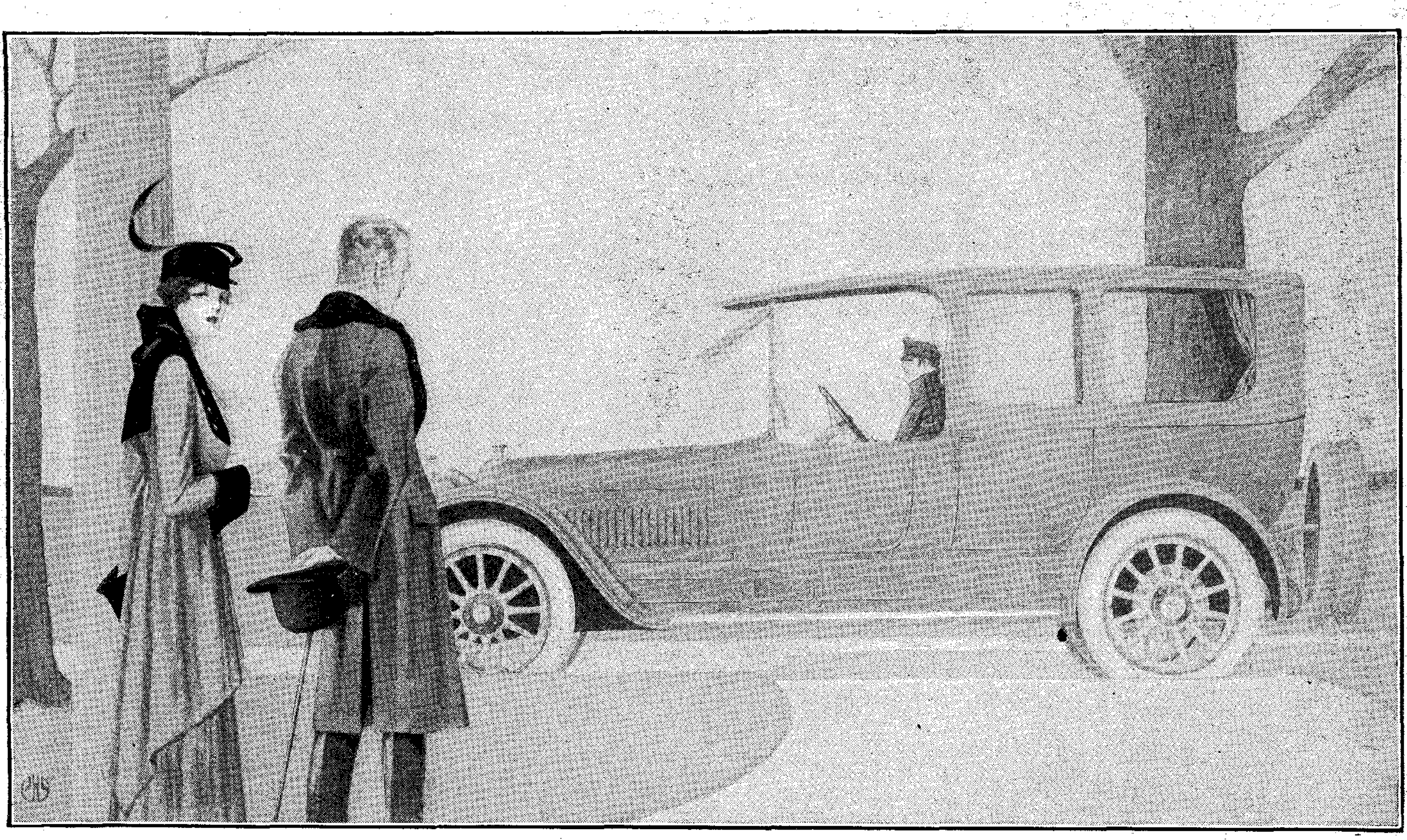

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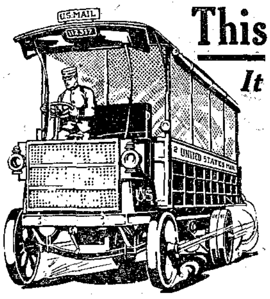

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trenches with me. It is the finest cure in the world for the blues. It may thunder and pour day and night in Trenchland, and the country may be a morass for miles in every direction, but the sun of optimism and confidence is always shining in the British Army's heart.

WEIGHTY MEASURES INVOLVING UNCLE SAM'S NAVY

THIS is the story of a conspiracy against Uncle Sam—a patriotic plot to be sure, for it is concerned with the son of a Spanish War veteran who was rejected for service in Uncle Sam's Navy because he was seven pounds shy of weight for height, the said son's up-and-down dimension being full six feet. It is a story of superfeeding conducted while the young man was skilfully kept a prisoner—albeit a willing one, but just to guard against his "jumping his feed"—by placing his nether garments carefully under lock and key. The New York *Sun* tells the tale and its happy outcome. It happened in this way:

> Young Walter Francis everlastingly did want to get into the Navy and stop this *U*-boat nonsense once and for all. Wherefore last Saturday bright and early Potential Admiral Francis took his bearings from the compass he wears on his watch chain, yelled, "Ship ahoy!" to the skipper of a passing Brooklyn trolley-car, boarded a starboard seat well aft in the car, and then set sail over the waves of Brooklyn asphalt toward the recruiting plant of the Second Naval Battalion of Brooklyn at the foot of Fifty-second Street, Bay Ridge.
>
> "Step on," directed the examining surgeon to young Mr. Francis, indicating the scales in his office. "Step off. Now step out—you're seven pounds shy for a six-footer."

Half an hour later Walter Francis, dejected and forlorn, appeared before his father.

"'Smatter, son?" inquired the Spanish War vet.

"'Smatter, pop! There's seven pounds the matter! Uncle Sam can do without me."

Mrs. Francis came into the room and heard the depressing news of her short-weight son, and straightway conspiracy stalked silently upon the scene. Says the writer in the *Sun:*

> A moment later a significant look passed between father and mother above and back of the bowed head of their son. Mr and Mrs. Francis withdrew to the kitchen for a council of war. Then Spanish-American War Veteran Joe Francis walked into the front room again and stood before his underweight offspring.
>
> "Take off your pants, Walter," said Francis, senior. "And give me your—don't sit there staring at me; get busy—give me your shoes. Ma, catch the boy's pants when I throw 'em out to you. Lock his pants and shoes up with all his other pants and then start in cooking. Cook up everything you got in the house. And when you get a chance run down to Gilligan's and tell him to send up five pounds of dried apples."

"I'm on, pop!" suddenly shouted Embryo Admiral Walter Francis, springing to his feet alive once more. "You're going to feed me up for a couple of weeks so I'll make the weight. Gosh, you're there with the bean, pop—I never woulda thought of the scheme."

"For a couple of weeks!" cried Parent Francis scornfully. "For a couple of days, you mean, son. Come on into the dining-room and start right in to ——. No, stay right where you are. Don't move from now on unless you have to or you might lose another ounce. You just sit right there all day. Ma will do the cooking and I'll be the waiter. And if you're not up to weight inside of three days then I'm a German spy. And don't weaken. Just keep in mind that even if you do it won't get you anything. For I'm going to keep the key to all your pants right in my pocket till you cripple the weighing scales. So all you're going to do from now on is stick around and eat."

Already Mrs. Francis had passed into the room a nightshirt and a three-quart pitcher brimming with sparkling Croton. Without a pause Parent Francis had filled a tumbler and passed it on to his offspring, who eagerly drained the glass. Tumbler after tumbler of water was tumbled into the digestive system of the underweight linotyper, while steadily from the kitchen came the happy sizzling of four pork chops and fast-frying potatoes with trimmings.

Twenty-one glasses of water disappeared into young Walter Francis before Saturday's sun had set, together with all the pork chops, the fried potatoes, thick slices of buttered bread, and some other snacks.

The Sunday treatment included fourteen glasses of water and a general packing-in of fattening fodder, until dinner-time arrived, when son Walter was fed up on two pounds of steak smothered in boiled potatoes with trimmings of stewed corn and mashed turnips, all resting on a solid foundation of well-buttered bread and roofed with a generous slab of apple pie. And then:

One and one-quarter pounds of mutton-chops merely formed the architectural approaches to the breakfast Walter Francis found staring him in the face when he arose heavily on Monday morning. Ham and eggs in groups—salty ham which hadn't been parboiled, thus retaining its thirst-arousing properties—was the centerpiece around which the luncheon Mrs. Francis had prepared that day for her son was draped. A dinner that ran all the way from soup to nuts (the time was growing short if Parent Francis was to make good on his promises) followed on Monday night, the big noise of the Monday dinner being a sirloin steak.

And just before Son Francis decided to call it a day and waddle to bed Spanish-American War Veteran Francis had a final happy thought. Father fed son a plentiful supply of dried apples and then unleashed a growler and went down to the corner and got a quart of collarless beer. Walter Francis flooded the dried apples with the entire quart of beer, cried "Woof! I'm a hippopotamus!" and collapsed into bed.

Tuesday morning last Father and Mother Francis personally helped their son

HOLOPHANE
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Better Light
At Lowered Cost

THE *highest lighting* efficiency is now imperative in factory, office, store, and classroom, so that men may work at their best. Moreover, the present fuel shortage demands *economy* in lighting.

Millions of Holophane units are giving *better light* and *saving coal* in

United States **England** **Europe**
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The Holophane System is scientifically designed to distribute a strong but non-glaring light on the working plane. By providing the quality and quantity of light needed, it promotes the efficiency of the individual. And by preventing waste of light it eliminates waste of current. Adapted to any type of installation.

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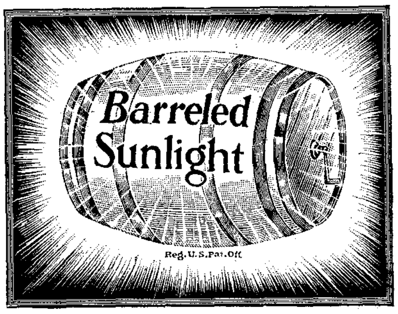

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If you have not read Thackeray you have yet to enjoy a rare treat. If you have, you will surely want this permanent, de luxe edition, ***now,*** while you may obtain it at practically the factory price.

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brings the entire set to your home for inspection. Here is a real bargain in books. We had our pick of the choicest editions left in the recent failure of a large book manufacturer, and among them were a very few sets of this splendid Thackeray.

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Original price **$22.50.** For quick clearance you may now take a set at **$12.50** and pay in easy instalments. Big, beautiful books. Ten large volumes, bound in olive-colored Interlaken book cloth. Many fine, striking illustrations. Good paper, large type—gold tops. Photogravure frontispieces, etc. Pin a **$1** bill to this coupon and at least inspect this splendid edition. Fully returnable after examination if not satisfactory, in which event we refund your dollar and pay carriage both ways. See particulars in coupon.

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Send me, carriage paid, regular $22.50 set of Thackeray for only $12.50. I enclose $1.00, and will pay balance in $1.00 instalments monthly if I keep the set. You will refund my dollar if I send them back within ten days.

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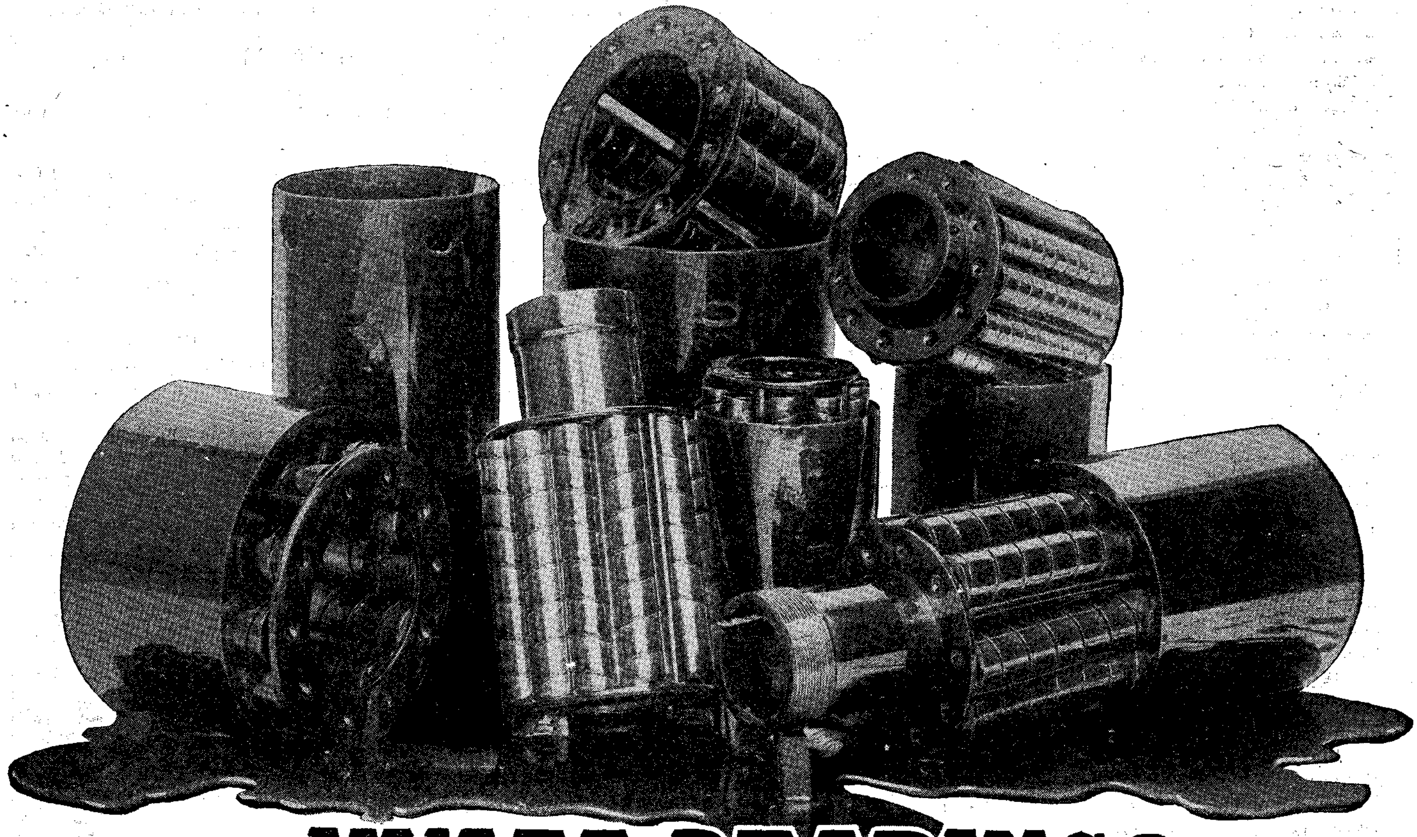


These **HYATT BEARINGS** Hold the World's Endurance Record

HERE THEY ARE—the original "Hyatt Roller" bearings, dripping with grease—just as they were taken from the "Hyatt Roller" at the end of its long grinding circuit of the country.

272,962 miles is now the official record of this car—a greater proved distance than any other car has ever gone.

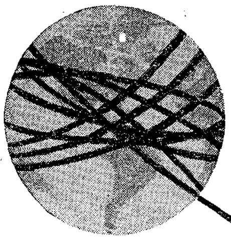
When this photograph was taken, it was the first time these bearings had seen the light since the world's long-distance veteran started its journey "Around the U. S. A."

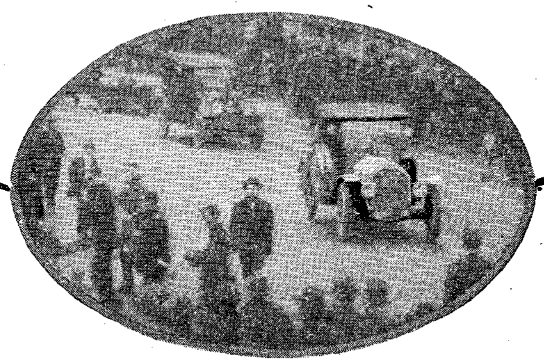
Yet this original set of Hyatt bearings is still serviceable. Laboratory examination shows an average wear of only four one-thousandths of an inch (.004")—a wear perceptible only to micrometer and microscope—not enough to interfere with the good service they have given and will continue to give when returned to their positions in the car.

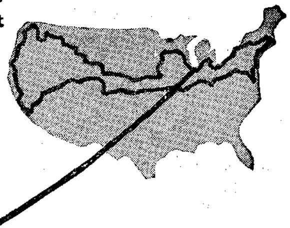
In view of their past—nine years strenuous service covering 261,800 miles—their latest 11,163 mile performance is all the more remarkable.

They have surmounted all the toughest conditions of touring—gumbo roads, mountain grades, desert sands—and have finished on schedule time.

This test gives you a definite indication of the enduring, quiet, care-free service you can expect from your Hyatt Roller Bearings.







In 1915, this car, a 1909 Buick, later rechristened the "Hyatt Roller," won the Hyatt mileage contest with an officially proved record of 261,800 miles—a distance equal to ten times around the world, all on its original set of Hyatt Roller Bearings. The car, used for trucking and livery, underwent unusually severe service.

In 1917, as a further test of these Hyatt Bearings, this same car covered the route shown on the map, starting June 4th and finishing October 5, exactly on schedule. The "Hyatt Roller" since 1909 has used over 19,000 gallons of gasoline and $8000 worth of tires to date but its Hyatt Bearings remain practically as good as new.

toward the street-door after he had breakfasted on five pork-chops, two cups of coffee, and four rolls. Once more he was about to set sail for the Second Naval Battalion recruiting office at the foot of Fifty-second Street, where three days earlier he had been turned down as hopelessly shy on tonnage. Parent Francis helped his bouncing boy aboard the trolley-car, shouting a last word of caution to walk, not run, to the nearest entrance to the recruiting station.

And just before young Mr. Francis applied again for the job of ridding the seas of *U*-boats (it should be mentioned incidentally that about half an hour earlier his father had unlocked a pair of pants and other gent's furnishings for the trip) the potential admiral saw the burnished sign on a corner saloon. He got off the car carefully, drank seven glasses of water in the saloon and then eased his way into the presence of the surgeon who had given him the gate on Saturday.

"I told you before you were many pounds underweight, young man," said the surgeon. "It's utterly useless for you to come around here when——"

"But that was away last week, Doc," wheezed young Mr. Francis. "Give me another try at your scales."

"My Gordon!" cried the surgeon, glancing at the scales and uttering his favorite cuss-word. "Saturday you were seven pounds under weight and to-day you're a pound overweight! How'd yuh ever do it?"

"I've heard of lads getting their teeth pulled to get out of serving Uncle Sam, but you're the first guy I ever heard of who made a fool of his stummick to get into the Navy," grinned Bos'n Carroll as Walter Francis bared his brawny arm for the vaccine. "Welcome to our ocean, Kid!"

ENLISTED MEN TELL WHY THEY JOINED THE ARMY

Our first forces in France were volunteers, part of the old regular Army, tho many of the enlistments were recent. The motives leading men to join such an army are varied and in many cases humorous or pathetic. A Y. M. C. A. secretary in France, who had won the confidence of the men with whom he was associated, wondered why each man had come. So he arranged that they should hand in cards telling why they had enlisted. Mr. Arthur Gleason presents some of the answers in the New York *Tribune* as "the first real word from the soldier himself of why he has offered himself." These replies came from two battalions of an infantry regiment, which, for military reasons can not be identified. Mr. Gleason puts them in several groups. One is the sturdily patriotic. Thus, one soldier says:

"My reason in 1907 was that I liked the service and wanted to try for something new and bright for my country."

Others say: "Because my country needs me"; "to catch Villa"; "I wanted to get the Kaiser's goat"; "for the benefit of the American Army"; "so patriotic and didn't know what it was"; "Mexican trouble, 1917"; "I felt like my country needed me, and I wanted to do something for it, and that was the only way I was able to do anything for my dear country, the good old U. S. A."; "I never did anything worth while on the outside, so I dedicated myself to my country that I might be of some use to some one"; "a couple of Germans"; "to serve God and my country."

Another class of answer deals with what is in the blood of youth—the desire to taste adventure, to see the world, and see France. Here are a few in this group:

"To do my duty and see the world"; "to see the world, ha! ha!"; "because I thought I would like that kind of a life, and didn't know what kind of a life I would have to lead in this hole"; "got tired of staying at home"; "I was seeking adventure and change of environments"; "to kill time and fight"; "to see France"; "I was discouraged with the civilian life and wanted to get some excitement"; "to have a chance to ride on the train; I never had ridden"; "they said I was not game and I was, and because I wished to"; "because I wouldn't stay in one place any length of time, I thought if I joined the Army for three or seven years I would be ready to settle down. I think that is as good a thing as any boy could do"; "to see the world"; "I had tried everything else, so I thought I would try the Army."

Another group of answers deals with the individual human problem of hunger and loneliness. These that follow illustrate this:

"To fight, and for what money was in it"; "three good square meals and a bath"; "because I was disgusted with myself and thought it would make a man out of me"; "I was too lazy to do anything else"; I was stewed"; "to get some clothes, a place to sleep and something to eat"; because I was hungry"; "because I was nuts with the dobey heat" (dobey is a Mexican slang word brought up by the boys from the border); "because I had to keep from starving"; "in view of the fact that I was so delicate and a physical wreck I joined the Army, hoping to get lots of fresh air and exercise, which I have sure gotten, and am ready to go home at any time"; "I was in jail and they came and got me. Hard luck!"; "because I did not have no home"; "I got hungry"; "pork and beans were high at the time"; "three square meals a day and a flop."

The voice of State rights speaks in the replies of two men from the South:

"To represent the State of Kentucky."

"In answer to a call from my State, Mississippi, and to see something of the world, and I have seen some of the world, too."

Then, too, there are a number that refuse to be classified; each has its own note of suffering or audacity of humor:

"To catch the Kaiser"; "because the girls like a soldier"; "because my girl turned her back on me, that's all"; "I thought I was striking something soft, but . . . "; "the dear ones at home"; "I was crazy"; "two reasons: because girls like soldiers and I saw a sign '500,000 men wanted to police up France'"; "for my health and anything else that is in it"

Somewhere, Sometime, You Will Smoke This Cigar

It may be years from now. The world is large, but somewhere and sometime one of the many steady smokers of this cigar is going to offer you one. You will smoke it. You will come to the conclusion that it is a good cigar, probably that it is quite an extraordinarily good cigar. You will say to yourself: "This is a ten-cent-straight or three-for-a-quarter cigar. It's just as good as those I smoke and I'm more particular than most of my friends."

You will remember the taste of that cigar.

Sometime later, this same friend will remark that he smokes only El Nelsors. He will mention incidentally that he buys them direct from the maker, and therefore gets them for 5 cents apiece, in war time a fraction of a cent more, because he thus eliminates wholesale and retail profits.

Then you will go home and figure out that you could have smoked just as good cigars as usual, and still bought an additional Liberty Bond, if you had purchased El Nelsors direct from the maker. You multiply this by the number of years you have been smoking. You are shocked at the waste.

Next you examine our offer to see if there was any legitimate reason for not having accepted it sooner. Read this offer now and see if there is any risk or bother sufficient to make an excuse for the slightest delay.

Our Offer is: Upon request we will send 50 El Nelsor Cigars on approval to any reader of *The Literary Digest*. He may smoke ten and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.75, within ten days.

Shivers' El Nelsor
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

This offer was formerly $2.50, but war taxes and increased costs of materials necessitate the extra charge.

Our price on El Nelsors is made possible only through our elimination of wholesale and retail profits. It is hardly necessary to speak of the quality of these cigars, for only real quality can make such an offer as ours profitable to us. It is sufficient to say that El Nelsor is a hand-made cigar of long, choice Havana filler, blended with Porto Rico and wrapped with a genuine Sumatra leaf.

Besides El Nelsor, we manufacture and sell on the same approval plan seventeen other cigars, including the El Rolinzo line of clear Havanas. On all these you make a large saving by buying direct from the makers. We will send a catalog of all these.

In ordering, please use business letterhead or give references and state whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars.

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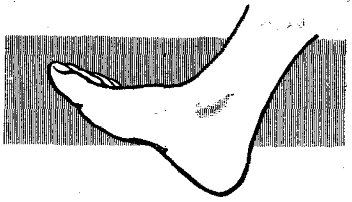

Each step helps to weaken an ill-treated foot structure. Cramped muscles and misplaced bones must be liberated before the foot regains true health and usefulness.

The Coward Arch Supporting Shoe holds the fallen arch in place and gives freedom to the muscles and tendons. It lets nature bring back the lost powers. For fifty years this shoe has been the choice of those who wanted sensible foot comfort.

You can be well fitted by mail.

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—wouldn't you stop the leakage of your money? Cheap plugs are money wasters. A weak spark cannot explode all the gas. Install

HERZ "Bougie Mercedes" PLUGS

The shooting effect of the explosion chamber behind the Clover Leaf Electrode ensures perfect combustion even of a very lean mixture.

HERZ PLUGS are doubly insulated with Mica and Stone. They are guaranteed. We have stood behind them for 23 years.

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"From Naval Cadet to Admiral"

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An intimate narrative by one of the old sea dogs who have helped to make the British Navy what it is to-day. It is full of the spice of adventure. As the Admiral's *penchant* for danger frequently placed him in hazardous situations, he has many hairbreadth escapes to relate. Moreover, there are many illuminating chapters on the great events in recent history in which the Admiral had a part. It is interesting, entertaining and informative, the anecdotal style giving it a charm peculiarly its own. As the Admiral's experience ranges from the days of wooden walls to the iron sides of to-day, it is of exceptional value to naval men interested in the progress of their profession.

A large octavo volume. Boxed. Illustrated. Bound in cloth. $4.50 net; by mail 16 cents extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354 Fourth Avenue, New York

(a consumptive soldier); "to show that my blood was made of the American's blood"; "to learn self-control"; "it was a mistake; I didn't know any better"; "for my adopted country"; "I got drunk on Saturday, the Fourth of July, 1913, and I left home on the freight-train and joined the Army, and woke up the next morning getting two sheets in the wind, and I haven't got drunk since that; made a man out of me"; "to keep from working, but I got balled"; "I have not seen anything yet but rain"; "because I didn't know what I was doing"; "to kill a couple of Germans for the wrong done Poland"; "to keep from wearing my knuckles out on the neighbors' back doors"; "adventure and experience; also, to do my little bit for my country, the good old U. S. A., and the Stars and Stripes, the flag of freedom"; "to fight for my country and the flag, for the U. S. is a free land, and we will get the Kaiser, damn him. Oh, the U. S. A.!" (Picture of a flag.)

One man makes out a complete category of his reasons: (*a*) "To see excitement"; (*b*) "to help win this war and end the Kaiser's idea of world ruler"; (*c*) "help free the German people from Kaiserism."

And, finally, there is one that needs no comment, and with this we will end:

"Because mother was dead and I had no home."

LEAVE IT TO FURUSETH, HE'LL GET THE SAILORS

THAT the American sailor is the best-paid seaman afloat is due to Andrew Furuseth, who last year put a bill through Congress which not only compelled ship-owners to pay more wages but to put more men on their ships. Result: Ship-owners declared that they must go out of business—and some did. And so, when it came to building a merchant marine moneyed men shook their heads. Nevertheless Uncle Sam is building ships, and the profits made in the sea-carrying trade have never been greater.

Still more ships are needed to take food to our Allies and our men to the war, and while Uncle Sam can solve the problem of producing the ships, he was somewhat puzzled how to produce the men to man them. Then the Federal Shipping Board thought of Furuseth. They sent for him and talked the matter over. Furuseth promised that they should have the men, and, "Furuseth has never broken his word," declares the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which says of the seaman's friend:

It was about thirty years ago that Mr. Furuseth made his appearance on the water-front of San Francisco. A viking from the north, when he stept ashore to fight the sailor's fight he was the mildest-mannered but most aggressive agitator that ever harangued a mob. He formed the Coast Seamen's Union, and when he had it well launched made a demand for higher wages on all coastwise vessels.

A fight was started on the San Francisco water-front which was destined to last for years. It was a bitter fight—a fight of vexatious delays and broken heads. Strike-breakers took the places of striking sailors, and they were better with their hands and fists on shore than when they got to sea. The ship-owners started an opposition union, but the sailors stuck to their fight until they won it. In a few years the name of Andrew Furuseth was known in every port in the Seven Seas.

Despite the violence that accompanied the efforts of Furuseth to better the condition of the seafaring man, he was never personally known to engage in an altercation other than verbal. He has piercing eyes, black hair, and the features of an American Indian, and he was called an anarchist and an agitator. But he was never anarchistic in his methods. He patiently sought the support of the newspapers for his movement, and it was not long before his power was admitted.

Sailors and walking delegates told reporters stories that would not stand investigation. But the word of Andrew Furuseth it was found could always be confirmed, and thus he "got one foot on the ground floor of the newspaper world."

In those old days "shanghaing" was a favorite method of providing a ship's crew in San Francisco, and *The Public Ledger* says:

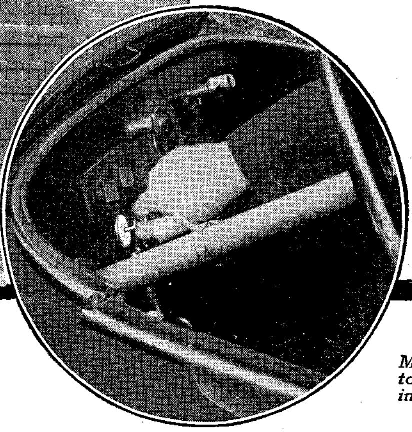
Two or three "wind-jammers," sometimes a dozen, would drop anchor in the harbor in twenty-four hours. Most of these were "lime-juicers," as the British bottoms are known to sailors. They came from England and Australia, from the Far East and Africa, from the islands in the Pacific. Every other ship brought a story of cruelty at sea, and the men hurried ashore to confide their woes to the water-front reporters from the seclusion and supposed safety of a sailors' boarding-house. When the authorities sought confirmation of the stories for the purpose of prosecution the men were not to be found. They were outside the Golden Gate on their way to the Far East, England, Africa, or the antipodes.

"Blood money" was the moving spirit of the "crimps," or sailor boarding-house runners, of the Frisco water-front. When a sailor shipped before the mast he received a month's advance on his wages and a bonus equal to the advance. A scarcity of sailors sent up the price of the bonus. The ships must have men to get out of port, and it is probable that the skippers winked at the manner in which the men were secured. The sailor boarding-house men saw to it that the scarcity of men continued. At one time the advance demanded was $75 and the "blood money" an equal amount.

The sailor boarding-house men and their runners divided the "blood money" and the sailor rarely got anything of the advance. He was taken to a sailors' boarding-house on the night of his arrival and "signed up" sometimes before he was aware that he was ashore. A night, a few hours on Barbary Coast, a few drinks, and a drug and he was so much baggage ready for sea. Usually he woke up the morning after his arrival at San Francisco with a dull feeling in his head and nothing in his pockets, on a strange ship outward bound. The "bully" second mate could be relied upon to show him his place on deck.

Furuseth went after the "blood money" men. He sent union runners out to meet

Avoid Last Winter's Starting Nuisance



A pull on the Master Primer button starts your car instantly.

USE the heat already in your battery to start your car. Instead of hot water, spinning motor until your back aches and your battery is drained, just pull the rod connected to the Master Primer. Step on the starter and your manifold is immediately flooded with a rich, boiling hot gas mixed with air that starts your motor instantly. No delay—no hot water—no back breaking cranking. The Master Primer starts your motor instantly on the coldest mornings.

Master ELECTRIC Primer

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The Master Primer is a positive necessity to the woman who drives. Its convenience, simplicity and sureness of operation makes winter driving for women a pleasure.

Saves Your Battery

With a Master Primer you need no high test gasoline or auxiliary tank. It is so simple in construction it cannot possibly get out of order. It takes the gasoline direct from the carburetor and turns it into the manifold a rich, hot gas that ignites on the first spark. It saves your battery because the immediate starting of the motor prevents the long spinning that otherwise is necessary in cold weather. A strong steel spring automatically breaks the contact when you let go of the button. It is a permanent attachment in operation only when you desire a good hot mixture. It is there summer and winter—ready to function with unfailing duty.

Proven Reliability

It is easily installed. Any garage man can put it on your car in an hour's time or perhaps less, or you can install it yourself.

The Master Primer is not a new or untried primer. It has proved its reliability on thousands of cars. It will be standard equipment on one prominent make of automobiles and was adopted only after the most exhaustive tests. The Master Primer has "made good" in every instance.

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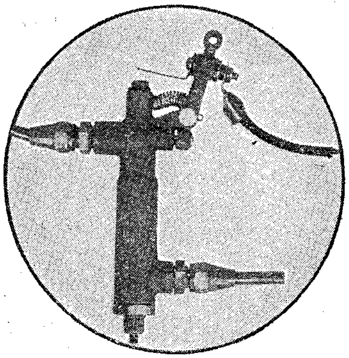
When you buy a Master Primer you are protected by a money-back guarantee. If, after using the Master Primer for thirty days, it has not given entire satisfaction your money will be refunded.

For only $12.50 you can avoid last winter's disagreeable, aggravating starting nuisance. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that your car will start instantly on the coldest morning.



The Master Primer—simple—easy to install—atomizes the fuel with air—starts your motor in zero weather.

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If it does not give entire satisfaction your money will be refunded. You are absolutely protected. The satisfaction that the Master Primer guarantees will be worth many times its small cost.

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the incoming ships. He got hold of sailors with stories of ill-treatment to tell, and if they held up after investigation he took them before the proper authority, and saw to it that the witnesses were not shanghaied before their testimony was taken. This is the man that the Shipping Board sent for to solve their problem of manning the ships for Uncle Sam, and the writer in *The Public Ledger* says:

> The man who had begun life as a sailor before the mast and knew the demands of the sailor told them that, if sufficient inducement were offered, men who had left the merchant marine for other occupations would harken to the call of the sea and return; that his organization would recruit from other ranks seafaring men. He believed that if a man must risk his life in the submarine zone he should be given a bonus. For the rest it was a matter of good treatment, good hours, and good accommodations.
>
> A bonus of 50 per cent. was agreed upon for the submarine zone and the following wage-scale adopted: For sailors and firemen, $60 a month; coal-passers, $50 a month; oilers and water-tenders, $65; boatswains, $70, and carpenters, $75 a month. Fifty cents an hour for overtime on cargo and forty cents an hour for ship work are allowed; so the men at sea have equal privileges for pay with the men who remain ashore.
>
> Each ship will carry a number of boys in proportion to the number of seamen on board, and more ordinary seamen and fewer able-bodied sailors will man a vessel. Each man is to receive $100 compensation for his ditty-bag when a ship is sunk at sea. Representatives of the seamen's organization will have free access to ships and the docks. The wage-scale is to be kept in force for a year after the war, but the bonuses and other conditions terminate with the war.

GERMANY'S NEW "PILL-BOX" FIGHTING METHODS

THE new defensive area that has taken the place of trenches in the actively contested parts of the German line on the west front is described officially in the orders given to a German officer captured by the French. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, of the New York *Tribune*, quotes it entire as an answer to the many readers of *The Tribune* who have asked him for a description of this new form of defensive fighting. This description ought to be authoritative. The orders read:

> The positions constructed up to this time, comprising several continuous lines, have been regularly and methodically destroyed at the very beginning of a battle by the expenditure of formidable quantities of munitions. The shelters in the old-fashioned trenches, especially in the first and second lines, have been only traps for the men and have contributed very frequently to increasing our losses in prisoners.
>
> This shows the weak point in the rigid method of defense, applied up to the present, before and during a battle.
>
> The power of a defense in a defensive battle depends essentially on the precau-

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The Imperial "Drop Seat construction eliminates the double thickness of cloth in the crotch of the Union Suit
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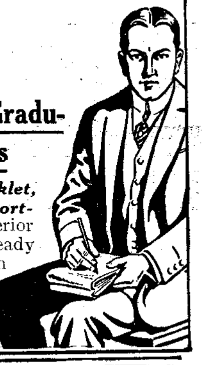

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tions taken to hide from the view of the enemy all our fighting strength. These means of defense (trenches, shelters, and placements for machine guns and batteries), if they appear on aeroplane photographs, will certainly be destroyed by the artillery.

The violence of this artillery-fire has prevented us from maintaining our trenches in good condition. The work of repair only serves to weaken prematurely the fighting forces of the troops, and yet we are not able to counteract the destruction to the extent to which it is being produced.

It is necessary, therefore, from the very beginning of a battle to employ another method of position construction. In other words, it is necessary to substitute for the old system of positions—a system which requires repairs which may be continually annihilated by the enemy—a zone of defense organized by depth rather than by lateral extent. This system, with its organizations protected as far as possible from the sight of the enemy, disposed perpendicularly and with the troops well echeloned, from front to rear, and of which the density, least at the front, will always be proportionately greater toward the rear, ought to permit our passing from the defensive to the offensive with the elements stationed in the rear.

In the course of a battle it is not necessary to think of having in the first line continuous trenches; they will be replaced by funnel-shaped holes, held by groups of men and isolated machine guns, disposed in the form of a checkerboard. On the terrane immediately behind the first line of funnel-holes will be installed points of support for machine guns, for troops of assault, and for reserve forces, which are to be pushed forward. For this purpose the shelters still existing ought to be utilized. But in default of shelters the installation will be made in covered ground.

You will place in advance of the first line of funnels a tangle of steel wire, irregular in form, offering as far as possible a continuous obstacle. In the same line of ideas, it is advisable to surround with barbed wire the funnel-holes situated in front of the first line, in order to prevent their occupation by the enemy.

Make an intensive use of obstacles, disposed in a manner to compel the enemy to take a direction which suits us and to bring him under the fire of our machine guns.

All the works of defense ought to avoid inspection by the enemy; works too much in evidence and continuous lines can not fulfil this improtant condition.

A great part of the supporting troops and of the reserve troops ought to be sheltered in ground which is hidden, either in the inside of the funnels or in the neighborhood of them, in woods, or in ditches, etc.—especially in places where aerial observation can be escaped.

It is necessary as far as possible to avoid villages, which, as experience has shown us, attract the fire of the enemy.

The troops of support and of reserve ought to work methodically on the construction of a continuous position, comprising several lines and escaping also as far as possible observation by the enemy.

Such a position will constitute a support for the troops of defense echeloned toward the rear. It ought to be surrounded by a powerful tangle of barbed

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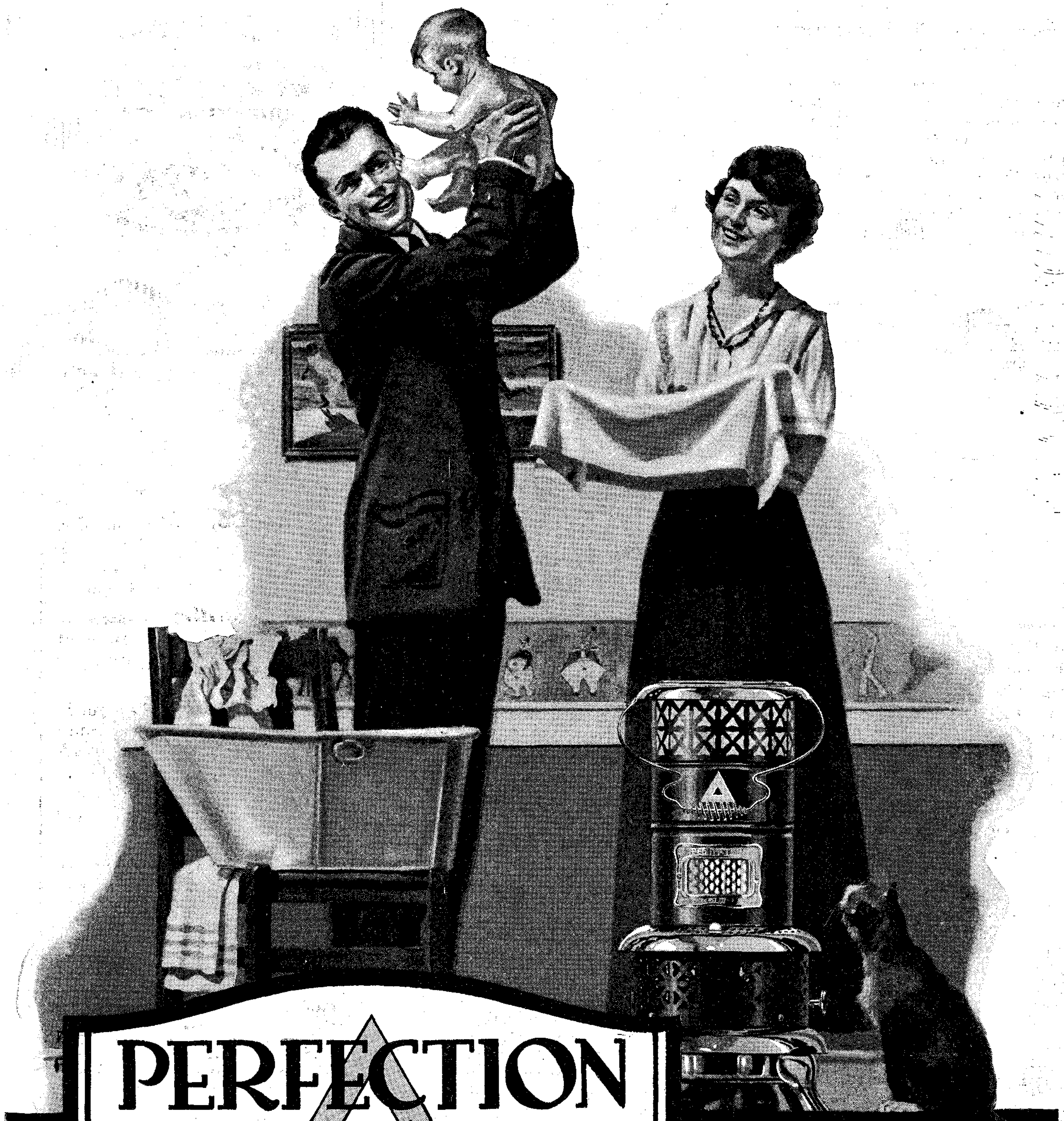

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wire, with passages for the troops of assault, and ought to comprise several lines of trenches.

Deep shelters will be constructed only in the second and third lines. The first line will comprise only the small shelters for a sixth of a company, almost all of the occupants being considered as a garrison of position. Its place will be, in general, the line of protection of artillery and ought to be found at one kilometer, or at most two kilometers, back from the first line of funnel-holes.

If there are available working forces on hand, new positions will be constructed at the rear, based on the same principles, to form positions of retirement.

It should be added that these new German defense plans appear to offer no better resistance to British artillery than did the old-style trenches.

LETTERS HOME THAT TELL OF LIFE AT THE FRONT

HERE are more letters from the boys at the Front telling the folks at home of their experiences, humorous, pathetic, and tragic. As in letters previously printed in these columns, they present pictures of war-life with an intimate touch that brings out all the striking detail. James E. Parshall, of Detroit, is serving with the American Ambulance unit in the French Army. The Detroit *Saturday Night*, which prints his letter, believes that the "drive" referred to by him was either on the Aisne front or in the Verdun sector. The letter says in part:

DEAR PEOPLE: Sherman was right! I have been debating with myself about what to say in this letter. I think I'll tell you all about it and add that if by the time this reaches you you have heard nothing to the contrary, I am all O. K. You see, we are in a big offensive which will be over in about ten days. As a rule it's not nearly as bad as this.

The day before yesterday we arrived at our base about seven miles from the lines. It is a little town which has been pretty well shot up and is shelled now about once a week. In the afternoon one driver from each car was taken up and shown the roads and posts. The coin flopped for me.

The roads to the front run mostly through deep woods. These woods are full of very heavy batteries which are continuously shelling the enemy, and, in turn, we are continuously being sought out by the *Boche* gunners. As a result it's some hot place to drive through. Also as a result of the continuous shelling, the roads are very bad.

Here there is a break in the letter, which begins again after four days:

I was so nervous when I started this letter that I had to quit, and this is the first time since then that I have felt like writing. A great deal has happened, but in order not to mix everything up I'll start in where I left off.

Our first post from the base is in a little village which is entirely demolished. It is in a little valley, and the two big marine guns that are stationed there draw a very disquieting *Boche* fire about five times a day regularly. The next post is at a graveyard in the woods. There are no batteries in the immediate vicinity, and so it is quiet, but not very cheerful. (That's where I am now, "on reserve.")

The third post out is where we got our initiation. It was a hot one! Right next to the *abri* is a battery of three very large mortars. Besides these there are several batteries of smaller guns. When we came up they were all going at full tilt. In addition the *Boches* had just got the range and the shells were exploding all around us. As we jumped out of the car and ran for the *abri* two horses tied to a tree about 50 feet from us were hit and killed. We waited in the *abri* till the bombardment calmed a bit. When we came out two more horses were dead and a third kicking his last.

From here we walked about a half mile to the most advanced post on that road. I'll never forget that walk! The noise was terrific and the shells passing overhead made a continuous scream. Quite frequently we would hear the distinctive screech of an incoming shell. Then every one would fall flat on his stomach in the road.

Believe me, we were a scared bunch of boys! I was absolutely terrified, and I don't think I was the only one. Well, we eventually got back to the car and to the base.

At twelve o'clock that night the *Boches* started shelling the town. You can't imagine the feeling it gives one in the pit of one's stomach to hear the gun go off in the distance, then the horrible screech of the on-rushing shell, and finally the deafening explosion that shakes the plaster down on your cot. Our chiefs were at the outposts, and none of us knew enough to get out and go to the *abri*, so we just lay there shivering and sweating a cold sweat through the whole bombardment. Gosh, but I was a scared boy!

Of a gas-attack he writes: "We had to wear those suffocating gas-masks for five hours," and then:

About three o'clock in the morning the car ahead of us at the post started out in their masks and in the pitch blackness with a load. In about a half-hour one of the boys on the car staggered back into the *abri* half gassed, and said that they were in the ditch down in a little valley full of gas. So we had to go down and get their load. Believe me, it was some ticklish and nerve-racking job to transfer three groaning *couches* from a car in the ditch at a perilous angle to ours, in a cloud of gas, and with the shells bursting uncomfortably near quite frequently.

We finally got them in and got started. We got about a half a mile further on to the top of the hill going down into what is known as "Death Valley." In the valley was a sight that was most discouraging. Seven or eight horses were lying in the road gassed, some of them still kicking. A big *camion* was half in the ditch and half on the road. An ammunition caisson that had tried to get past the blockade by going down through the ditch was stuck there.

Remember that all this was just at the break of dawn, in a cloud of gas, with the French batteries making a continuous roar and an occasional *Boche* shell making every one flop on his stomach.

How we ever got through there I

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really couldn't tell you. My partner told the Frenchmen who were vainly trying to straighten out the mess that we had a couple of dying men in the car, so they yanked a few horses to one side, drove the *camion* a little farther into the ditch, and by driving over a horse's head and another one's legs, I got through.

On the whole, I've been quite lucky. Some of the other boys have had some really awful experiences.

About the day after to-morrow we go *en repos*, and it's sure going to seem good to eat and sleep, without getting up and sprinting for an *abri* or throwing oneself, and incidentally a plate of good food, on the ground.

We saw a very interesting thing the other day. We were sitting out in front of our cantonment at the base. About a quarter of a mile from us was one of the big observation balloons or "sausages." Suddenly, from behind a cloud, just above the balloon a *Boche* aeroplane darted out. The *Boche* and the balloonist both fired their machine guns at each other simultaneously. The aeroplane wobbled a little and started to volplane to earth. The balloon burst into flames. The observer dropt about 50 feet, and then his parachute opened and he sailed slowly down. When the *Boche* landed they found him dead with a bullet in his chest. It was quite an exciting sight.

A battle between two planes is quite common, and one can look up at almost any time and see the aircraft bombs bursting around some *Boche* thousands of feet in the air.

At last the "drive" is over, and the letter describes the prisoners, at whose youth he expresses surprize. But they are happy tho nearly starved—happy to be prisoners. The writer says:

I have seen hundreds of *Boche* prisoners, 4,000 having been taken in the attack. We see them march past the *poste-de-secours* about half an hour after they have been captured. I have talked with several of them and received lots of interesting information. They are all very happy, but nearly starved. Two slightly wounded ones were brought into the post the other day. A dirty little crust of bread was lying on the ground. They both made a dive for it. They are all awfully young, mostly between seventeen and twenty-one.

One of them told me, among other things, that by next spring Germany would be absolutely finished. A soldier's fare, he said, was one pound of poor bread and one liter of wine a day, except during a heavy attack, when they are given some thin soup. The civilians, he said, were still worse off, especially in the cities.

An Iowa boy, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who is in the *camion* service in the French Army, tells how he arrived in Paris, how he happened to become a soldier of France and some other interesting details, including the amount of his salary—$1.20 per month! He found the ambulance service—which he had intended to join—crowded, and was told that there would be some delay in getting cars. Even if he did get a car he was told that the chances were against his seeing any action, as he might be attached to an inactive division. He was therefore urged to join the *camion* service—the ammunition-truck organization—in which he was assured he would be kept busy day and night as long as he could stand it. There was no camouflage about that. In order to get into this service, one must join the French Army, and after thinking the matter over for a few days the Iowa lad "joined" the French colors with a group of American college boys. Here is his letter in part as printed in *Wallace's Farmer*, of Des Moines:

So here I am enrolled as a member of the French Army, carrying a French gun, gas-mask, and helmet, and eating French army rations. We are paid for our services the sum of $1.20 a month. We underwent a week of intensive training, being drilled in the French manual and army movements, and spending our leisure hours in building roads.

Our sector was active when we arrived at the camp, which is situated a few miles back of the line; so we were put to work almost immediately. We make two kinds of trips, day trips and night trips; and perhaps if I tell you about my first experience in each it will give you an idea of the character.

We were called at 3:30 A.M., so as to be ready to leave at four o'clock. Our convoy went to the near-by loading station and loaded up with 468 rounds of ammunition for the French "75" guns, which correspond to our three-inch guns. We carted these up to the dumping station near the batteries, and then came back. Nothing exciting happened, and we arrived in camp about 7 P.M. That night I was on guard duty during the last watch, and the following morning we worked our cars. The rough roads and the heavy loads are very hard on the cars as well as on the drivers, so that we must go over the cars every day to keep them in the pink of condition.

That afternoon we got orders to leave at 4 P.M. We loaded with barbed wire, iron posts, and lumber. The man in charge at the yards warned us that the wind was exactly right for Fritz to send over a bit of gas. So we hung our gas-masks about our necks. It takes only thirty seconds for the gas to get in its work on you, and you must be prepared to put on the mask quickly. We started for the front at dark; no lights were allowed. We traveled along screened roads, by columns of artillery-wagons, and with infantry moving in every direction, and with staff cars and ambulances dodging in and out for several miles. Finally we turned off on a narrow road which bore the marks of having received a shelling, and went through towns which had been leveled absolutely to the ground by shell-fire, and past an endless chain of dugouts, until we came to our destination.

Most of our cars were unloaded and drawn up on a long, straight road just outside of the station, when our batteries opened up on the Germans. They certainly made some noise. They had not fired many rounds before Fritz began to retaliate, and then it was our turn to worry. His first shells went wild over our heads, but he got the range of the roads on which our trucks were packed, and very soon a shell struck about half a mile down the road. The next shell came closer. He was getting

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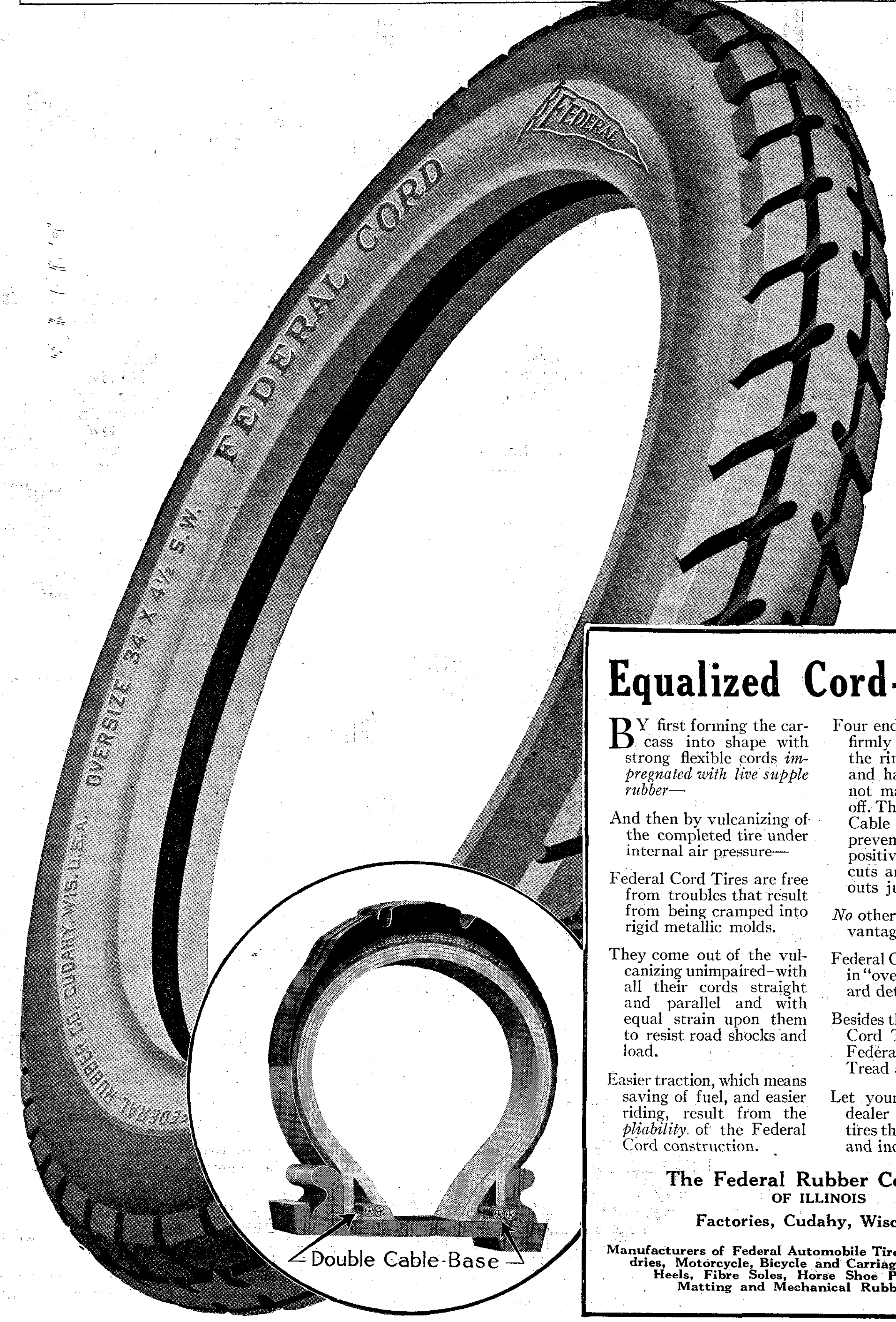

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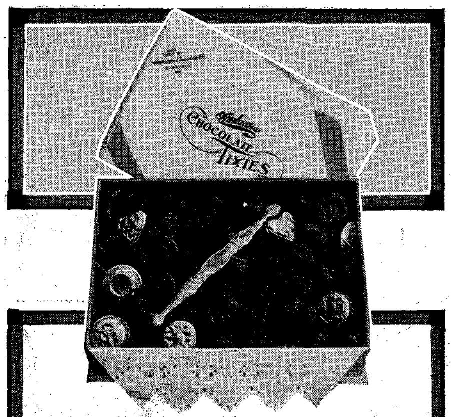

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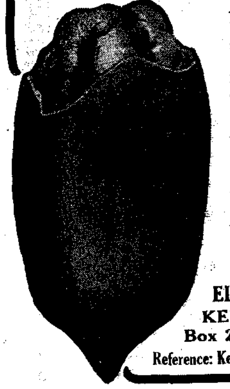

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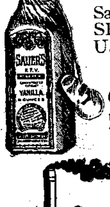

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our range, and coming straight up the road with his shrapnel.

By this time the remaining cars were unloaded and had swung into line ready to leave. Just as a big shrapnel burst about fifty yards away, our lieutenant gave orders to start, and to start quickly. Believe me, brother, we did! The shells were screaming over our heads, and I was just about scared to death. I should not have worried about the screaming shells, because they are harmless as a barking dog. It is when they stop screaming that you want to get worried.

Then he describes briefly the horrors of the war and expresses some doubt as to man's status being much above that of the beast. He says:

> When you see the fields laid waste, depopulated, battered, and desolated, and people in the last stages of poverty, you doubt whether man is nearer to God than is the most cruel of beasts. It is truly a war for liberty, for liberty in politics, ideals, and standards of living. I believe that any one here who is at all sensitive or responsive to his environments feels as I do.

WHAT AN AMERICAN SAW IN RUSSIA

EVEN before the revolution got well under way and turned things upside down, life in Russia presented anything but an alluring picture to an American whose business interests demanded that he make quite an extended trip through the country. An electrically lighted city of 75,000 where the best hotel did not furnish sheets for the beds was only one of the incongruities he encountered.

George H. Bingham, who was in Petrograd at the time of the murder of the monk Rasputin, writes of his experiences in November *Machinery:*

> About the middle of January I left Petrograd, going to Moscow, Briansk, Kief, Taganrog, Nizhni Novgorod, and other towns; and on this trip had some experience in war-time accommodations. In Taganrog, a city of 75,000 inhabitants on the Azof Sea, I stayed at what was supposed to be the best hotel in town, which sported electric lights but lacked even one sheet on the bed. Most Russians carry their own bedding, but not having acquired that habit, I had to use my fur coat to sleep in. During my second trip to Moscow we began to hear of riots in Petrograd; and as the situation grew worse exaggerated reports of the number killed were circulated.
>
> In Petrograd everything was in chaos; every hotel was guarded by soldiers, each of whom wore a red ribbon, and thousands more were parading the streets with their red banners proclaiming the freedom of Russia. At one time there were 60,000 deserters in Petrograd alone. The casualties among the officers of the Army and Navy during the revolution were very heavy, but it was said that many of them got no more than they deserved, as the average Russian officer treated his soldiers like dogs. At Helsingfors and Cronstadt, the headquarters of the Baltic Sea Fleet, 250 naval officers were killed, including the Admiral and Rear-Admiral. Some statements of excesses committed by the revolutionists that have been published here may have sounded like exaggerations, but I know that at Cronstadt the Admiral in charge of the Baltic Fleet was arrested in his office, both arms and legs were broken, and he was then taken out on the ice, where a hole was cut, a rope was tied around him, and he was lowered into the water till he was unconscious, after which he was brought back to the surface, fed brandy until he revived, and lowered again; this was continued until he was dead beyond recall.
>
> The first of May was declared a general holiday, and was the most thorough one I ever saw. No one was allowed to work. There were no electric cars, no cabs, no autos, either public or private. All restaurants were closed, and in hotels all there was to eat was cold food ordered the night before and left in the rooms. Bread had practically disappeared several weeks before, and in all Petrograd no one expected to work, because it was supposed that everybody would go back to work the next day and settle down to carrying on the war and fulfilling their pledges to the Allies.
>
> Unfortunately, about this time Lenine returned to Petrograd, having come through Germany from Switzerland and installed himself in a palace. He immediately started a propaganda for seizing the property of all the nobles and rich landowners, and dividing it among the people, and favoring a pro-German peace. There was some one speaking from the balcony of his palace from morning until late in the evening, and in a short time he had the Provisional Government in a difficult position. It was dangerous to allow him to continue and equally dangerous to arrest him. Finally, as you know, they took steps to arrest him and he disappeared.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S FIRST STAGE PRODUCTION

NO shorter play was ever written probably than the one designed for a New York boy who many years later was to become known here as well as in Europe as the greatest of American theater managers, Augustin Daly. The youthful playwright was a schoolmate of Augustin, who fitted up a stage in the back yard of his home in Ridge Street and announced to boys of the neighborhood that the opening performance would take place on a certain day. Only when he had got this far did Augustin realize that on the stage the play's the thing, and he had no play. Here entered his rescuer in the person of the would-be playwright, who said: "That's all right. I'll write one." The boy called for writing materials and with a barrel-head for desk instantly "plunged into the throes of composition," we read in the "Life of Augustin Daly," by his brother, the late Joseph Francis Daly (The Macmillan Company, New York), and this was the result of his travail:

> "THE DEBT
> A PLAY
> *Act I. Scene I. Interior of an Inn.*
> *Enter Gentleman.*"

And then he stopt and never penned

another line of that play. He may in after years have grown to be a very useful citizen, says the biographer, but "I am firmly convinced that we then and there witnessed his whole career as a dramatist."

But if the dramatist faltered, the future manager kept doggedly on his way, as will be seen:

> Immediately after this, Augustin, mere lad that he was, conceived the incredible idea of hiring a real theater for one night and giving a genuine public performance. The only real theater which at that time could be engaged by a manager of limited means—say, pocket-money to a small amount—was, of all places in the world, in the city of Brooklyn. In the year A.D. 1856, Brooklyn had one theater, and that was on the third floor of a building on the corner of Fulton and Orange Streets, for Brooklyn was widely known as the City of Churches, and its residents preferred to cross the ferry when they sought recreation of a worldly character. It was not until a year or two after the event which we are about to describe that the best people reluctantly consented to countenance the erection of a playhouse in their serious borough, and even then they compromised by calling it an Academy of Music. Nor was this project completed without strange internal convulsions in the building committee, principally over the questions of stage and scenery. When these and footlights were conceded to advanced sentiment, a firm stand was made against a curtain.
>
> "A curtain," as I heard one grave citizen argue, "is intended to conceal something, and concealment suggests impropriety."
>
> It was necessary to explain to him that stage plays were usually divided into sections commonly called "acts," and that the curtain was lowered simply to mark the intervals; also that it was highly advantageous to screen the preparation of the different scenes, and then to display them as a whole by the raising of the curtain. Many instances were adduced and authorities appealed to in substantiation of these arguments, which were ultimately supported by the personal recollections of some of the older inhabitants—the younger prudently held their peace—and finally a complete playhouse was established and the ice was broken; so that now Brooklyn has become a city of theaters as well as churches, and no harm done.
>
> At the period of destitution when Brooklyn boasted the solitary third-story playhouse first mentioned, the vicinity of that temple of Momus was suddenly irradiated by a gorgeous poster (hand-painted), announcing that "The Melville Troupe of Juvenile Comedians," on their way from Canada to the Southern States, would give a performance for one night only in the city of Brooklyn, and would present a varied bill of attractions commencing with the screaming farce of "Poor Pillicoddy," followed by the second act of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy of "Macbeth"; after which a comic song would be given by Master William Melville, the whole to conclude with the celebrated drama in two acts entitled "Toodles," in which the aforesaid Master William Melville would enact his famous impersonation of *Mr. Toodles.*
>
> Thus was heralded to the world the first

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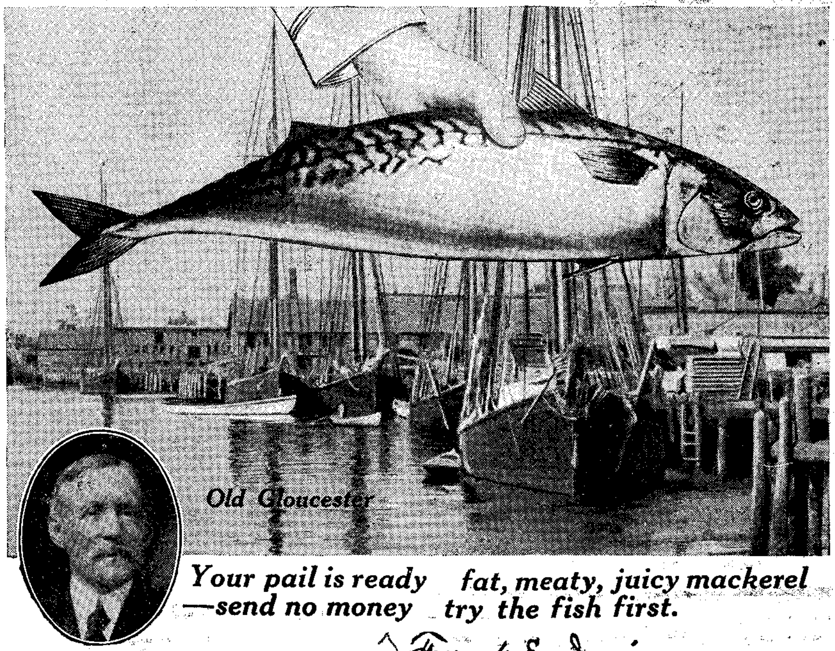

Your pail is ready —send no money

fat, meaty, juicy mackerel try the fish first.

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It's thirty-three years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

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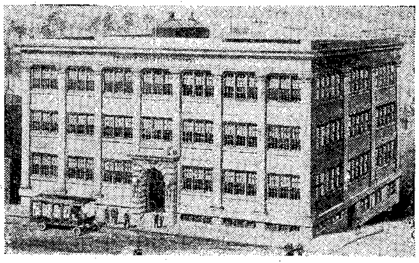
People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 65,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations—

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.



Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash— Try the Mackerel First

Such a *Good* Breakfast!

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown; some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $3.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers.

Remember: Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious!

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Mail the coupon now with your business card, letter-head or reference.

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Gloucester, Mass.

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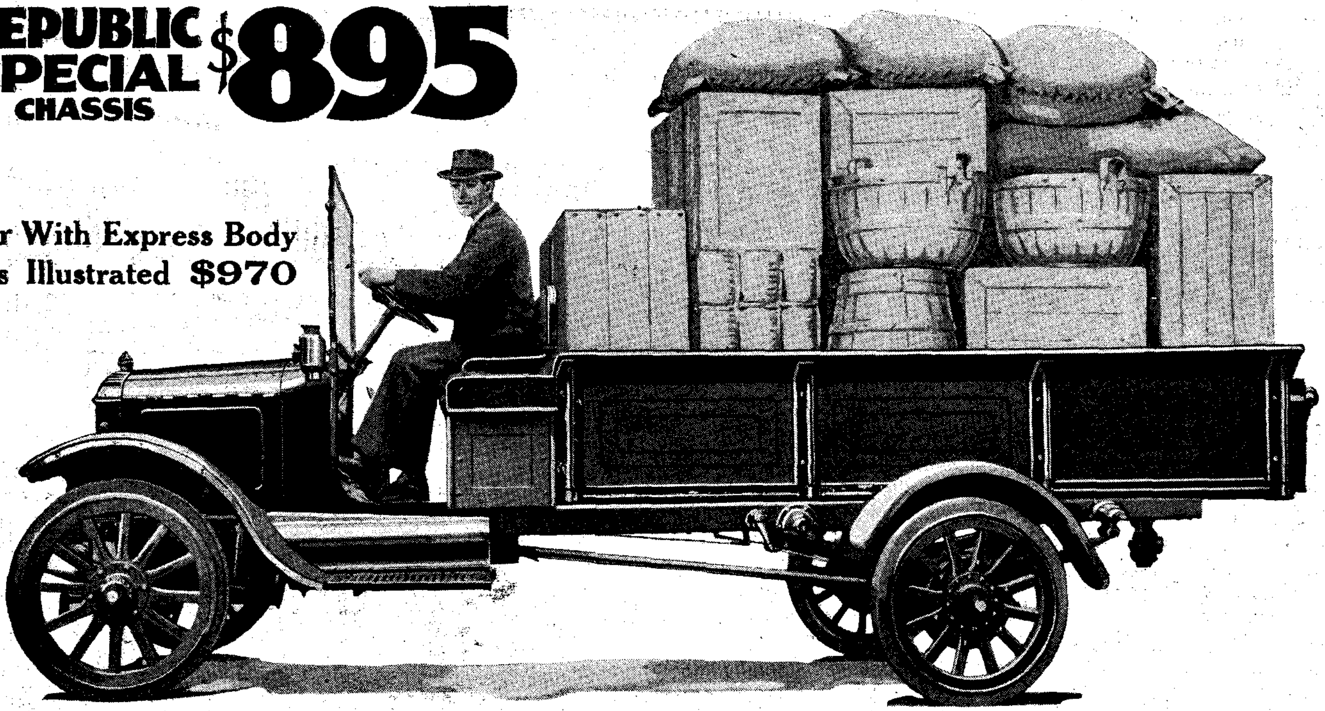

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effort in public management of the distinguished theatrical director of a later day. The whole scheme was his invention. He was then eighteen, and his confederates, all former schoolmates, were mostly younger. He had no money; nobody had any money sufficient to pay the expenses of an undertaking which included rent of theater and hire of musicians and costumes. With perfect honesty the young manager expected to meet them with the receipts of the performance, which were to be sacredly devoted to the purpose. None of the boy associates was to receive a penny—the glory of acting was to be ample compensation. Not even the attachés in front of the house were to be paid; they were all confederates, and, so far as the doorkeeper and ushers went, were to be rewarded by being permitted to look at the performance. Difficulty, it is true, was experienced with the ticket-seller and treasurer, whose station was one flight down from the auditorium. A compromise, however, was effected with him. After he judged that the demand for tickets had ceased, he was to come up and see the play. This he did, and it is highly creditable to the honesty of the people of Brooklyn that no one attempted to effect a surreptitious entrance. A number—not a very great number—of persons, when the doors were opened, did actually pay to come in, but no one attempted to enter without paying. Those who had no intention of paying had no intention of coming.

The costumes for the three plays were engaged from the emporium of Mr. Harry Seymour, a big-hearted ex-actor who kept his establishment in Canal Street. The music was to be furnished by an orchestra of six pieces under a leader, an honest German, found I don't know where. Both these purveyors were to be paid in advance on their appearance at the theater. It was supposed that the receipts of course would be ample for the purpose, since the music was to cost about ten dollars and the costumes eight; and with rent about twenty-five more, the prospect of a handsome profit was undeniable. This hope satisfied also the young ladies who were engaged for *Lady Macbeth*, *Mrs. Toodles*, and the other female characters of the bill, at a small salary. They were young and ambitious, and were easily found by advertising for young ladies desirous of joining a juvenile troupe. What the stage-struck damsels thought when waited upon by the youthful manager and his equally boyish assistants to discuss the terms of the engagement I do not know; but engage they did with great good will, and they entered into the spirit of the enterprise, took their chances of getting any salary, and loyally did their best to be Melville sisters and to see the thing through, with a devotion which might have been inspired by the vanity of figuring on the stage, but which, I am sure, was all hearty, womanly, and good.

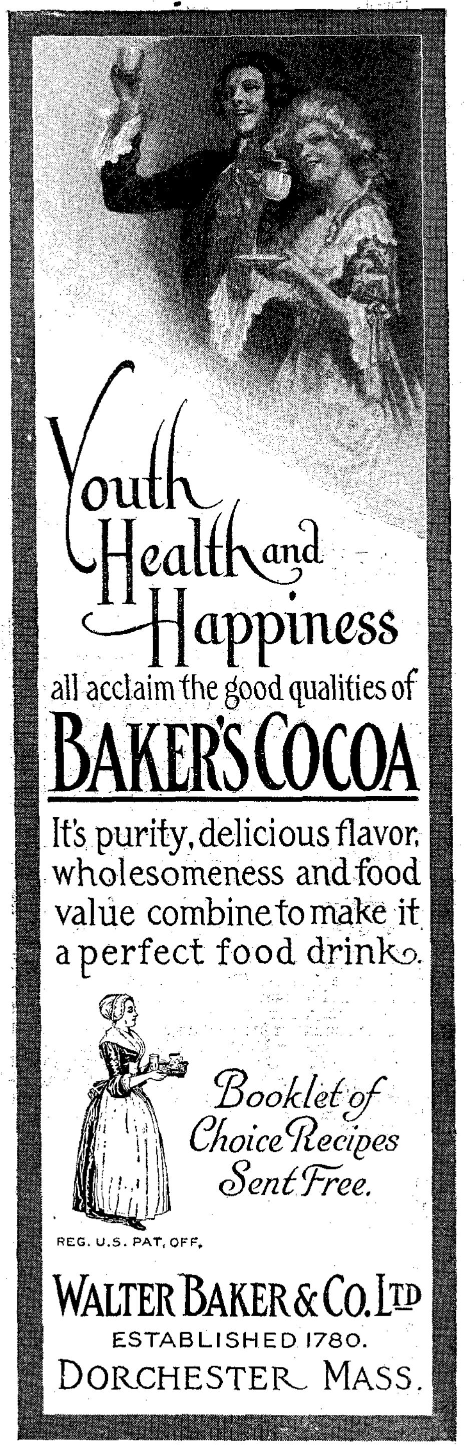
The rehearsals for this performance were held in a room in the old Gothic Hall, on Broadway, opposite the former site of the New York Hospital. The program was arranged by the manager to give the genius of the young Melvilles ample scope for display. *Macbeth* was to be enacted by Charles Melville (*né* Jacobson, an ambitious dark-haired lad who afterward joined Wallack's Company), and, as before stated, Master William Melville (Sefton) was to convulse with his inimitable *Toodles*. He had done it several times at private parties, and it was immensely if restrictedly popular. From the very beginning the young manager was to taste all the bittersweets of management. Not only did he undertake the engagement of theater, music, costumes, female stars, and the innumerable other details of his project single-handed, with rehearsals to manage in addition, but he had to encounter insubordination and dissatisfaction in his troupe, one or two young gentlemen throwing up their parts and having to be pursued and placated on street corners.

On the night of the performance the sum of $11.75 was taken in at the box-office, and this with "all the Melville family's private resources" was immediately turned over to the landlord, who had first claim and whose payment left in the managerial pocket a surplus of twenty-five cents. But the trials of the management had only begun.

When Seymour arrived in the green room (on the lower floor) with a huge trunk of costumes, he was compelled to listen to excuses. His first impulse was to sit on the lid of his trunk, and his next to depart with his goods. Ultimately, finding himself confronted by a condition not perhaps unfamiliar to an old actor, and recalling his own golden days, he relented, opened his treasures, and soon had the Melville troupe arrayed in their stage finery.

This ordeal gone through, worse remained. The German band arrived and filled the passage with their portly forms and instruments, and waited, as was their custom, for their leader to announce that the pecuniary obligations of the management had been met. The animated colloquy (unaccompanied by any show of money) which took place between the high contracting parties soon, however, excited fears not perhaps foreign to their stolid breasts. The dilemma of the Melvilles was imparted to them by their leader, who, after a short conference with them, announced their decision to return home, and their simple request that at least the cost of their passage back over the ferry might be forthcoming. The disconsolate manager, with a rapid mental calculation as to the expense of transporting eight Germans at three cents apiece, produced his solitary remaining quarter. The leader took it, looked at it with fine disdain, and then without another word sent it ringing down the corridor. Another conference with his band followed, and he then announced that if the management would pledge itself to turn over to them everything thereafter received at the doors, they would go on. Gladly giving this assurance, the manager joyfully beheld them unpack, tune up, ascend the stairs to the orchestra, and soon after burst into a melodious overture as advertised in the bills.

Barring a few trifling accidents, the plays were a huge success. The company were letter perfect in their parts, and to judge from this record acted with a confidence and cleverness remarkable in persons of such youth and inexperience. There were a few delays to be sure that somewhat marred the performance when considered from a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strictly professional view. But the young actors proved to be quite as capable in overcoming professional obstacles as the budding manager in successfully smoothing away the financial difficulties. At the same time we are told that—

There was a considerable stage wait when the *Porter* in "Macbeth" ought to have responded to *Macduff's* knocking at the gate, for no less a person than the manager himself had been cast for the *Porter*, and he was then down-stairs for the twentieth time, responding to the inquiries of the band and assuring them that no more money had been acquired from any source—even the quarter after diligent search had not been recovered; he was therefore too busy persuading them to return to their posts to think of his own. Meanwhile the knocking of *Macduff* (played by Master William Melville, content thus to support the *Macbeth* of Mr. Charles Melville in consideration for similar favors to be rendered to his *Toodles*) became so embarrassing that *Banquo*, supposedly retired to rest as required by the play, set out to look for the *Porter*, found him at a crisis with his exigent creditors, and received the order: "Go on yourself." This *Banquo* boldly did. He was received by the audience without surprize, the din *Macduff* was keeping up at door C being considered sufficient to rouse the whole castle. Not being up in the soliloquy of the *Porter*, *Banquo* simply strode to the portal, and, with becoming loftiness of gesture, flung it open. Unfortunately, he did not anticipate that the noble *Macduff*, wondering at the delay, might be applying his eye to the crack to look for the cause of it, and would be likely to receive the swinging portal full on the nose—which, in fact, he did, and appeared wholly disconcerted by the violence of his reception.

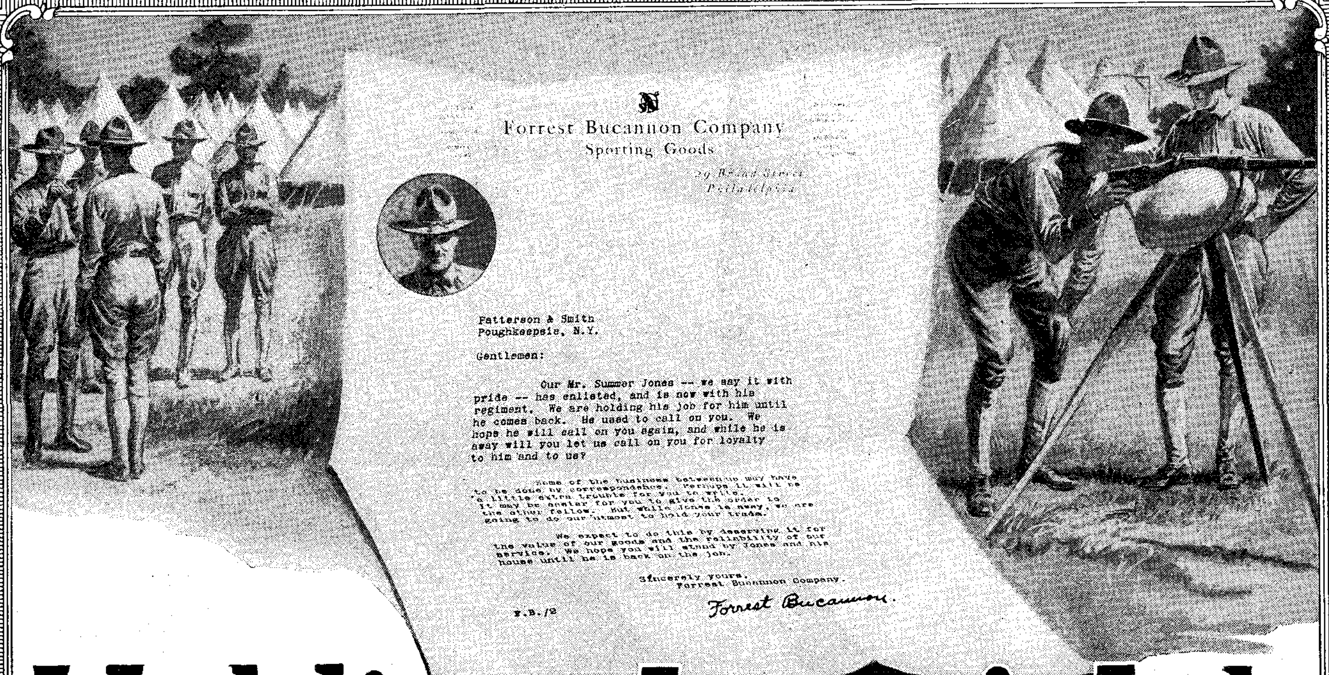
After that, however, everything went smoothly. *Toodles*, notwithstanding his mishap, was in excellent form, and his fooling was greatly enjoyed. The interpreters of Bach and Beethoven, having finally lapsed into hopeless apathy, worried the manager no more, but played to the end, even trying to accompany Master William Melville in his comic song, with the disadvantages of no score and no rehearsal. The happy manager, thus relieved from carking care, plunged into the part of *George Acorn*, which he played with great fervor. Good Harry Seymour became so interested in the whole boyish adventure—unique in even his vast and varied experience—that I verily believe he would have paid eight dollars rather than not be there to see, and to have ever after the pleasure of relating what he had seen. The young ladies, who were cheerful and helpful to the end, were gallantly escorted to their homes by some of the young Thespians, but I doubt if they ever fully recovered from their bewilderment. As for the manager, having given the performance as announced and kept faith with his public to the letter, overcome every difficulty, and helped the carpenters to set the scenes and clear the stage in the intervals of hypnotizing the band and the costumer, be beamed on every one, distributed his commendations unsparingly, and went home with me triumphant, to act over again in our talks with the boys for many a day the varied incidents of what must go down in history as his first public attempt at management.

TRUE TALE OF THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF A MISSING "DIGEST"

Deep down in the soul of every man there is said to lie the germ of poetry. Fortunately with many it lies unheeded, or perhaps unknown, until copiously sprayed with the strong waters of emotion, when it bursts its shell and sends forth its flowering shoots. Love, war, and passion are popularly supposed to be the most successful fertilizers for the poesy seedling, but all first-class versiculturists agree that the sense of great loss more frequently produces satisfactory results. A hardy plant is guaranteed that will bloom late into the fall, and for the benefit of our readers we are presenting an excellent example. In this case, the loss being great, the emotion was perhaps unusually strong. Anyway, here is the blossom:

> THE DIGEST has been in default,
> About three weeks or over.
> The cause for this unpleasant halt
> I'm anxious to discover.
>
> Its healthy page is pure, and free
> Of vicious, nasty fiction;
> For this, wise people all agree
> In thanks for that restriction.
>
> THE DIGEST brings us all the new
> And various forms of knowledge.
> It's plainly seen, it is the true
> Extension of the college.
>
> The daily papers give us acts
> And rumors and delusions;
> THE DIGEST gives us all the facts
> With logical conclusions.
>
> . . . .
>
> It's all a magazine should be
> And fills the true ideal
> Of all we think and want to see—
> Past, present, live, and real.
>
> I wait to hear the postman's bell,
> And round the house go moping.
> Without THE DIGEST life is—well,
> Sustained by waiting, hoping.
>
> I mourn my absent magazine,
> That always came in season,
> Now for three weeks I have not seen;
> Pray, tell me what's the reason.
>
> . . . .
>
> Now in pain I wait your answer,
> My sorrows to allay 'em,
> And right soon I hope you can, sir—
> Yours truly, J. H. Graham.

Quite naturally, upon the receipt of the above plaint, the editor was perturbed, and sought the circulation manager for an explanation. It was then discovered that—like most poets—this DIGEST subscriber lived in a world far removed from the material but quite essential things of life. Tho the cause of the lamented default was quickly uncovered, this problem then presented itself: How was the editor to break the news without having recourse to vulgar business methods, for the editorial staff was just out of poets—the last available one having been conscripted by Uncle Sam. But it is an editor's duty to "produce," no matter what the obstacles. Therefore he went a-searching through the various departments of THE DIGEST for any modest poet who might be in hiding Being a persistent editor he found one,



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Some of the business between us may have to be done by correspondence. Perhaps it will be a little extra trouble for you to write. It may be easier for you to give the order to the other fellow. But while Jones is away, we are going to do our utmost to hold your trade.

We expect to do this by deserving it for the value of our goods and the reliability of our service. We hope you will stand by Jones and his house until he is back on the job.

Sincerely yours,
Forrest Bucannon Company.
Forrest Bucannon.

F.B./2

Holding Jones' Job

JONES has gone; all honor and luck to him. But meanwhile, how can we fill his place? Who will do his work, who will call on his trade, who will sell the goods he sold and hold the business he built? It must be done and done quickly if there is to be a job for him on his return.

Our printer made a suggestion. "Don't hunt for another man. Multiply Jones by a thousand; send every week to all his customers, as strong a sales letter as you can write. Multiply Jones by ten thousand, by a hundred thousand, and reach new customers."

Use printed salesmanship, not as a side issue but as your mainstay. Booklets, circulars—above all, form sales letters in quantities—can and must take the place of the salesmen who have gone to the front.

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It will enable you to give more and better gifts at a smaller expenditure of money—wouldn't such a plan appeal to you strongly this season?—when money must go as far as it can, and when you want to remember your relatives, friends, and your soldier- or sailor-boys with gifts that are both pleasing and useful. We will gladly explain to you, upon request, a special Christmas proposition which will

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It will delight you by solving, in the most satisfactory way, your Christmas-present problems. It will mean less perplexity, less expense, less waste of time —and more suitable and pleasing gifts. Do your Christmas shopping *early* and *easily*. Write to-day for information. It will be sent without obligation or expense to you. Use the coupon NOW.

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dragged him shrieking from his lair, and this is what he wrote to the man who was shy his DIGEST:

DEAR MR. GRAHAM:

You were kind
To write the riming letter;
Allow us gently to remind
Of something even better:

Remittance quick will bring to you
The magazine commended—
It stopt because your term was through,
Your wise subscription ended.
Renew at once, with pay for past
And future information,
And for you will DIGEST-ion last,
And so will your elation.

You will no longer happy be
If now you idly fail us;
So let us, soon, the money see
That you should promptly mail us.
It is the Business Office, note,
And not THE DIGEST Sanctum,
That must on dollars always dote—
And senders long have thanked 'em.

You will not miss the vision wide
By our DIGEST afforded,
If we by you are soon supplied
With money you have hoarded.
To make remittance easy, quite,
We offered you a plan, sir,
That should relieve your sorry plight;
And we await your answer.

Remittance came promptly, accompanied by lines for which, as in case of those first received, we can spare space only in part:

I don't mind being swatted hard
For being slow with money,
If done adroitly, by a bard
Who pummels me with honey.
But this is nothing to the point
To fix another question,
Which is: The world is out of joint
Without a good DIGEST-ion.

I need this book my life to mend
And line me up with scholars;
So here enclosed I'm glad to send
The sum you name—Six Dollars.
And now my days shall smoothly flow
When debts in full I pay 'em,
And never in-DIGEST-ion know—

Yours truly, J. H. GRAHAM.

Having accompanied his remittance with such jingling coin, its acknowledgment must follow with something of the jingling order, hence these lines:

Your humor we appreciate—
It comes of keen DIGEST-ion
Which on our patrons long will wait
Beyond all doubt or question,
If long they read THE DIGEST through,
As you have surely read it,
And their subscription quick renew
And do not ask for credit.

Our patrons know this blessed truth,
And act upon it gladly:
THE DIGEST helps maintain their youth
In life, and never sadly;
When pleasant words we long to get,
And look to them to say 'em,
We'll *think of one we never met*—
And list for Brother Graham.

Two of the stanzas which came in reply to these sufficiently sum up the situation in our subscriber's home:

Sweet peace now rules our domicile,
And gone contention, hating;
We live in harmony, the while
Digestive themes debating.

THE DIGEST is the world's review;
Each day I like it better;
And when I've paid my bill to you
I feel I'm still a debtor.

MATRIMONY IS NOT THE GOAL OF THE TRAINED NURSE

WHENEVER a nurse and her patient marry the newspapers seize upon the incident as a romance, and the reading public, forgetting that it is the unusual that is chronicled, have come to regard matrimony as the natural goal of the trained nurse. As a matter of fact, the reverse is true, according to a recent investigation made by *The Journal of Heredity*, which finds that less than half of the graduates of the best training-schools marry. The lowest percentage is reported from the training-school of the Washington University as 21, while the highest, 52, is recorded at the school connected with St. Luke's Hospital, in New York. The writer thus sums up:

> No amount of optimism can bring one to conclude that the marriage-rate of trained nurses—or at least of the graduates of the best training-schools—is even reasonably high.
>
> On the whole, the education of a nurse fits her admirably for home-making and mothercraft. It might be supposed that such women would be in great demand as wives. The fact that they marry to such a small extent may indicate:
>
> (*a*) That men do not use good judgment in selecting wives (this criticism has been heard more than once from graduates of women's colleges), or that there is something in a nurse's education to which men object.
>
> (*b*) That the nurses prefer to remain single. Many of them doubtless are set on a career, but evidently not all, for of the living, unmarried graduates of Bellevue who have left school but whose whereabouts are known 16 per cent. are not following their profession, but have apparently given it up and are living at home. It is doubtless true that nurses, having careers offering abundant employment and good pay, can be and are much more exacting in their requirements of a suitor than are girls who have no future in sight except matrimony. Their celibacy can not be very largely due to lack of opportunities to meet men, for their opportunities in this respect are notably good.
>
> Any attempt to analyze the causes of this low marriage-rate must be futile until some data are available; for the factors involved are doubtless mostly complex psychological influences. But there is one simpler cause that may be suspected—age. Ten or fifteen years ago the age of admission to good training-schools was from twenty-one to twenty-five years. The average age of girls at graduation was certainly not less than twenty-five. The nurses who graduated from the four large schools in classes prior to 1902 were therefore well toward the end of the most marriageable period in a woman's life at the time of their graduation. Lately the age standards of training-schools have been steadily reduced, twenty perhaps being an average minimum, altho many schools will now admit pupils at the age of nineteen. The average age of graduates is therefore now about twenty-three, according to those who are in a position to form an intelligent opinion. This decrease of age alone should tend to increase the marriage-rate of the more recent graduates as compared with those a decade or two ago.

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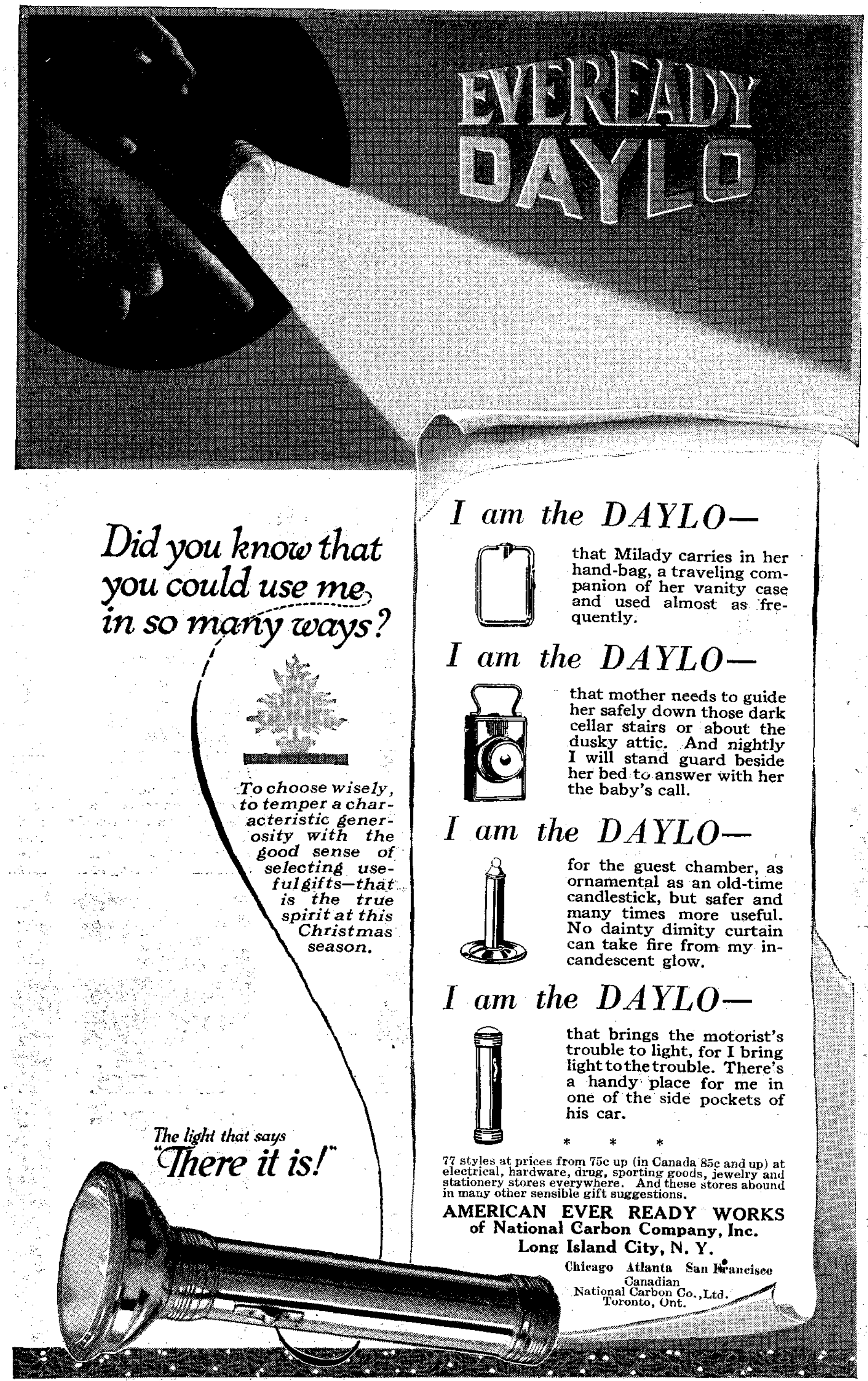

EVEREADY DAYLO

Did you know that you could use me in so many ways?

To choose wisely, to temper a characteristic generosity with the good sense of selecting useful gifts—that is the true spirit at this Christmas season.

The light that says "There it is!"

I am the DAYLO—

that Milady carries in her hand-bag, a traveling companion of her vanity case and used almost as frequently.

I am the DAYLO—

that mother needs to guide her safely down those dark cellar stairs or about the dusky attic. And nightly I will stand guard beside her bed to answer with her the baby's call.

I am the DAYLO—

for the guest chamber, as ornamental as an old-time candlestick, but safer and many times more useful. No dainty dimity curtain can take fire from my incandescent glow.

I am the DAYLO—

that brings the motorist's trouble to light, for I bring light to the trouble. There's a handy place for me in one of the side pockets of his car.

* * *

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Needed Ventilation.—"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

"That's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Higher Mathematics—SCHOOL-TEACHER (to little boy)—"If a farmer raises 1,700 bushels of wheat and sells it for $1.17 per bushel, what will he get?"

LITTLE BOY—"Automobile."—*Milestones.*

All Clear Now.—OLD FARMER (to soldier son just returned from the Front)—"Well, Dick, what be these tanks like that there's so much talk about?"

SON—"Why, they're just wobbling thingamabobs, full o' what-you-may-call-'ems, and they blaze away like billyo!"

OLD FARMER—"Ay, I heard they was wonderful things, but I never could get any details afore."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Quick Decision.—In his earlier years Lord Morris (afterward Lord Chief Justice of Ireland) was Recorder of Galway. On one occasion the last case on the list—a dispute over a few shillings—was argued before him at great length and with much warmth. Lord Morris was anxious to get back to Dublin, where the courts were in full swing and he held important briefs. Within a few minutes the Dublin train was timed to start. The Recorder looked at his watch, but the wrangle did not seem to be approaching an end.

At last he said to the opposing solicitors: "See here, gentlemen, I must catch a train. Here is the sum in dispute;" and throwing down the silver, he vanished from the court.—*Green Bag.*

An Agent Provocateur.—Secretary McAdoo said at a dinner:

"The German Government is a corrupting Government. It's an *agent provocateur* Government. It reminds me of the rancher.

"A rancher owed a Mexican $40 wages, and hadn't the cash to square up. So he conjured his brains hard, and one evening in the kitchen he took down the coffee-mill carelessly, and said:

"'Ever see one of these things before, Pablo?'

"It was a cheap wooden pot, and the Mexican yawned and said he hadn't.

"'Well,' said the rancher excitedly, 'this is the most wonderful invention of the century. It is valued at $100. Look here, Pab. You put your coffee in here, turn the handle, and out she comes, all ground. No more crushing your coffee with a stone in the tedious Mexican way—hey, what? Billings wants it so bad he don't know what to do. Offered me $100 for it, but nit—I paid that for it in New York. Of course it's worth more out here.'

"The Mexican said nothing. He assumed an air of indifference. His eyes, however, burned like coals of fire in his head.

"The rancher shoved the coffee-mill carelessly back on the shelf, and, when he came down the next morning he found that it and the Mexican had both disappeared.

"'Gosh,' he said, with a queer laugh, 'you can't put any confidence in a Mexican anyhow. Why, that guy Pablo was positively dishonest.'"—*Washington Post.*

Got the Other Place.—A practical joker called up the telephone-operator and said: "Hello, Central, Give me Heaven," but that isn't what she gave him.—*Youngstown Telegram.*

The Restaurant Habit.—WIFE—"But why have you put your friend's things in the dining-room?"

HUB—"Oh, he's used to restaurants; he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—*Boston Transcript.*

Yes, Father Knew.—"Father," said vivacious Vivian, as she lay in the hammock on the winter-resort hotel piazza, "this place seems just like home."

"Yes, it's the dearest spot on earth," promptly replied father, putting away his fountain pen after writing a check for that week's board-bill.—*Froth.*

No Lawyer Needed.—An Atlanta lawyer tells of a newly qualified judge in one of the towns of the South who was trying one of his first criminal cases. The prisoner was an old negro charged with robbing a hen-coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Henry," observed the Judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyer dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."—*Oregon Journal.*

Try This.—The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office-boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting-room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste-basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

And Has a Grand Pen.—Altho Thomas Hardy, the famous English novelist, has lived so long in Dorsetshire, among the very scenes he has depicted graphically in his books, he is of such a retiring and modest disposition that his fame is unknown to a number of the quiet country folk who live in his vicinity.

There is an amusing story of an enthusiastic admirer who visited Dorsetshire and approached an old lady whom he found sitting outside her cottage door.

"Mr. Hardy lives near here, doesn't he?" he inquired.

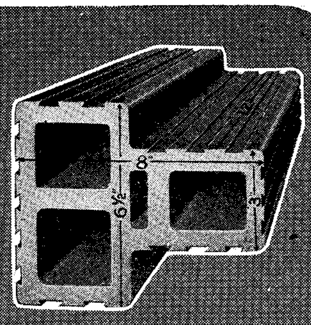
"Which Mr. Hardy?" asked the old woman.

"Why, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who writes books," replied the astonished pilgrim.

"Oh, I know naught about him," said the woman, "but there be a Hardy near by that rears grand pigs!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

Heat Buildings With Less Coal

Any building will cost less to heat if the walls are built of this material.



This is the tile. The drawing below shows how it is built into the wall.

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TRADE MARK

Heating engineers figured 100 tons of coal per season to heat the mansion shown below. It actually required only 60 tons, due to the perfect insulation provided by the Interlocking Tile walls.

These walls do not heat through—a gasoline torch directed against one side of the wall will hardly give a warmth that can be felt on the other side. The heat from the furnace is kept inside the building. It is not conducted through the walls to be wasted on the outside air.

Hundreds of air spaces in the wall give this insulation. Even the mortar joints are interrupted by air spaces, which check all heat conduction. (See drawing.)

If you want to save coal bills, write for more information on Interlocking Tile—how it builds walls that are not only cold proof, but heat proof, moisture proof and fire proof as well.

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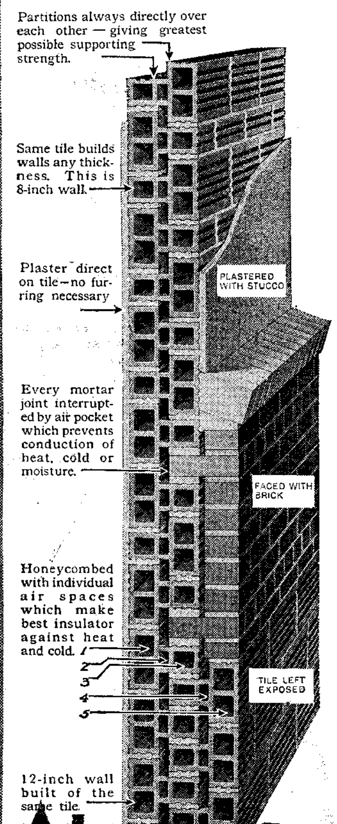
510 Guardian Bldg., Cleveland, O.
35 Factories 145 Sales Offices


Partitions always directly over each other — giving greatest possible supporting strength.
Same tile builds walls any thickness. This is 8-inch wall.
Plaster direct on tile—no furring necessary
PLASTERED WITH STUCCO
Every mortar joint interrupted by air pocket which prevents conduction of heat, cold or moisture.
FACED WITH BRICK
Honeycombed with individual air spaces which make best insulator against heat and cold. 1
2
3
4
5
TILE LEFT EXPOSED
12-inch wall built of the same tile.

Residence of GEORGE MC KESSON BROWN *Huntington, L.I.*
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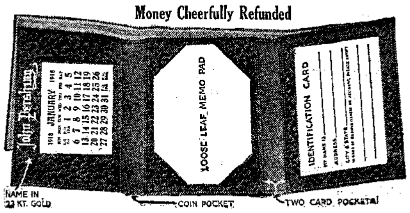

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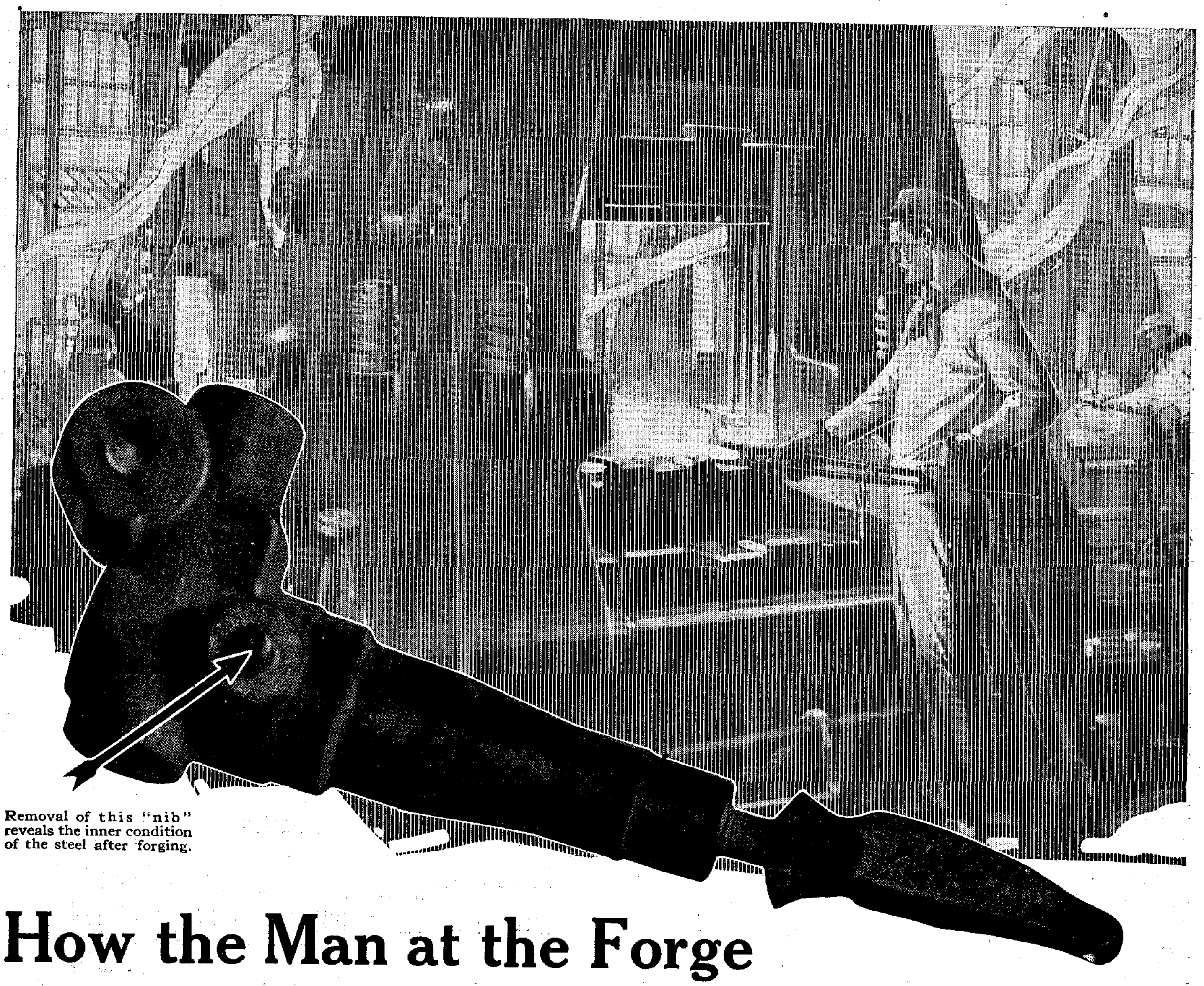


Removal of this "nib" reveals the inner condition of the steel after forging.

How the Man at the Forge Protects You on the Road

Human life and safety are the first considerations in the building of a motor-car.

And the crucial point in the whole structure is the steering knuckle on whose spindle the front wheel revolves.

It must turn with every movement of the steering wheel. It must withstand incessant jolting, jarring and vibration.

The internal structure of the steel of which that spindle is made is vitally important, for upon its strength and toughness depend your safety and the safety of those who ride with you.

The chemist has checked the analysis of the raw material—we know it has the right ingredients, and in the right proportion.

But his analysis cannot reveal the effect of the drop hammer on the mechanical condition of the metal.

If it is over-heated before it reaches the forge, no process of heat-treatment can repair the damage. Yet how can we tell?

It is impossible to look into the inside of that spindle, as in an X-ray photograph, and see its internal condition.

But the man at the forge supplies us with another way of getting the information that we *must have* for your protection.

The die in which the hot metal is hammered into shape is so designed that a projection is left on the forging, where the spindle joins the upright portion of the knuckle. After the forging is made this little projection or nib is removed by the inspector and the surface of the fracture reveals at once the mechanical structure of the steel. The work of the inspector is again checked by the laboratory; for the little piece that has been removed is sent there for analysis.

No imperfection can get by. The slightest indication of weakness in internal structure sentences that forging instantly to the scrap heap.

Thus in countless little ways back in the factory, many individuals in a great organization are constantly watching the little things that mean protection to you out on the road.

The Timken-Detroit Primer, B-15, "On Axles," will tell you how important they are and how their reputation for reliability and long service has been built into them in the Timken plant. Sent free, postpaid, on application to

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

November 8.—The Hamburg-American Steamship Line offices in New York are seized by the United States authorities following telegraphic orders from Washington. The premises are regarded as having been for months the clearing-house for German propaganda in the United States. The Kaiser is the largest stockholder in the company. The officials are said to have received word of the proposed action through spies before the arrival of the officers, but the transfer was accomplished without disorder.

Henry Ford announces that until the war is over his plant will be devoted entirely to the production of war-necessities, the manufacture of pleasure-cars being entirely suspended. The Government has exprest its satisfaction at the announcement since it will release 200,000 tons of chrome-vanadium steel a year for war-materials which has previously gone into the construction of automobiles.

The American War Mission, headed by Col. Edward M. House, reaches London. They are met by Ambassador Page, Vice-Admiral Sims, and Foreign Secretary Balfour.

Ten days' supply of sugar—10,000 tons—is given to New York when an agreement to release this amount from storage is reached between the Food Administration and an Allied Government. Further releases of foreign-owned sugar are expected.

November 10.—It is officially announced in Washington that Charles Piez, of Chicago, president of the Link Belt Company, will assume entire charge of the ship-building program under E. N. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board, displacing Rear-Admiral W. L. Capps. Mr. Piez was elected vice-president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation ten days ago as a preliminary step to this appointment. A rumor that Admiral Capps would resign is denied.

November 11.—Economies planned and announced by Food-Administrator Hoover will result in a standard bread-loaf, which will lower the price to the consumer and result in an annual saving of 600,000 barrels of flour, 100,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 100,000,000 pounds of lard. The official regulations for bakers become operative on December 10.

November 12.—President Wilson, in an address before the American Federation of Labor, in Buffalo, appeals to the workingmen of the United States for cooperation in the conduct of the war, and makes it clear that he opposes peace until the war against Germany has been won.

November 13.—Secret-Service agents discover an immense quantity of foodstuffs, including flour, sugar, butter, cheese, and eggs, hidden in eight large warehouses in New York City. Other warehouses are being investigated.

The Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, in response to the appeal of President Wilson, calls off all strikes on Government work under its jurisdiction.

November 14.—Determined that there shall be no strike on the railroads growing out of the demand of the employees for a new wage-scale, President Wilson summons the chiefs of the brotherhoods before him on November 22. This action grows out of the refusal of the men to arbitrate their demands. The President, it is learned, has obtained an opinion from the Attorney-General which holds that the President may take possession of the railroads in time of war if necessary.

THE TEUTON DRIVE IN ITALY

November 8.—Austro-German forces are reported to be in close pursuit of the Italian armies, a London dispatch stating that they have crossed the Livenza River, capturing 17,000 men, including a general, and 80 guns. This makes a total in the drive of 250,000 prisoners and 2,300 guns. The territory occupied is estimated at 2,000 square miles. Rear action of the Italians is reported to be stubborn, and the advance of the invaders necessarily slow. They are meeting fierce resistance at the bridge-heads and their losses are said to be heavy. The Italians have been enabled to withdraw without disorder and to organize their lines on the Piave River, where it is expected they will make a stand.

November 9.—London reports the continued retreat of the Italians toward the Piave River, which is only 16 miles from Venice. The Austro-German forces are following cautiously. An Associated Press representative at Army headquarters announces that General Cadorna has been removed as Commander-in-Chief and assigned as the Italian representative in the permanent inter-Allied commission proposed by the Allies. General Diaz succeeds Cadorna as Commander of the Army.

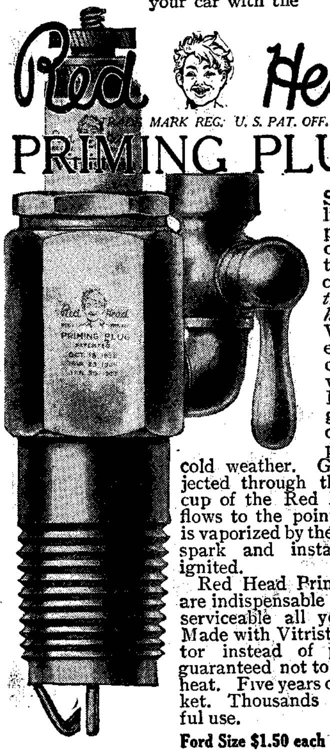
November 10.—Rome reports that the Italians, with their British and French allies, have established themselves in their new positions on the lower part of the Piave, where it is believed a great battle will be fought within a few days.

November 11.—Paris reports that the Italian resistance to the German invasion has stiffened all along the front, while at some important points the defenders are reported to have taken the offensive on the Trentino front. German reports do not claim any further advance on the Piave front. Observers state that the Austrian advance is slackening as it goes farther from its base.

November 12.—Dispatches received in London from the headquarters of General Diaz indicate that the menace on the Italian left is practically ended. Rome announces that, aided by the Entente forces, the enemy's advance has been resisted successfully. The German attempt to outflank the river line, however, continues, and there is sharp firing reported across the Piave. Berlin reports an advance in the upper Piave Valley, stating that 10,000 Italian troops were cut off and surrendered. The night report announces the capture of 4,000 more in the Cordevole Valley.

November 13.—Paris reports that the Germans have been repulsed after crossing the Piave, twenty-three miles from Venice. The Italians are said to be fighting desperately and with considerable success; Berlin reports the capture of Mont Longara, the Leone work on the Casoni di Campo, and the armored fort on the Casoni di Lena Fonzaso.

November 14.—The German forces continue their furious attacks along the Piave in an attempted encircling movement. The Italian forces are holding them at most points, Paris reports. Where ground has been given it is believed to have been only the result of the efforts of General Diaz to straighten his line.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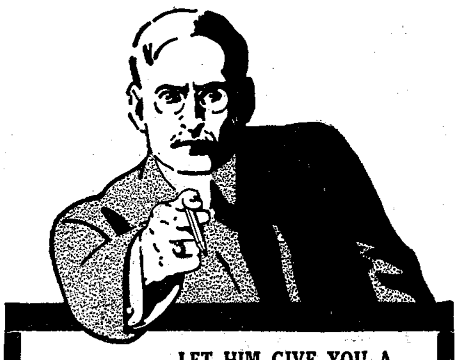
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THE UPRISING IN RUSSIA

November 8.—Petrograd dispatches announce that the city is in complete control of the Bolshevik forces. Premier Kerensky is denounced as a traitor and his arrest ordered. Half a dozen of his ministers are seized and imprisoned and in an official proclamation the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates constitutes itself the Government of Russia. The aims of the new régime are declared to be the offer of an immediate democratic peace, the immediate handing over of proprietary lands to the peasants, the transmission of all authority to the Council, and the honest convocation of a Constitutional Assembly. Dispatches from London state that the new revolution in Russia is not taken seriously there, where it is believed that Premier Kerensky, who is reported in flight, has simply removed the seat of Government to Moscow, and it is expected that he will rally the Cossacks and other loyal troops to his support.

November 9.—A telegram to Ambassador Francis in Petrograd from the American Consul-General in Moscow announces that the Revolutionary Committee has taken over all the Government offices in Moscow. In a speech before the Workmen's and Soldiers' Congress Nikolai Lenine, the Maximalist leader, announces a plan to offer an immediate armistice of three months, during which "elected delegates of all nations will settle the question of peace." The Army is appealed to to protect the revolution against "imperialistic attempts until the new Government obtains a democratic peace." The Revolutionary Committee has arranged for a search for Premier Kerensky for the purpose of arresting him. All the Cabinet Ministers who were arrested at the Winter Palace after its surrender are confined in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

November 10.—Advices received in London indicate that the Maximalist demonstration has reached its climax and is subsiding. Premier Kerensky is reported to have arrived at Luga, 85 miles from Petrograd, where the garrison demonstrated its loyalty to the Provisional Government. On the other hand, official advices received by President Wilson from Russia declare the situation is more serious than indicated in the press dispatches.

November 11.—The British Press Bureau issues radio communications, sent out by the Russian Government's wireless system, indicating that the Bolshevik revolt is nearing an end. Kerensky is reported to be marching on the capital with 200,000 men. Leninist efforts in Moscow are reported supprest and the Petrograd moderates, in the name of the "All-Russia Committee for Saving the Country and the Revolution," call upon the people to suppress treason and the traitors. This committee, heretofore unknown, is believed to have been formed of the better elements of the people as a result of the crisis. A report received in Petrograd from Moscow states that Mr. Rodzianko, formerly president of the Duma, is forming a government in Moscow, and that General Korniloff has arrived there, having escaped from Bykhoff. Troops supporting the Bolsheviki are said to be confronting the forces of Kerensky thirty miles from Petrograd.

November 12.—Stockholm reports a fierce battle thirty miles southwest of Petrograd between loyal troops under Kerensky and the forces of the Bolsheviki. Strong forces are said to be rallying to his aid. General Kaledines, former hetman of the Cossacks, refuses to recognize the Leninites and, Maxim Gorky is issuing daily bulletins against them. All the Ministers of the Provisional Government who were arrested at the beginning of the revolt have been released, except Foreign Minister Terestchenko and another.

The banks in Petrograd are still closed, but the shops are open as usual. The Petrograd correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company states that after heavy fighting in Moscow, during which there were 700 casualties, terms of peace were arranged on the basis of the creation of a Socialist Government including Bolsheviki. Petrograd reports state that the city is still in the hands of the Bolsheviki after desperate street battles. Agents of the committee of safety have gone to Gatchina to try to arrange a compromise between the Kerensky forces and the Bolsheviki.

November 13.—Definite information in regard to the situation in Russia is unobtainable as no official communications have been received. The employees of the official Russian Telegraph Agency refuse to transmit Bolshevik propaganda, and go on strike. Some reports state that Kerensky has been victorious, but the rebels deny it. A Stockholm report asserts that General Korniloff has entered Petrograd, and that there was fierce fighting in the streets. Reports received in Finland report the arrival in Petrograd of Kerensky and the overthrow of the rebels.

November 14.—London advices state that all reports indicate that the Russian Provisional Government is steadily suppressing the Bolshevik uprising. General Korniloff's forces are reported to have captured the Kremlin, the famous fortress of Moscow. The fight for the control in Petrograd is apparently still in doubt. The reports are still very meager.

ON THE FRENCH FRONT

November 10.—British troops in Flanders are reported to have advanced their positions an extreme depth of 800 yards on a 2,500-yard front.

November 11.—Dispatches from the American front in France state that by prompt and perfect cooperation between the American infantry and artillery a force of Germans fully as large as that which entered the American trenches a few days ago is beaten off and not an American receives a scratch.

November 12.—The American forces at the front in France have their first experience with gas-shells, making masks necessary. General Pershing visits the wounded Americans in the base hospital, and congratulates them upon their bravery.

November 13.—Dispatches from the American-Army front state that American aviators have been taking part in bombing expeditions over the German lines. No casualties among the airmen are reported. The third series of American battalions are now in the first-line trenches, the transfer having been accomplished without the knowledge of the enemy.

November 14.—Dispatches from Belgium state that the forces of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria are defeated in a desperate attempt to recapture Passchendaele from the British.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

November 8.—London regards the capture of Gaza by the British troops as one of the most brilliant maneuvers and decisive victories of the war in the East, as the Turkish Palestine armies are in an extremely dangerous position,

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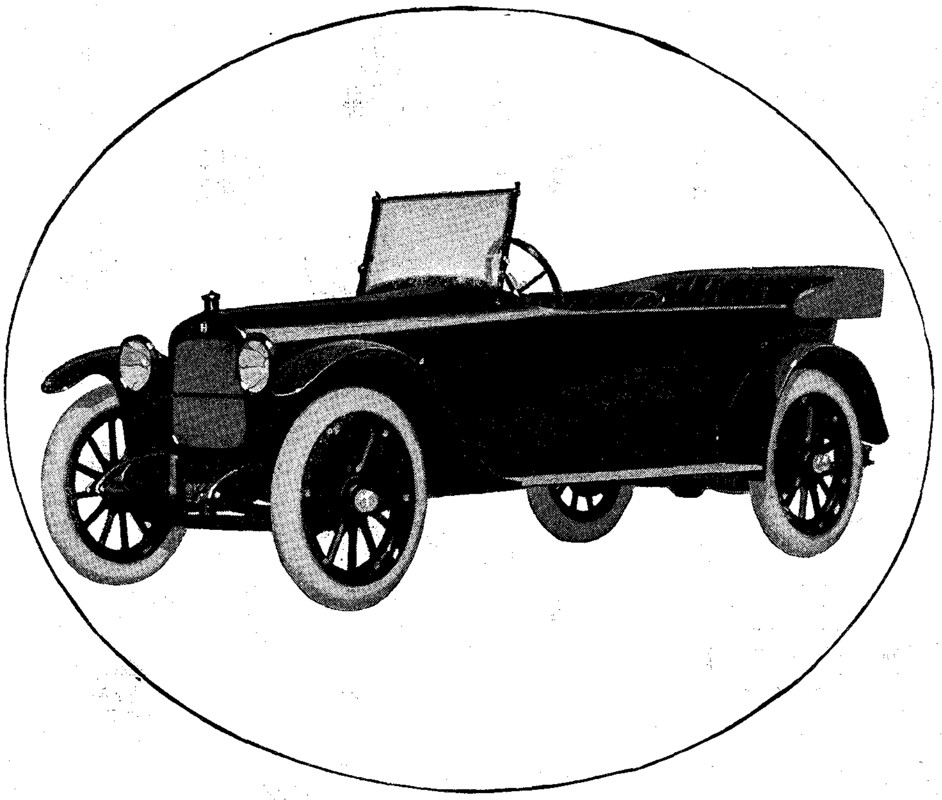

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their line of communication being maintained only by a narrow strip of country which is threatened on both sides by the British.

November 9.—London reports the entire Turkish Army in Palestine retreating to the north, followed by British airplanes which are bombing them. British and French naval forces are reported to be cooperating against Turkish communications on the Mediterranean.

November 10.—London reports that the British Army in Palestine, pursuing the retreating Turks, makes further extensive gains, occupying Ascalon. The prisoners captured are increased by 400 with ten guns. The enemy's casualties are estimated at 10,000.

November 12.—London dispatches state that the British forces operating against the Turks have reached a point thirty miles from Jerusalem. The Turkish forces are reported to have made a stand about twenty miles southwest of Jerusalem and are organizing for defense.

November 14.—The British Army in Palestine advances seven miles, threatening Jaffa and the railway to Jerusalem. At the same time it is announced that one British destroyer and a small monitor have been sunk by an enemy submarine while cooperating with the land forces, thirty-three men being lost.

London reports that the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia have been driven from thirty to fifty miles north of Tekrit by General Maude's troops, who return to their original positions at Tekrit after defeating the enemy, according to previous plans. Tekrit is on the Tigris, ninety-seven miles northwest of Bagdad. It was outflanked and captured by General Maude on November 6. The British are now about one hundred miles south of Mosul, the final objective of their campaign.

THE PROPOSED WAR-COUNCIL

November 12.—At a luncheon in Paris in honor of the British Premier, Lloyd George reviews with "brutal frankness" the reverses of the Entente in Servia and Roumania, and refers to the German drive into Italy as perhaps a blessing in disguise since it has brought realization that coordination of effort is necessary to win the war.

November 13.—As a result of a debate over the power and scope of the proposed war-council the French Cabinet, after an unfavorable vote in the Chamber, resigns.

London newspapers severely criticize Premier Lloyd George's "brutally frank" speech at the luncheon in Paris. His reference to the Allies' "incredible blunders" is printed under sensational head-lines. Some of the newspapers also criticize the proposed war-plans, declaring that the Premier wishes to take over the strategic direction of the Allied campaign.

November 14.—Parliamentary writers all agree that the British Government faces a crisis as a result of the speech of Premier George at the Paris luncheon. Anti-government forces are using every method to create prejudice in an effort to drive the Premier from power. The Premier meets the situation by a statement in the House of Commons in which he assures the members that the proposed war-council will have no executive authority, and in reply to Mr. Asquith he reads the actual terms of the agreement. Washington reports that President Wilson will support the proposed permanent war-council, and approves the plans for perfect coordination between the nations.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

November 14.—The *U*-boat losses for the past week were the lowest yet reported. The British Admiralty statement follows: Arrivals, 2,125; sailings, 2,307. British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, 1; under 1,600 tons, 5. Fishing-vessels sunk, 1. British merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, 8, including 3 previously reported.

DOMESTIC

November 6.—Ohio defeated constitutional State-wide prohibition by a majority of 1,723.

Candidates of the "Town Meeting," or reform party, in Philadelphia were defeated by the regular Republican candidates for minor offices by pluralities ranging from 3,000 to 10,000. This result may be overturned by the soldiers' votes or by a recount.

Westmoreland Davis (Dem.) is elected Governor of Virginia.

Samuel W. McCall is reelected Governor of Massachusetts by a plurality of 91,023.

New Mexico adopts State-wide prohibition by a majority of about 10,000 votes.

In Chicago, Socialist and pacifist candidates for judgeships are defeated by Fusionist candidates supporting the war, by majorities of about 80,000.

A constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage is adopted in New York by a majority of 94,292 votes.

Mayor John Purroy Mitchel is defeated for Mayor of New York by a plurality of 147,975, the entire Tammany ticket being elected. The vote for Mayor was as follows: Hylan (Dem.), 297,282; Mitchel (Fusion), 149,307; Hillquit (Socialist), 142,178; Bennett (Rep.), 53,678.

November 9.—A delegation of Suffragists, headed by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, representing the National Woman Suffrage Association, are received by President Wilson, who reiterates his position that he believes it to be a matter for State action. Women radicals will resume the White-House picketing.

Forty-one women, many of them prominent in Washington and New York, are arrested in Washington for picketing the White House. Cash bail of $25 each was demanded, and Miss Mary Ingham, of Philadelphia, furnished the collateral for all.

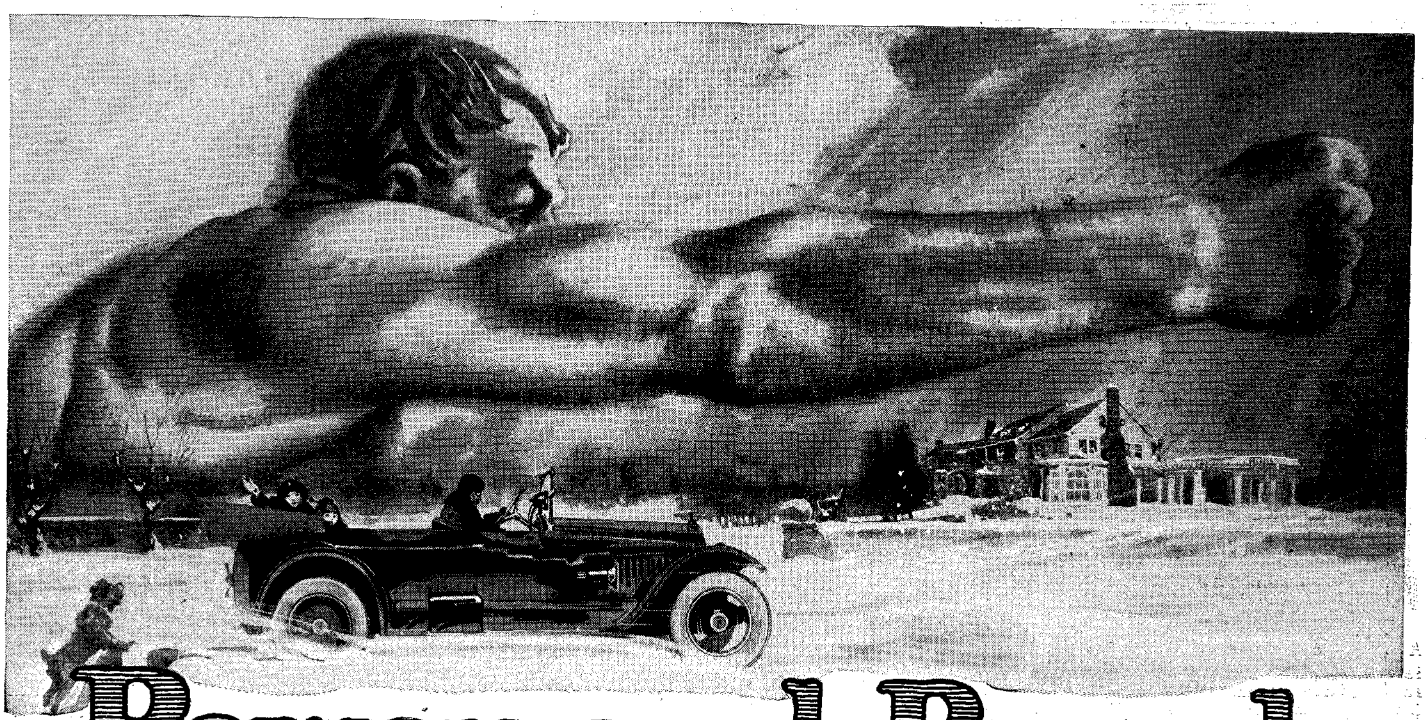
November 11.—The plant of the Washburn Wire Company in New York City, which was engaged in the manufacture of important war-munitions, is destroyed by fire believed to have been incendiary. Eight hundred workmen were employed in the plant, most of whom, according to the superintendent, were Germans and Austrians. The factory was on the water-front in a barred zone. Only one of the employees is said to have had a zone pass.

November 14.—Terms varying from six days' to six months' imprisonment were given to thirty-one White-House pickets in court. They were sent to the Reformatory at Occoquan, Va.

FOREIGN

November 11.—A dispatch from Tokyo states that the Chinese Minister has presented to the Japanese Minister a note protesting against the understanding in regard to China between the United States and Japan.

A delayed dispatch from Helsingfors, Finland, announces that a state of war has been declared. The Provisional Soldiers' Committee appoints a sailor as Commissary in place of Governor-General Nekrasoff.



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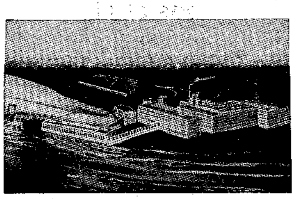

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WHAT THE WAR HAS COST AND WHAT IT IS STILL COSTING

WHILE the war in its toll of lives and treasure has already exceeded the bounds believed possible before it began, yet the belligerent nations, as noted by a writer in the New York *Times Annalist*, "are planning still greater expenditures." This writer believes that the extensive publicity accompanying the flotation of the second Liberty Loan, to which was subscribed nearly $5,000,000,000, "has fixt one fact indelibly on the minds of Americans, rich and poor, and that is that war is a tremendously expensive business." Figures, he adds, "which were incomprehensible a generation ago, budgets which financiers and economists agreed would bankrupt the world, are now passed by legislative bodies and approved by fighting peoples with scarce a thought." A hundred years ago about $450,000,000 was what the Franco-Russian conflict in the Napoleonic era cost. Fifty years ago in the neighborhood of $8,000,000,000 was what our Civil War cost. To-day Allies and Central Powers together have spent in the neighborhood of $100,000,000,000, exclusive of any expenditures by the United States, and exclusive of economic waste and destruction caused by fighting. Meanwhile, the warring nations "have provided for spending half as much more—about $58,000,000,000, to be exact—during the ensuing year."

Now that the war has gone well into its fourth year, and, taken as a whole, "is costing four times as much as when it started," the writer summarizes further interesting facts from a pamphlet entitled "The Cost of the War," issued recently by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of this city. In the beginning, the daily cost was about $40,000,000. Now it is a little less than $160,000,000, the difference being accounted for by "the greater area covered, the increased use of men and material, the necessity of replacing exhausted equipment, the rise that has taken place in wages and commodities, and the entrance of the United States into the conflict."

Besides the money cost there has been other great cost. Civilization has received a check in its forward progress. Law, literature, art, religion, and science have suffered. Killing and maiming "of the best men of the best races on the face of the globe" have gone on. Peoples have been made to "wander homeless through devastated lands." There has been destruction of cities, railways, bridges, roads, and countryside that were built and developed by peace and have been battered down by war. Derangement has come to the scheme of international finance. Paralysis has come to commercial intercourse; dislocation to the machinery of distribution; decrease in stocks of food, metal, and other materials necessary to the well-being of the race.

About 50,000,000 soldiers have enlisted thus far. They, together with countless other millions engaged in making munitions, are devoting all their energy and skill to prosecuting the war. Hence, new wealth has not been created as it might have been had these millions continued in ordinary industry. There are two elements, therefore, of cost—the human and the money. Data as to the money cost are not hard to compute. But as to the human cost figures have to be based largely on one's own view of the situation.

As to the human cost, the writer finds that approximately 53,000,000 have been called to the colors, divided as follows:

United States	2,000,000
British Empire	7,500,000
France	6,000,000
Russia	14,000,000
Italy	2,500,000
Belgium Servia, and Portugal	1,000,000
Entente Allies	33,000,000
Germany	10,500,000
Austria-Hungary	7,000,000
Bulgaria	500,000
Turkey	2,000,000
Teutonic Allies	20,000,000
Total, all	53,000,000

Of this number, representing able-bodied and skilful workmen, it is estimated that "possibly a fourth can be said to have been killed or injured since the outbreak of the war." In other words, the total of killed "has exceeded in number the whole strength of the French Army." Statistics of the dead of all belligerents are given as follows:

	2 Years, Aug. 1, 1914, to Aug. 1, 1916	*1 Year, Aug. 1, 1916, to Aug. 1, 1917*	*Total 3 Years*
England	205,000	102,500	307,500
France	855,000	427,500	1,282,500
Russia	1,500,000	750,000	2,250,000
Italy	105,000	52,000	157,500
Belgium	50,000	25,000	75,000
Servia	110,000	55,000	165,000
Roumania	....	100,000	100,000
Entente Allies	2,825,000	1,512,000	4,337,000
Germany	885,000	442,500	1,327,500
Austria-Hungary	718,000	359,000	1,077,000
Turkey	150,000	75,000	225,000
Bulgaria	25,000	12,500	37,500
Teutonic Allies	1,778,000	889,000	2,667,000
Total, all	4,603,000	2,401,000	7,004,000

The writer of this pamphlet states that his compilations are based on figures gathered by the War Study Society of Copenhagen, and that "while neither accurate nor satisfactory, not being official figures, the returns at least give some conception of war's destruction of life." From the same source he obtained other data giving the number of permanently wounded as follows:

	2 Years, Aug. 1, 1914, to Aug. 1, 1916	*1 Year, Aug. 1, 1916, to Aug. 1, 1917*	*Total 3 Years*
England	154,000	77,000	231,000
France	634,000	317,000	951,000
Russia	1,146,000	573,000	1,719,000
Italy	73,000	37,000	110,000
Belgium	33,000	16,000	49,000
Servia	42,000	21,000	63,000
Roumania	....	60,000	60,000
Entente Allies	2,082,000	1,101,000	3,183,000
Germany	635,000	318,000	953,000
Austria-Hungary	533,000	266,000	799,000
Turkey	105,000	52,000	157,000
Bulgaria	18,000	9,000	27,000
Teutonic Allies	1,291,000	645,000	1,936,000
Total, all	3,373,000	1,746,000	5,119,000

In statements as to the money cost, purely military expenditures only were reckoned by this writer. Unlimited expenditures of money are still in sight, while the cost of making war, with the cost of everything else, continues to ascend. A table is given in which the writer undertakes to set forth what four years of war will have cost:

	Daily Average	*Total Military Cost*
1914 (Aug. 1 to Dec. 31)..	$52,700,000	$7,900,000,000
1915....................	71,800,000	26,200,000,000
1916....................	97,700,000	35,650,000,000
1917 (Jan. 1 to Aug. 1)....	131,000,000	27,700,000,000
Total, 3 years..........	$90,000,000	$97,450,000,000
One year, to Aug. 1, 1918..	159,000,000	58,150,000,000
Total, 4 years..........	$107,000,000	$155,600,000,000

"The above calculation means that there will have been laid out for military purposes, if the war does not end before next August, a sum greater than the developed wealth of any single nation of the world other than the United States. It means that for war there has already been expended an amount three times as large as the total indebtedness of every nation in the world as that indebtedness stood in 1914; four times as large as the deposits of all the banks of the United States; ten times as large as the value of all our agricultural products in a given year; twelve times as large as the value of our annual foreign trade; a thousand times as large as the amount of the annual American gold output. It means that this war has already required a sum that would have extended the railway mileage of the United States several times its present length, and that, besides, would have carried steamship lines to every corner of the earth; rebuilt the world's cities on rational, sanitary lines; provided schools and teachers for every child living; eliminated savagery, and endowed science to the devotion of its efforts to improve the living conditions of all mankind.

"Instead of this, the money has been spent for organized destruction, and for every month over which hostilities continue to progress five thousand millions more are added to the cost. This means that there is required of the world every month an amount of money double that expended during the Russo-Japanese war, which lasted eighteen months. It means that the Boer war is being concentrated into every eight days of this war. It means that the Franco-Prussian War is being fought over and over again, its entire cost being compressed each time into a space of three weeks. It means that our Civil War—hitherto the greatest conflict in world history—is being duplicated with such intensity that a counterpart of the four years' struggle between the North and South is reproduced every fifty days."

As to the financial resources that enable the Powers to withstand this drain, one finds an overwhelming superiority among the Allies. Even without the United States, Great Britain and her comrades "could match the Central Powers dollar for dollar and still show a comfortable surplus." With America fighting on their side, the wealth of the Allies is "four and one-half times that of the Central nations," the ratio being about six hundred billion to one hundred and twenty-nine billion. Following is a table in which the writer records the wealth of the countries now actively engaged:

	National Wealth	*Population*	*Wealth Per Capita*
United States...	$250,000,000,000	104,000,000	$2,404
United King'm .	90,000,000,000	47,000,000	1,915
Canada........	7,500,000,000	9,000,000	834
India & other pos	32,500,000,000	384,000,000	84
British Empire..	130,000,000,000	440,000,000	300
France........	65,000,000,000	40,000,000	1,625
Russia.........	60,000,000,000	175,000,000	343
Italy..........	30,000,000,000	36,000,000	833
Japan, including Kor., etc.....	25,000,000,000	72,000,000	347
China.........	25,000,000,000	400,000,000	62
Belgium.......	9,000,000,000	7,500,000	1,200
Portugal.......	3,500,000,000	6,250,000	560

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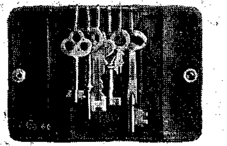

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	National Wealth	*Population*	*Wealth Per Capita*
Roumania and Servia..... ..	$3,500,000,000	12,250,000	$277
Cuba & Panama	1,000,000,000	3,000,000	330
Alliance, total	$601,000,000,000	1,296,000,000	$462
Germany......	$85,000,000,000	68,000,000	$1,215
Austria-Hungary	40,000,000,000	53,000,000	756
Turkey and Bulgaria.....	4,000,000,000	27,000,000	148
Central Allies.	$129,000,000,000	148,000,000	$872
Total, all....	$730,000,000,000	1,444,000,000	$505

STILL HIGHER COMMODITY PRICES

Bradstreet's believes that, as time passes, relief will be afforded as to prices for commodities, but thus far many small retailers "seem bent on charging all that the traffic will bear." Improvement, however, may be expected "as the power of the Government is extended." Uncontrolled commodities, in fact, "may eventually come under the influence of the Government." Already the Food Administration "seems bent on forcing speculators in foods to market their holdings even tho losses may have to be accepted." For the present, however, prices in a collective sense "continue at inordinately high levels, a fact which goes far toward explaining much, tho not all, of the unrest now visible in the field of labor." *Bradstreet's* index-number as of November 1, 17.0701, marks a new high record, tho the change from October is only nine-tenths of 1 per cent. At the same time the London *Economist's* index-number of English prices for the end of October, which was 5.701, also showed a new high-water mark, the upward swing within a month's time having been 1.1 per cent.

What the writer in *Bradstreet's* finds of immediate importance as regards movements in the United States is the fact that "foodstuffs have turned in a downward direction, and a similar statement also applies to metals and fuels." Textiles and oils, however, have ascended to "the highest levels ever reached within the life of our data, and at the same time hides and leather, as well as chemicals and drugs, reflect noteworthy strength." *Bradstreet's* present index-number shows a rise of 24.3 per cent. over January 1 last, of 33.3 per cent. over November 1, 1916, of 64 per cent. over that date in 1915, and of 92.6 per cent. over the corresponding time in 1914, "when the purchasing power of the people was curtailed as the result of widespread idleness, and when cotton, together with manufactured textiles, as well as iron and steel, were under the spell of arrested progress." Incidentally, comparison with November 1, 1913, reveals an advance of over 71 per cent. Following are comparisons of wholesale prices for many important commodities:

	Nov. 1, 1917	*Nov. 1, 1916*
Wheat, No. 2, red wint., elev., bush...	$2.25	$1.85
Corn, No. 2, mixed, elev., bush.......	2.15	1.15
Oats, No. 2, mixed, elev., bush.......	.655	.5825
Barley, No. 2 (Milwaukee), bush......	1.35	1.23
Rye, Western, bush..................	1.86	1.51
Flour, straight winter, bbl............	10.60	8.25
Beeves, best nat. st'rs (Ch.), 100 lbs...	17.50	11.65
Sheep, prime (Chic.), 100 lbs..........	13.00	8.55
Hogs, prime (Chic.), 100 lbs..........	17.35	10.00
Horses, av'ge com. to best (Ch.), h'd..	200.00	195.00
Beef, carcasses (Chic.), lb............	.1750	.1325
Hogs, mkt. pigs, carcasses (Chic.), lb..	.2350	.1375
Mutton, carcasses (Chic.), lb.........	.23	.1550
Milk (N. Y.), quart..................	.10	.0725
Eggs, state, fresh (N. Y.), dozen......	.50	.42
Bread (N. Y.), loaf..................	.06	.05
Beef, family, bbl....................	33.00	25.00
Pork, new mess, bbl..................	47.50	31.00
Bacon, short ribs, smoked (Chic.), lb..	.30	.16
Hams, smoked, lb....................	.285	.195
Lard, Western steam, lb..............	.26	.1730
Butter, creamery, State, best, lb......	.445	.3675
Cheese, choice East. factory, lb.......	.23	.215
Mackerel, No. 1, bays (Boston), bbl...	$30.00	$20.00
Codfish, large dried, quintal..........	11.00	8.50
Coffee, Rio, No. 7, lb................	.07875	.09625
Sugar, granulated, lb................	.0840	.0750
Tea, Formosa Oolong, superior, lb ...	.28	.19
Molasses, N. O., prime, gal	.53	.40
Potatoes, Eastern, 180 lbs...	4.25	5.50
Apples (State), bbl.....	2.50	2.75
Cranberries, Cape Cod, fancy, bbl....	10.00	6.00
Peanuts, best Virginia, in hull, lb.....	.0975	.0475
Lemons, choice, box, 300s............	6.70	7.25
Raisins, layer, lb	.08	.11
Currants, new, dried, lb.............	.27	.1775
Cotton, middling uplands, lb.........	.2875	.1875
Wool, O. & Pa. X, washed (Bos.), lb...	.73	.35
Wool, Aust., super comb., lb., scour's..	1.02	1.02
Iron ore, old r'ge, Bess., hem'te, ton...	5.95	4.45
Pig, No. 1 f'dry, East. (N. Y.), ton....	35.25	23.00
Pig, No. 2 f'dry, South. (Birm.), ton...	33.00	17.00
Pig, Bessemer, (Pittsburg), ton.......	37.25	26.95
Steel billets, Bess. (Pitts.), ton.......	47.30	50.00
Steel rails, Stand. (Pittsburg), ton. ...	38.00	33.00
Tinplates, Amer. (Pitts.), 100 lbs.....	7.75	5.75
Steel beams (Pittsburg), ton..........	67.20	56.00
Silver, commercial bars (N. Y.), oz...	.88875	.68125
Copper, electrolytic (N. Y.), lb.......	.2350	.2850
Anthracite, stove sizes (N. Y.), ton...	6.175	5.75
Bituminous (Pitts.), f.o.b., Chic., ton..	4.10	7.00
Connellsville coke, short ton, f.o.b... .	6.00	3.25
Southern coke (Chattanooga), ton....	6.00	6.95
Petroleum, crude, bbls. (N. Y.), bbl...	3.50	2.60
Petroleum, refined, cases, gal.........	.0865	.0835
Linseed, gal.........................	1.12	.90
Cotton-seed, crude, prime (N. Y.), lb..	.1850	.1250
Castor, No. 1, lb........	.25	.15
Olive, Italian, barrels, gal...........	2.30	1.05
Brick, Hudson River, hard, M........	8.00	7.75
Lime, Eastern common, bbl..........	1.90	1.50
Cement, dom. (Portland), spot, bbl...	2.12	1.67
Nails, wire, store, base, price, keg...	4.00	3.10
Glass, window, 10x15 box, 50 sq. ft...	3.99	2.57
Pine, yellow, 12-in. and under, M....	40.00	26.75
Timber, East. spruce, wide rand., M..	28.00	23.00
Timber, hemlock, Pa., random, M....	30.50	24.00

THE YEAR'S RECORD CORN CROP AND OUR OTHER CROPS

A new high record was reached this year in our corn crop. The estimate of the Department of Agriculture, given out on November 8, was 3,191,083,000 bushels, while last year the total harvested crop was only 2,583,241,000 bushels, and the average for five years, 2,754,164,000. The next highest crop was the one of 1912. The quality of this year's crop was placed at 75.2, compared with 83.8 a year ago. The yield per acre this year was 26.4 bushels, against 24.3 bushels in 1916 and a ten-year average of 26 bushels. Stocks of old corn on farms November 1 were estimated at 34,745,000 bushels (1.3 per cent. of 1916 crop), compared with 87,908,000 bushels a year ago and 100,523,000 bushels, the average for the preceding five years. Estimates of other crops are included in a table as follows:

	Production (000 omitted)		*Yield per Acre*	
Crops	*1917 Prelim.*	*1916 Final Est.*	*1917 Prelim.*	*10-yr. Aver.*
Corn, bush........	3,191,083	2,583,241	26.4	26.0
Wheat, bush.......	659,797	639,886	14.1	14.7
Oats, bush........	1,580,714	1,251,992	36.6	29.9
Barley, bush......	201,659	180,927	24.1	25.2
Rye, bush.........	56,044	47,383	14.9	16.3
Buckwheat, bush...	17,895	11,840	17.4	19.5
Potatoes, bush.....	439,686	285,437	101.1	95.4
Sw. pots., bush.....	84,727	70,955	93.7	93.3
Hay, tame, tons....	76,490	89,991	1.49	1.44
Hay, wild, tons.....	15,225	19,795	.94	†1.00
Cotton, bales.......	°12,047	‡11,450	°168.3	181.5
Tobacco, lbs......	1,185,478	1,150,622	835.8	818.2
Flaxseed, bush.....	9,648	15,459	5.0	8.6
Rice, bush.........	*33,256	40,702	*34.3	34.7
Peaches, bush......	42,606	36,939	....	....
Pears, bush........	11,419	10,377	....	....
Apples, total, bush..	177,733	202,245	....	....
Apples, com'l, bbls.	21,461	25,695	....	....
Sugar beets, tons...	¶27,621	6,228	¶10.4	¶10.6
Kafirs, bush.......	73,380	50,340	15.0	....
‖Cr'nberries, bbls...	240	415	13.3	....
Beans, 5 Sta., bush..	15,957	8,846	10.3	....
Ons., 13 Sta., bush..	*13,554	7,833	*328.2	....
Cabg., 9 Sta., tons..	*503	252	7.5	....
Broom corn, tons...	50	38	.17	....
Hops, lbs...	27,616	50,537	....	....
Sorgh. syrup, gals...	17,486	13,668	93.1	....

† Seven-year average. ° Forecast from condition September 25. ‡ Census. *Forecast from condition October 1. ¶ Forecast from condition November 1. ‖ Three States.

As a supplement to its report, the Department issued a statement, which declared:

"The corn crop of 1917 is notable as

occupying the largest acreage and producing the largest total crop of record. The yield per acre, however, is not exceptional, owing to unfavorable seasons, characterized by a late spring, a cool summer, which was also too dry over most of the corn belt, and early and severely damaging frosts and freeze, the season being thus shortened at both ends. Thus, unhappily, the bountiful crop contains much corn that did not fully mature, probably in excess of 20 per cent., altho most of this had reached the dough state, making it useful for silos and early feeding.

"The potato crop, estimated at 440,000,000 bushels, is the largest on record, notwithstanding an unfavorable September and October cut down the actual production below the forecast made earlier in the season. The Northern commercial sections were most seriously affected by the unfavorable weather during October. The quality of the crop is slightly above average.

"The buckwheat production of 16,813,000 bushels fell below the early forecast, altho it is equal to an average in total production compared with former years."

The following table, also issued by the Department, shows its estimate of the corn yield, with the actual acreage and crops for a series of years (1917 only estimated):

	Yield per Acre	*Acreage*	*Crop*
1917	26.3	121,045,000	3,191,083,000
1916	24.4	105,954,000	2,583,241,000
1915	28.2	106,197,000	2,994,793,000
1914	25.8	103,435,000	2,672,804,000
1913	23.0	105,820,000	2,446,988,000
1912	29.2	107,083,000	3,124,746,000
1911	23.9	105,825,000	2,531,488,000
1910	27.7	104,035,000	2,886,260,000
1909	25.9	98,383,000	2,552,190,000
1908	26.2	101,788,000	2,668,651,000
1907	25.9	99,321,000	2,592,320,000
1906	30.3	96,737,581	2,927,416,091
1905	28.8	94,011,369	2,707,993,540
1904	26.8	92,431,581	2,467,480,934
1903	25.5	88,091,993	2,244,176,625
1902	26.8	93,043,646	2,523,648,312
1901	16.7	91,349,928	1,522,519,891
1900	26.3	83,320,873	2,105,102,516

HOW OUR FUTURE WAR-LOANS ARE TO BE DIFFERENT

That this country may in future resort to what is known as continuous war-borrowing, instead of to periodical issues of bonds, is an opinion that is gaining much ground among financial men In Europe the periodical appeal some time since was given up as disturbing to finance and industries. For like reasons, it promises to be abandoned here. The present method has imposed great tension on bankers and Government officials. It inevitably leads to a condition of anxiety and suspense. After trying other methods, Great Britain and France, some months ago, fell back on the continuous plan. A writer in *The Wall Street Journal* has set forth these and other phases of the subject:

"Allotting, say, a period of four weeks in order to raise a loan of several billions involves an exacting strain upon the spirits of those actively engaged in the undertaking. As in the case of the present loan, the fruits of the selling effort are not apparent until the closing days of the campaign by reason of the fact that thousands of subscribers, especially the wealthy classes, refrain from sending in their subscriptions until the last minute. In the meantime, however, there is an inevitable period of suspense and uncertainty as to the ultimate success of the issue. This occurs with every succeeding offering, and each time it is necessary to whip up public enthusiasm. Yet it requires at least four weeks to float a loan of several billions. This disturbance would be obviated if the solicitation of contributions was made a continuous affair.

"We may take an example from England

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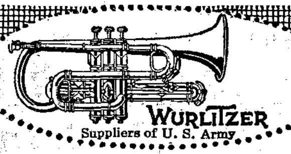
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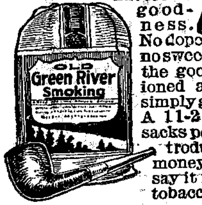

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and France. These countries had a full opportunity before our entrance into the war of trying out various schemes of war-financing. As time went on, they have been relying more and more upon continuous borrowing to meet their war-requirements. There is not much to choose between the business sense of the American and British people, and England's experience in this matter is consequently of significance to us. Previous to her last war-loan (the great issue of nearly $5,000,000,000 in new money floated early this year) a period of over a year had elapsed without any bond issue. Throughout that time the British Government had resorted to the issuance of Treasury bills, Exchequer bonds, savings certificates, and other forms of temporary indebtedness. When the last war-loan was floated the amount of British Treasury bills outstanding exceeded $5,000,000,000.

"With the proceeds of the last bond issue exhausted and Treasury bills, etc., again in the neighborhood of five billions, Great Britain, at the beginning of this month, inaugurated a new system of borrowing by what are known as 'national war-bonds.' These bonds, which are of two different rates and issued under four different terms and conditions, are to be put out right along, thus affording a continuous and favorable opportunity for investors. Throughout the present war the gigantic requirements have called for the presentation of bond issues in ever-varying forms of attractiveness in order to keep alive public enthusiasm. In England, opinion seems to have become general that a process of continuous borrowing, such as this, was the only course now open to insure sufficient funds forthcoming for the prosecution of the war. The London *Statist* describes the new national war-bonds as follows:

"'The bonds will be of four distinct types, but in each case the price of issue will be £100, payable on application; and interest will be payable half-yearly, on April 1 and October 1, the first dividend being due on April 1 next. Three types of the bonds will bear 5 per cent. interest, subject to income tax, while the fourth will bear 4 per cent. interest, with income tax compounded, but subject to supertax. The latter bonds will be repayable at par on October 1, 1927, but each of the three 5% issues are repayable at a premium varying according to their life. One class is repayable at 102 per cent. on October 1, 1922, another at 103 per cent. two years later, and the third at 105 per cent. ten years hence. The yield on the 4 per cent. bonds, therefore, will be a flat 4%, as in the case of a portion of the last war-loan, while the return on the various new 5 per cent. bonds, if held until maturity, will be closely approximate to that obtainable upon the 5 per cent. war-loan at the current market price, less accrued interest, tho the longer-dated bonds give a somewhat better yield. For instance, if held until maturity the return on the five-year bonds is £5 8*s.* per cent., that on the seven-year bonds, £5 8*s.* 7*d.* per cent., and that on the ten-year bonds, £5½ per cent.

"'The decision again to issue 4 per cent. bonds is noteworthy in view of the relatively small amount subscribed for and taken up by conversion at the time of the last war-loan, for against about £2,077,000,000 of the 5 per cent. loan outstanding only £51,500,000 or so of 4 per cent. was issued. Still, in view of the possibility of the rate of income tax being raised above 5*s.* on the pound, and therefore of the growing appreciation of the attractiveness of a fixt return of 4 per cent. apart from supertax, as evidenced by the premium to which the 4 per cent war-loan has gone, it is not improbable that to those at present subject to the 5*s.* rate the new 4 per cent. bonds will especially appeal.

"'There are two interesting conversion privileges attaching to the new bonds, one into them, the other into stock ranking with the 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. war-loans issued some months ago. In the first place, holders of the 4½ per cent. war-loan, of the three classes of 5 per cent. Exchequer bonds, and of the 6 per cent. Exchequer bonds sold in 1916, who did not take advantage of the opportunity to convert into either the 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. war-loans may convert their holdings, in whole or in part, par for par, into any of the new national war-bonds at any time during the continuance of the present issue, with the exception of the five-year bonds. On the other hand, holders of any of the three descriptions of new 5 per cent. bonds may convert their holdings during the first fifteen days of April or October of any year into 5 per cent. war-loan of 1929–47 at the rate of £100 of war-loan for each £95 nominal of 5 per cent. national war-bonds surrendered. Similarly holders of the new 4 per cent. bonds will be able to convert par for par into 4 per cent. war-loan of 1929–42. It should be noted that conversion from the new 5 per cent. bonds into 4 per cent. war-loan, or from the new 4 per cent. into the 5 per cent. war-loan is not provided for.'"

TWO NEW WAR-LOAN PLANS

In Washington ten days ago, Secretary McAdoo and Frank A. Vanderlip outlined in detail, in an interesting way, two plans devised by our Government to float war-loans through the masses of the people. The chief aim was to devise a system by which persons having the smallest incomes might aid the Government. Mr. McAdoo said of the two plans:

"These Government obligations take two forms: one is a certificate bearing twenty spaces, to each one of which may be affixt a Government stamp costing about $4.12 each. These stamps will increase in value at the rate of 4 per cent. interest per annum, compounded, so at their maturity, at the end of five years, they will be worth $5 each. Twenty of these stamps pasted upon a war-savings certificate will represent a cost of approximately $82.40. At the end of five years the Government will redeem them and pay in cash the sum of $100.

"The second form is United States thrift cards, and these are based upon the same principle as the war-savings certificates, except that amounts as small as twenty-five cents may be invested in stamps and pasted in the thrift cards. When the requisite amount of twenty-five-cent stamps has been bought they may be converted into a five-dollar war-savings certificate.

"These two simple methods put within reach of every class of the American people, however small their means, the opportunity of saving their money, however small the amounts, and lending it to their own Government at 4 per cent. per annum, interest compounded, with the right on their part to have their certificates cashed by the Government at any time at a sum in excess of the actual cost of the stamps they have bought. I can not emphasize too strongly the wonderful opportunity now offered to all Americans to help the nation through this war-savings plan. If you could have accompanied me on the two speaking tours I have recently made in behalf of the first and second Liberty Loans, if you could have talked with the persons with whom I have talked, and if you could have read the hundreds of letters I have received since the first Liberty Loan was offered, you would be imprest with the overwhelming importance of this newest, patriotic Governmental saving plan."

Mr. Vanderlip, the head of the War-

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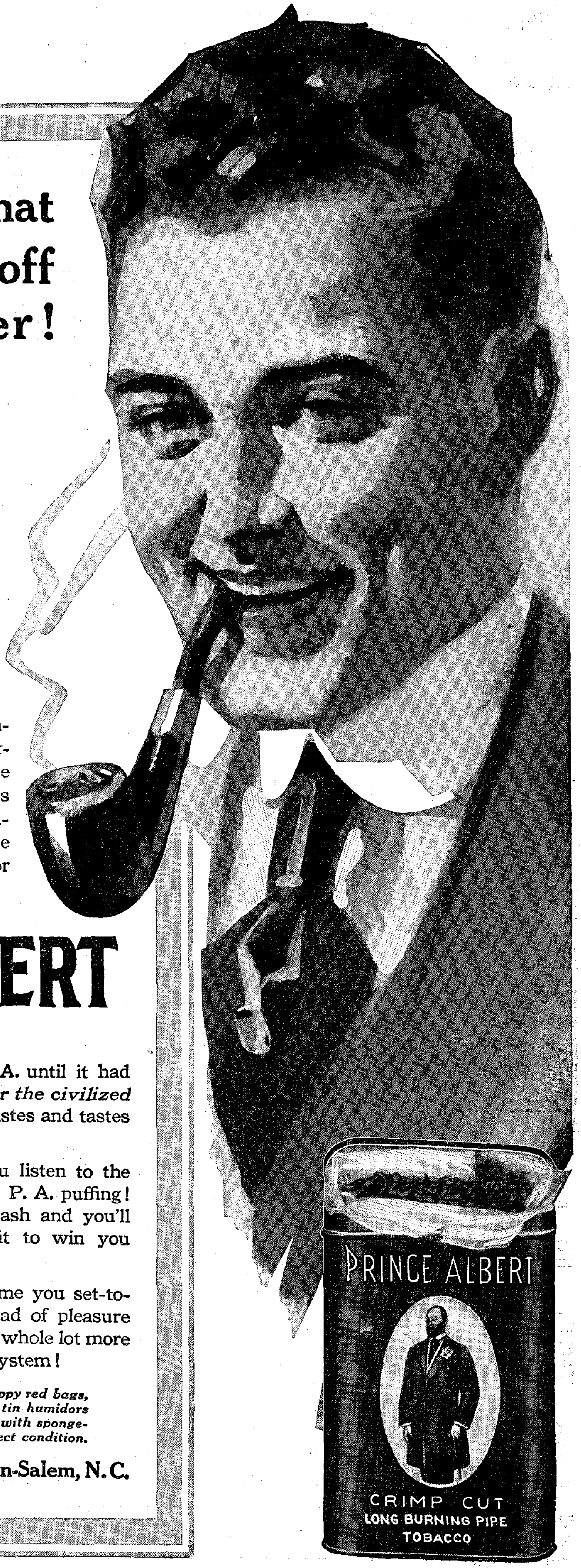

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You'll get enthusiastic, too! For, every time you set-to-going-some with P. A. you have such a swad of pleasure you'll want to take your pen in hand to tell a whole lot more men just what joy you've shifted into your system!

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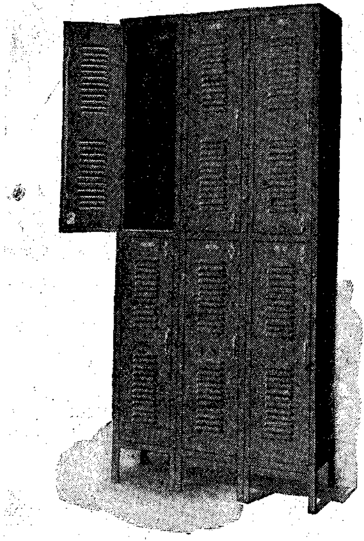

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Savings Committee had worked out these plans to a nicety. He followed Mr. McAdoo, speaking briefly as to the merit of the plans:

"Entirely aside from the patriotic element, the investment feature of the new war-savings plan appeals strongly to me. How any one, even tho he were not desirous of aiding his country—if we might conceive of such a person at this time—could refuse to embrace this unusual opportunity for investment is beyond my comprehension. The first consideration in all investments, of course, is their safety. Could anything be safer than something with the entire wealth of the United States behind it? The second consideration is the return on the investment. Is not $17.60 for the loan of $82.40 for five years attractive enough for any one? Finally, one always must consider his ability to convert an investment into cash on short notice. What more liberal arrangement than the one offered by this plan—return upon ten days' notice of the investment, plus interest—could be asked?

"It does not require a banker or a shrewd financier to recognize the advantages of this war-savings plan. Any man, woman, or child who has had the slightest buying experience, even if it is no more than trading at the corner grocery, can see them as readily as the keenest business man. There is not the slightest doubt that this campaign for war-savings will be an overwhelming success."

Plans for the sale of these certificates have already been completed, and on December 3 they will be on sale. All post-offices, trust companies, banks, and many railroad stations, stores, and factories will have them. No person, however, can purchase more than $100 worth at one time, nor hold more than $1,000 worth. The hope has been exprest that by this system a sum of $2,000,000,000 will be raised within a year.

RESTRAINT ON FUTURE CORPORATE AND MUNICIPAL ISSUES

Investment bankers, in convention in Baltimore on November 12, went on record as opposed to all unnecessary issues of securities by corporations, States, and municipalities. It was expected that the association comprising these bankers would make a direct appeal to governors of States to issue proclamations calling on financial boards of their States and the cities within State borders, to withhold all bond issues which could be dispensed with, until the end of the war. Lewis B. Franklin, the president of the association, in his address, said:

"Enormous progress has been made during the past six months in educating people to a sense of their individual responsibility, but what a vast amount of effort will be required to complete the work! Just because the battle-field is 3,000 miles away, with the Atlantic Ocean between our peaceful homes and the hell of the trenches, it is difficult to convince our people that the noble army of Americans, some of whom are now in the front rank, and hundreds of thousands more on the way, are just as truly fighting for the preservation of the United States of America as tho they were massed on the Atlantic seaboard.

"Imagine Germany, victorious over France and England and their Allies; Germany, drunk with lust of power, bankrupt as a result of the war, seeking to refill her empty treasury. To whom would she turn? To France or England? No. Neither France nor England can be conquered until their last treasure has been spent, and if conquered, then surely they will be treasureless. With the broad expanse of the western hemisphere lying outspread before her eyes in all its richness, can you imagine Germany, victorious, yet poverty-stricken, overlooking such an opportunity to recoup her fallen fortunes? If we have failed to learn, from the teachings of Germany's economists, from the utterances of her autocratic ruler, and from her actions during the present war, of Germany's ambition for world-power, then we have failed to learn a lesson which is being more plainly taught every day.

"In times past the first query of the banker as to a new issue of securities was: 'Is it safe?' To-day it should be: 'Does the purpose for which this money is to be spent contribute toward the winning of the war?' His last question should be: 'Can I make money on the transaction?' Such an analysis should apply not only to corporate financing, but with even greater force to municipal issues, as here the opportunity for unnecessary expenditures is even greater on account of the better credit enjoyed.

"But corporate and municipal economy is not alone sufficient; we must have personal economy—conservation of labor, material, and food—not only by the few who are particularly extravagant, but by the entire 100,000,000 of our people, who must realize that it is their share in the burden of the war to live a little less comfortably than usual, to work a bit harder at their daily tasks, and, in general, to speed production and reduce consumption. The supply of labor has been materially reduced and the demand increased, and it is imperative that in this crisis every man in the country give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. Anything less proves him a slacker. The consumption of non-essentials, as well as of essentials, must be reduced, and materially reduced, in order that the labor and material required in their manufacture, transportation, and distribution may be turned to the production of material required in the prosecution of the war. Every man and woman who is to-day ministering to our luxuries is depriving the nation of its necessities.

"It has been argued that such a course will lead to unemployment and hard times. What a fallacy! Unemployment! With our farmers crying for hands, our railroads making frantic efforts to obtain additional workers, and our factories offering unheard-of wages to attract men and women! Nonsense! The greatest problem in the country to-day is the labor shortage, and unemployment of labor is not possible so long as the war lasts. What about the profits of those whose business is dependent upon the production of luxuries? Ah! that is another question. If such business can not be readjusted so as to cater to necessity instead of to luxury, then the profit of the individual must not be allowed to interfere with the necessity of the nation. Business as usual? No. Business for the nation, business for the war, business for victory."

Worth a Chance.—The small boy stood at the garden-gate and howled and howled and howled. A passing old lady paused beside him.

"What's the matter, little man?" she asked in a kindly voice.

"O-o-oh!" wailed the youngster. "Pa and ma won't take me to the pictures to-night!"

"But don't make such a noise," said the dame, admonishingly. "Do they ever take you when you cry like that?"

"S-sometimes they do, an'—an' sometimes they d-d-don't," bellowed the boy. "But it ain't no trouble to yell!"—*Irish World.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Concerning the original of "Jethro Bass," a correspondent writes: "I find quoted in a little book by the Hon. W. E. Chandler entitled 'Jethro Bass' a letter from Mr. Churchill. He says: 'Mr. Chandler is entirely correct in his surmise that I had his old friend, Ruel Durkee, in mind when I wrote about the character and deeds of Jethro Bass in "Coniston." He is also entirely correct in his surmise that the New Hampshire town of Croydon becomes "Coniston" in my book.'"

"B. R.," Baltimore, Md.—The character ℔ is used in apothecaries' weight as an abbreviation of *libra* (pound), the Roman pound of twelve ounces. In the thirteenth or fourteenth century a pound of sixteen ounces was in use in England for more bulky commodities. This was made standard for general purposes of trade by Edward III. Since 1826 it has been the only legal pound for the purchase of goods in Great Britain, but according to Morton's "Cyclopædia of Agriculture," the pound varied in different English counties as late as 1855. In Buckinghamshire and Derbyshire it was 17 ounces; in Cheshire, Cornwall, Devonshire, and Dorsetshire, 18 ounces, and in Durham 22 ounces. The abbreviation lb. was used indiscriminately for avoirdupois, apothecaries', and troy weights and also for pounds sterling, whence came its use as a ligatured symbol (℔). Since the introduction of the symbol £, the ligatured ℔ has been discarded for money, but is used in apothecaries' weights.

"R. S.," Annapolis, Md.—While the distinction suggested—that a widow be called by a husband's Christian name and surname and a divorcée by her maiden name and such other name as she may be empowered to use by the courts—may be made in social circles, the LEXICOGRAPHER has found no record of the practise in print. The latest "Manual of Good English," by Dr. H. N. MacCracken, of Vassar College, published September, 1917, says: "A married woman is usually addrest by the husband's name preceded by *Mrs.* A widow is sometimes addrest by her own Christian name followed by the husband's surname and preceded by *Mrs.*" The name that a divorcée may use depends upon the conditions under which the divorce is granted and is subject to the ruling of the court.

"W. T. E.," Marion, S. C.—(1) The lines to which you refer are,

> I see the Right, and I approve it too,
> Condemn the Wrong, and yet the Wrong pursue.

They are from Garth's edition of Tate and Stonestreet's translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." (2) The proverb runs, "He that would learn to pray let him go to sea." (3) The words are from Lorenzo Dow's "Chain." They run—

> You can and you can't,
> You will and you won't;
> You'll be damn'd if you do,
> You'll be damn'd if you don't.

"G. A. M.," Denver, Colo.—The sentence "He was to have been operated some time ago" is not good English. The verb *operate*, in this sense is intransitive and is used with *on* or *upon*. One may *operate* a machine, by setting it in motion; but a surgeon *operates on* a patient when he performs an operation for the purpose of producing some remedial result.

"H. L. G.," Washington, D. C.—The popular belief that sharks turn on their backs before attacking their prey is not mentioned in the various encyclopedias and dictionaries avaliable to the LEXICOGRAPHER. This name of the "Marveilous strannge Fishe" was introduced by sailors of Capt. John Hawkins's expedition, who brought home a specimen that was exhibited in London in 1569. In view of the position of the jaw of the selachian it seems more than likely that it swims upon its *side* when attacking its prey.

"S. H.," Imperial, Cal.—The first of Nizan in the year 1895 was March 26.

"A. L. H.," E. Cambridge, Mass.—The sentence should read: "It will be of particular benefit

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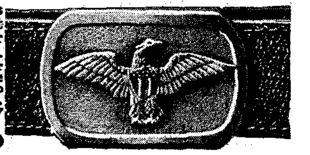

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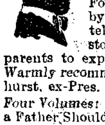

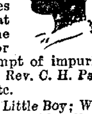

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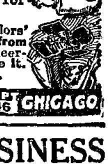

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"L. V. W.," Chillicothe, Ill.—(1) Shakespeare used *hon″or-if″i-ca-bil″i-tu-din′i-ty* in "Love's Labour's Lost," act 5, sc. 1. It is defined as meaning "honorableness." The form that you give of the word is erroneous; but Marston in act 5 of his "Dutch Courtezan" (1605) cites *honorificabilitudinitatibus* as a typical long word which occurred in Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe," printed in 1599. Dante Alighieri used *honorificabilitudinitate* in his "De Vulgari Eloquentia," written soon after 1304. Sir Walter Scott was not the first to use the word *floc″ci-nan″ci-ni″hi-li-pil″i-fi-ca′tion*. It occurs in Shenstone's Correspondence (1741) and was used by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, xiv, 334 (1816). The word connotes "the action or habit of estimating as worthless." The last may be entitled to the distinction of being the longest word in the English language, but to all modern intents and purposes it is obsolete. (2) The basket-like cradle in which the American Indian squaw carries her papoose (spelled also *pappoose*, and the origin of which has been traced to pa″pu′—*a* as in "arm" and *u* as in "rule"—the Narraganset Indian infant's way of uttering the syllables that the children of the white's pronounce *pa-pa′* or *pa′pa*) is known as a *papoose-frame*. The Hupa Indians use a wicker-frame, the Chinooks, a frame consisting of a dugout trough with bed and wrappings of shredded bark. Other tribes used boards or wooden frames. See Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, page 1787, column 3, for the various types used.

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